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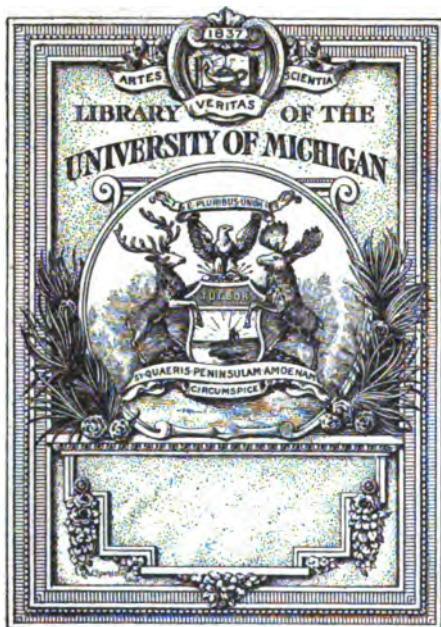
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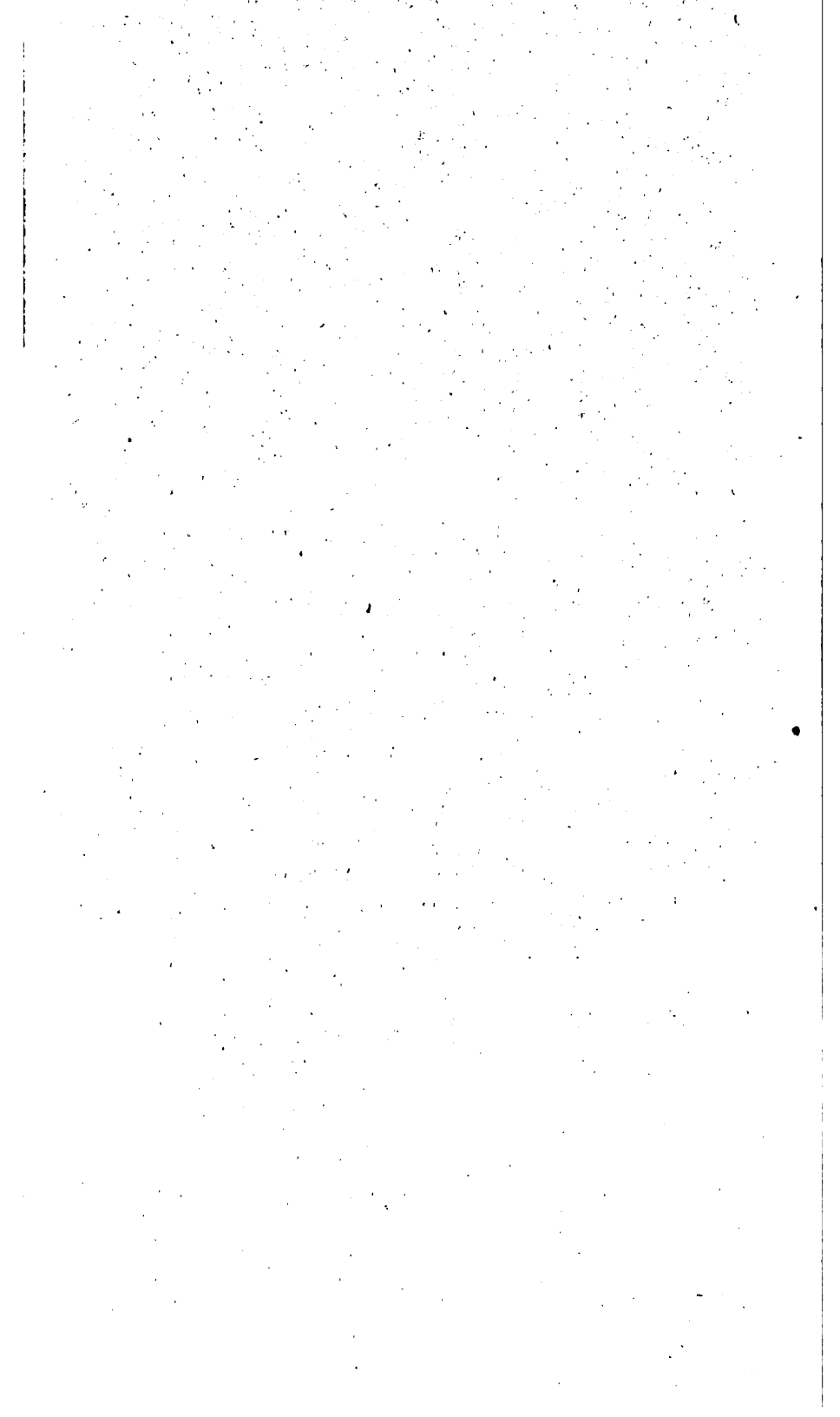
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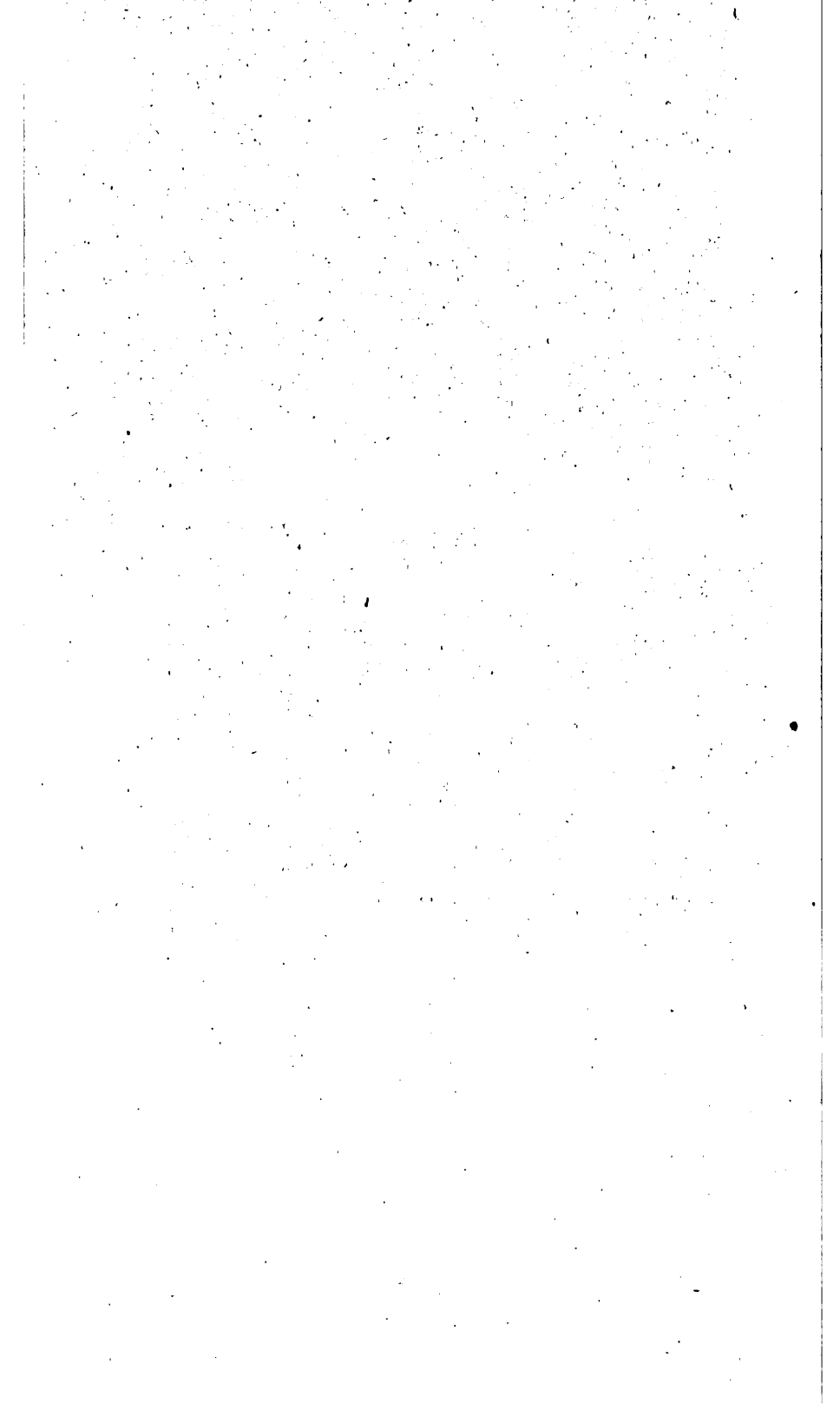
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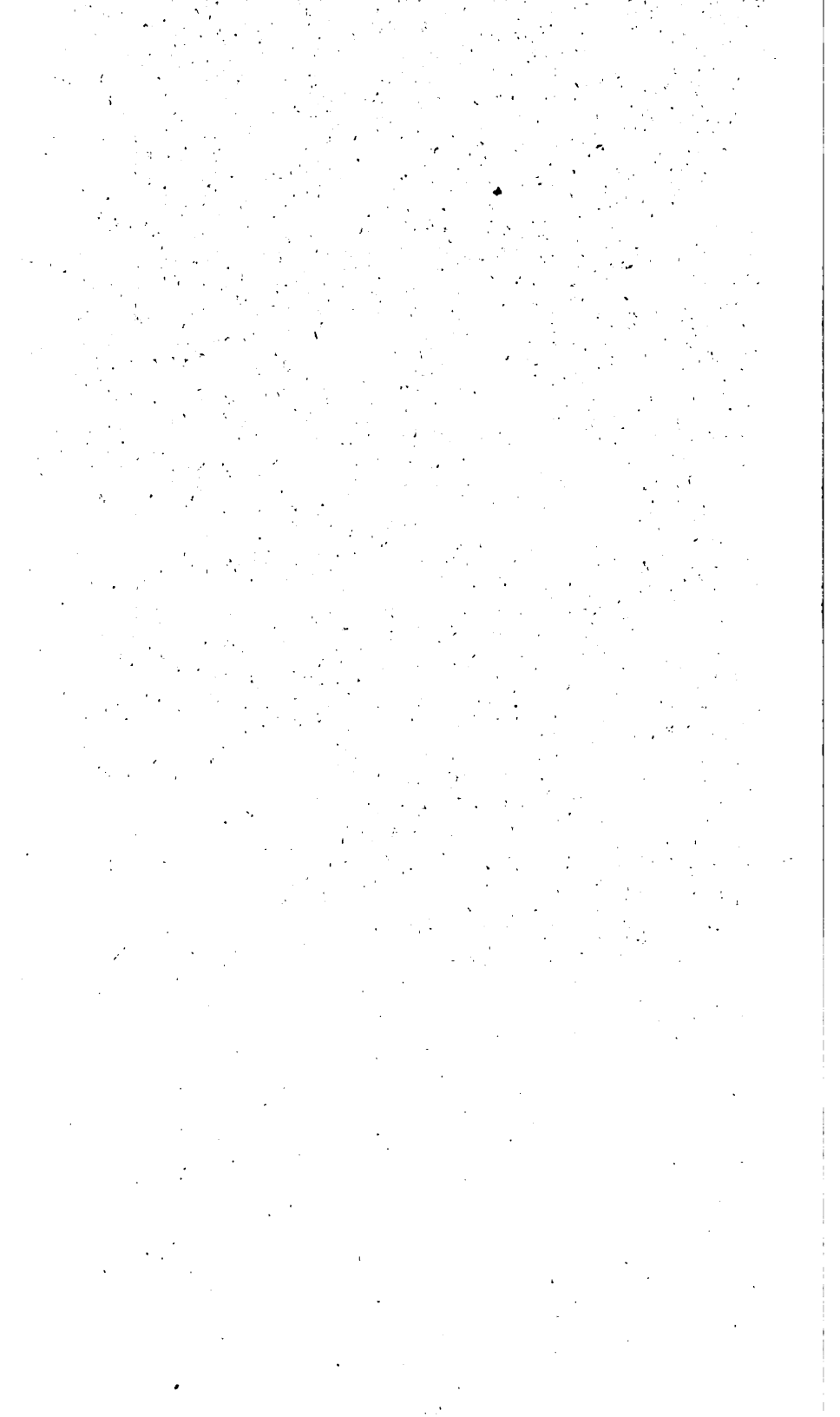
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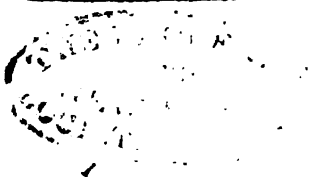




THE
ATLANTIC MAGAZINE.

VOLUME II.

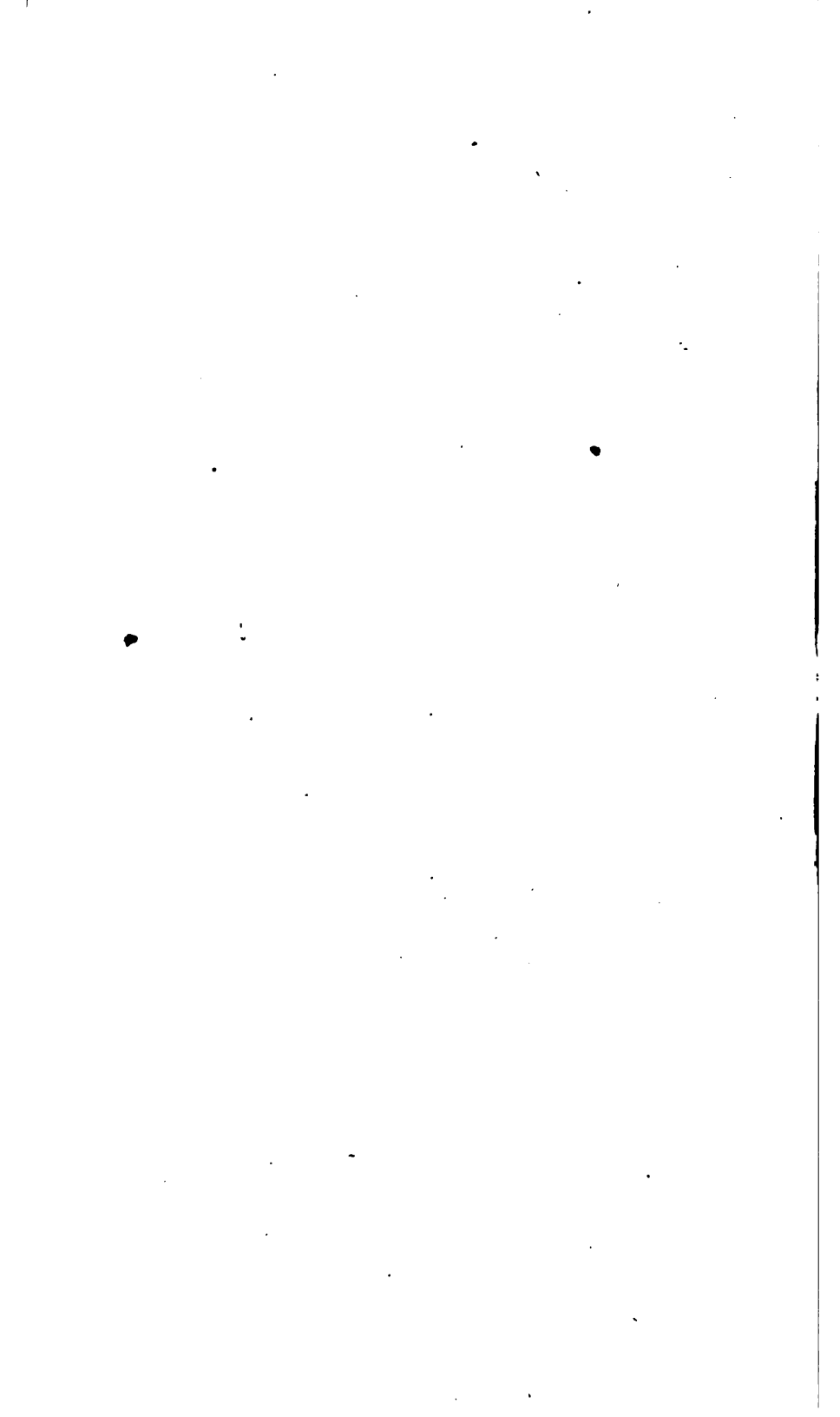
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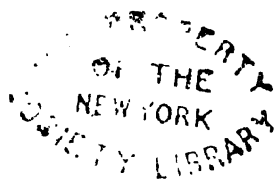


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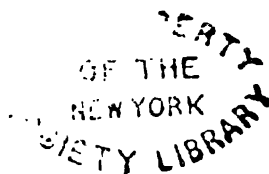




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THE
ATLANTIC MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1824.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD BUCHAN.

[The following correspondence was published nearly twenty five years ago, in the New York Commercial Advertiser, but believing that very few of our readers have met with it, and feeling well assured that every word from the pen of the 'Father of his Country' will be eagerly perused, we give insertion with great pleasure to these letters, and return at the same time our thanks to the gentleman who furnished the paper which contained them.]

In the year 1792, the following paragraphs appeared in the papers of the United States :—

"Philadelphia, Jan. 4. On Friday morning was presented to the president of the United States, [then general Washington] a box, elegantly mounted with silver, and made of the celebrated OAK TREE that sheltered the Washington of Scotland, the brave and patriotic Sir William Wallace, after his defeat at the battle of Falkirk, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, by Edward I. This magnificent and truly characteristic present, is from the earl of Buchan, by the hand of Mr. Archibald Robertson, a Scots gentleman, and portrait painter, who arrived in America some months ago. The box was presented to lord Buchan by the Goldsmith's company at Edinburgh; from whom his lordship requested, and obtained leave to make it over to a man whom he deemed more deserving of it than himself, and the only man in the world to whom he thought it justly due. We hear farther, that lord Buchan has, by letter, requested of the president, that, on the event of his decease, he will consign the box to that man, in this country, who shall appear, in his judgment, to merit it best, upon the same considerations that induced him to send it to the present possessor.

"The inscription, upon a silver plate, on the inside of the lid, is as follows :—Presented by the goldsmiths of Edinburgh, to David Stuart Erskine, Earl of Buchan, with the freedom of their corporation, by their deacon—A. D. 1792."

Vol. II. No. I.

The following is the letter which accompanied the box that was presented to General George Washington, by Mr. Robertson, from Lord Buchan.

“Dryburgh-Abbey, June 28th, 1791.

“Sir—I had the honor to receive your excellency's letter relating to the advertisement of Dr. Anderson's periodical publication, in the Gazette of the United States : which attention to my recommendation I feel very sensibly, and return you my grateful acknowledgments.

“In the 21st No. of that Literary Miscellany, I inserted a monitory paper respecting America, which, I flatter myself, may, if attended to on the other side of the Atlantic, be productive of good consequences.

“To use your own emphatic words, ‘may that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aid can supply every human defect,’ consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the American people, a government instituted by themselves for public and private security, upon the basis of law and equal administration of justice, preserving to every individual as much civil and political freedom as is consistent with the safety of the nation : and may HE be pleased to continue your life and strength as long as you can be in any way useful to your country !

“I have entrusted this sheet inclosed in a box made of the oak that sheltered our great Sir William Wallace,* after the battle of Falkirk, to Mr. Robertson, of Aberdeen, a painter, with the hope of his having the honor of delivering it into your hands ; recommending him as an able artist, seeking for fortune and fame in the New World. This box was presented to me by the goldsmith's company at Edinburgh, to whom, feeling my own unworthiness to receive this magnificently significant present, I requested and obtained leave to make it over to the man in the world to whom I thought it most justly due ; into your hands I commit it, requesting of you to pass it, in the

* Sir William Wallace, at first a private gentleman, unsuccessfully attempted a revolution in Scotland, nearly on the same grounds with that more recently accomplished in America, to expel the English and their adherents, who had usurped the government. Having gained a victory over the forces of Edward the First, at Stirling, he was soon after attacked by Edward at the head of 80,000 foot and 7,000 horse ; whereas the whole force of Sir William did not exceed 30,000 foot ; and the main division of his army was tampered with by a traitor, and rendered of no use to the patriotic army. Not long after the battle of Falkirk, Sir William was made prisoner by some of Edward's partisans, carried to England and beheaded.

event of your decease, to the man* in your own country, who shall appear to your judgment to merit it best, upon the same considerations that have induced me to send it to your Excellency.

I am, with the highest esteem, sir,
Your Excellency's most obed't
And obliged humble servant,

BUCHAN.

"General Washington,
President of the United States of America."

"P. S.—I beg your Excellency will have the goodness to send me your portrait, that I may place it among those I most honour, and I would wish it from the pencil of Mr. Robertson. I beg leave to recommend him to your countenance, as he has been mentioned to me favorably by my worthy friend, Professor Ogilvie, of King's College, Aberdeen."

TWO LETTERS FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON TO LORD BUCHAN.

"Philadelphia, May 1, 1792.

"My Lord—I should have had the honour of acknowledging sooner the receipt of your letter of the 28th of June last, had I not concluded to defer doing it till I could announce to you the transmission of my portrait, which has just been finished by Mr. Robertson (of New York) who has also undertaken to forward it. The manner of the execution of it does no discredit, I am told, to the artist; of whose skill favourable mention had been made to me. I was farther induced to entrust the execution to Mr. Robertson, from his having informed me that he had drawn others for your lordship, and knew the size which best suited your collection.

"I accept, with sensibility and with satisfaction, the significant present of the box which accompanied your lordship's letter.

"In yielding the tribute due from every lover of mankind to the patriotic and heroic virtues of which it is commemorative, I estimate as I ought the additional value which it derives from the hand that sent it, and my obligation for the sentiments that induced the transfer.

"I will, however, ask that you will exempt me from compliance with the request relating to its eventual destination.

* The general with great wisdom has desired the box to be returned to his lordship with this answer, "that it is not for General Washington to point out the worthiest citizen of the United States."

"In an attempt to execute your wish in this particular, I should feel embarrassment from a just comparison of relative pretensions, and fear to risk injustice by so marked a preference. With sentiments of the truest esteem and consideration, I remain your lordship's most obedient servant,

"G. WASHINGTON.

"Earl of Buchan."

"Philadelphia, April 22, 1793.

"My Lord—The favourable wishes which your lordship has expressed for the prosperity of this young and rising country, cannot but be gratefully received by all its citizens, and every lover of it; one mean to the contribution of which, and its happiness, is very judiciously portrayed in the following words of your letter, "to be little heard of in the great world of politics." These words, I can assure your lordship, are expressive of my sentiments on this head; and I believe it is the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities, and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of the earth; and this I am persuaded they will do, if rightfully it can be done. To administer justice to, and receive it from, every power they are connected with, will, I hope, be always found the most prominent feature in the administration of this country; and I flatter myself that nothing short of imperious necessity can occasion a breach with any of them. Under such a system, if we are allowed to pursue it, the agriculture and mechanical arts—the wealth and population of these states will increase with that degree of rapidity as to baffle all calculation; and must surpass any idea your lordship can, hitherto, have entertained on the occasion.

To evince that our views (whether realized or not) are expanded, I take the liberty of sending you the plan of a new city, situated about the centre of the union of these states, which is designed for the permanent seat of the government; and we are at this moment deeply engaged, and far advancing in extending the inland navigation of the river (Potomac) on which it stands, and the branches thereof, through a tract of as rich country for hundreds of miles, as any in the world. Nor is this a solitary instance of attempts of the kind, although it is the only one which is near completion and in partial use. Several other very important ones are commenced, and little doubt is entertained that in ten years, if left undisturbed, we shall open a communication by water with all the lakes north-

ward and westward of us, with which we have territorial connections; and an inland, in a few years more, from Rhode Island to Georgia inclusively, partly by cuts between the great bays and sounds, and partly between the islands and sandbanks, and the main, from Albemarle sound to the river St. Mary's. To these may also be added, the erection of bridges over considerable rivers, and the commencement of turnpike roads, as farther indications of the improvement in hand."

A TALE OF MIDNIGHT, BY A VALETUDINARIAN.

"I am afraid, sir," said the civil landlord of the Two Bears, after I had ordered John to get the coach in readiness, "I am afraid sir, you'll never reach M—— to-night. The snow is near a foot deep already, and the storm is getting worse and worse every minute. It's thirty two long miles at least, and the only private house or tavern all the way is Kelly's, and that's the worst in all these parts. He can give your horses feed perhaps, but I guess you'll get no supper there, and you must sleep upon your cloaks, or else upon the hay in the barn." My host's eloquence was urged in vain. Notwithstanding my infirm state of health, (for I had just recovered from a fever which had left my shattered nerves morbidly acute to the slightest impression,) I had resolved to prosecute my journey. This determination I had taken, partly because I suspected that the advice of my landlord arose from some interested motive, and partly because I began to grow ashamed of the discreditable sympathies I had excited at the tavern, in behalf of my womanish infirmities. A man is always mortified at every attention that reminds him of his want of the attributes of his sex, and I was determined to show my good landlady that I had energy and manhood enough to brave a storm which was sufficiently violent to deter a more adventurous traveller. John was on his box, closely wrapped in his enormous dreadnought, my baggage was safely stowed away, and a shivering waiter stood ready at the coach door. I shook heartily the hand of the expostulating landlord, peeped out of the plaid-cloak in which my nose and ears were carefully enveloped, to throw a parting glance at Jenny's pretty face, as she gazed her last farewell from the window of the bar-room; and adjusting my triple drapery gracefully around me (for I hoped the girl was looking at me) sprang into the coach.

For the first five miles, I found abundant entertainment in contemplating, through the well closed windows of the carriage, the violent storm without. The snow was driving furiously in dark and dense and ever-shifting vortices athwart the barren heath around me. Leaning backward in one corner of the coach, I listened with peculiar interest to the constant pattering of the fine hard particles of snow upon the glass, and the howling and screaming and whistling of the winds. There is a curious balance of the faculties of mind which such a situation frequently inspires. The enjoyment of the comforts of warmth and rest and shelter, at a time when we hear 'the excluded tempest' raving idly along, seldom fails to bring about that delightful equilibrium, when the mind, floating freely between the listlessness of absolute vacuity and the abstractedness of deep meditation, and determined, if at all, by a principle of action too subtle to be recognized, roams, all imagination, in every possible direction, unimpeded by the obstacles of sense, and uncontrolled by the impulses of intellect.

Every thing without was cheerless, comfortless and cold, yet I felt only the more contented and self satisfied within. The hills, which I knew were not far distant, on both sides of this uncultivated plain, were totally invisible through the intermediate gloom. The only objects that I now could distinguish, were the snow-vestured dwarf-oaks and pine trees on each side of the road, which, as the horses forced their way through the accumulating drifts, seemed to move regularly backward in deliberate and mournful procession. The sight of these was every minute interrupted by sudden gushes of the thickening element, sweeping and wheeling in curious meanders around me, while the eddies of the wind, dashing suddenly and fitfully the sleet upon the windows of the carriage, produced that peculiar crepitation which, trifle as it seems, contributes not a little to determine the feelings of the moment.

These are sights and sounds, however, which we see and hear without any interruption to the 'thick-coming fancies' which wander like disembodied spirits through the halls and chambers of our imagery, when the warden reason is sleeping at his post. Indeed, every body who has watched the phenomena of imaginative reverie, must have seen that when fancy is left free and undisturbed, the flow and melody of sentiment, however varied in its character, is always best sustained, and always surest of producing its effect, when placed in strong relief by the presence of such sombre and even dreary, but unobtrusive objects, as reach the imagination without

awakening the judgment ; precisely as the grave and deep-toned monotony of bass-notes in music, supports, relieves, and not unfrequently modifies the air, without attracting or diverting the attention of the listener. In this way the accompaniment of certain sights and sounds, operates like an intellectual counterpoint to the strain of our most variable musings.

Whilst I thus was indulging my liberated fancy in all the pleasure she derived from the contemplation of the works of her creation, the shades of evening had imperceptibly descended ; for such was the feeble glimmering of light which the thick and sleety atmosphere had allowed to reach the earth, that the change from the gloominess of the day to the obscurity of the night was too gradual and too inconsiderable to recall me from the visionary world into which I had unintentionally strayed. The transition from reverie to sleep is quite as natural as the change from twilight into darkness, and the sense of waking consciousness was fast disappearing, when my attention was suddenly aroused by the stopping of the coach. "Sure enough, sir," cried John, whose voice I could scarcely distinguish for the howling of the storm, "sure enough, we shall never get to M—— to-night, sir. I don't think we've come more than half way, and besides that Charley's very lame." This information was sufficiently embarrassing ; but what was to be done ? It was too dark to discern the tavern which my landlord had described, and perhaps we had passed it already. To proceed was the only alternative, and believing that we had not more than six miles to go, I resolved at all events to drive on. At the end of a mile or so, however, John stopped again, and cried out that there was a light ahead, and that he thought we had got to Kelly's. I confess I was not sorry ; for in spite of the fur and woollen armour in which I had incased myself, December's icy fingers had seized me by the toes, and even Fancy herself, who abominates cold feet, was obliged to acknowledge that a genuine external matter-of-fact fire was, in all respects, superior to any of her own manufacture.

The light, however, as we found on approaching it, proceeded from a house situated in a valley several hundred yards from the road. This appeared to me a very strange site for a tavern ; but as Kelly's was the only house between the Two Bears and M——, I could not, as I conceived, be mistaken. In consequence of the extreme darkness of the night, and the depth of the snow, we failed in our attempts to find the gate of the lane, which led down to the house. I now began most seriously to repent my not having followed an advice which I

had unjustly believed to be interested, and felt heartily ashamed that my fool-hardiness in braving such a storm had involved me in such a serious and apparently inextricable difficulty. We endeavoured by shouting with all our might to call some of the family to our assistance; but either the distance was too great, or our voices were drowned in the roaring of the tempest. In this disagreeable dilemma, I was compelled to mount the box, and in spite of the wind and the snow, and the impenetrable darkness, to despatch John across the fields to the house. He was gone, as it seemed to me, an hour, and then returned only to convert my anxiety into the mortifying certainty that the house was not a tavern; that we were fifteen miles at least from any inn; that we had taken the wrong road shortly after leaving the Two Bears, and that to crown our misfortunes the people of the house showed every possible inclination to exclude us from their roof. It was extremely disagreeable at this late hour to claim the reluctant hospitality of a private family, but unpleasant as it was, it was the only alternative. John, with the assistance of a lantern which he had brought with him, had now succeeded in finding the gate, and at the risk every instant of overturning the carriage, I drove slowly down the lane, resolved at all events to gain admittance, at least, into the barn. Having reached with great difficulty the end of the lane, I thought it would be well, before I knocked, to reconnoitre the premises, which the light of the lantern enabled me, though imperfectly, to do. The house, which was a wretched unpainted wooden shell of two stories and a garret, seemed, even in this new country, already falling fast into decay. From a window in the second story was still streaming the light of the candle which had directed us to the spot. I had not time, however, to make any exact observations, before the door opened, and a black girl, the same who had given John his information, made her appearance. I asked immediately to see her master or mistress, on which she stared strangely, closed the door, and vanished without making a reply. Shortly after, we heard the sound of steps descending from the garret, accompanied by the most unpromising and unpropitious mutterings. The door was now again opened, but kept nearly closed, and through the aperture glared the eyes of a white woman, who demanded in a very rough voice and strong Irish brogue, what we wanted. "Shelter for ourselves," I replied, with the accent of entreaty, "and food for our horses—nothing more." The woman now opened the door gradually, as if she suspected our intentions, and slowly surveying us both, still keeping all but her head carefully con-

sealed, she told us to wait till she returned. There was much to surprise, though nothing to alarm me in all these precautions. Surely the tenants of so wretched a cabin had nothing to fear from one who was wealthy enough to travel in his coach. If I should be admitted, the guest would have far greater grounds for suspicion than the host, and yet, if I had carried on my forehead the highwayman's brand, more hesitation could scarcely have been shown. After a very long delay, during which I thought I could distinguish the voice of consultation in the lighted apartment, the woman returned, and silently and sullenly conducted us into a low narrow mean-looking room, in which was to be found neither chair, bed, nor table, nor indeed any article of furniture whatever. Unappalled at this discouraging reception, I ventured to ask if she could furnish us with something to eat, and begged to be indulged with the favour of a fire, declaring at the same time my readiness to make her a liberal compensation for her trouble. But the woman seemed quite as regardless of my offers of reward, as she had been of my appeal to her compassion. With a singular inflexibility of countenance, and doggedness of manner, she proceeded to make some arrangements for our convenience, apparently neither urged nor deterred by any thing I said. She seemed, in all she did, to be literally obeying the directions of some other person, to whom, it was plain, we owed our admission. While she was engaged in blowing some wet faggots and refractory embers into temporary flame, I watched her from a distance unobserved. She was evidently Irish, about fifty years of age, and clad in the coarsest and dirtiest apparel imaginable. The fitful light, which she toiled long and laboriously to produce, threw a strange and ominous glare upon the harsh and rigid features of her face. She was leaning forward, supported on her hands and knees, with her face close upon the embers; and at every puff which she gave, the faggot sent forth a sudden and momentary flash, which illumined for an instant her inauspicious buckskin-coloured visage, and lighted up her large bulging eyes into a singular expression of resolute malignity. Her hair, which was gray and inextricably tangled, streamed over her broad and naked shoulders, giving her an aspect of wild and most forbidding sybilleism. The wetness of the wood damped the blaze as soon as she produced it, and the wind that roared down the enormous chimney, every now and then, drove volumes of smoke against her face. Whenever this occurred, she drew back her head and rubbed her eyes, with loud and angry curses, which I thought were intended to vent her spleen at my unseason-

able intrusion. Yet why should she complain? I had shown every disposition to be satisfied with her accommodations, wretched as they were, and she had besides been assured that she should be liberally rewarded for her trouble.

After having harassed the fuel into flame, my sullen hostess arose, and taking the lantern with her, left me to myself. My attention was now drawn to a circumstance which struck me as not a little extraordinary. The room in which I had observed the light, was directly above me, and I now heard the occupant, whoever he were, pacing backward and forward with a slow and deliberate stride. At another time, I should, in all probability, have taken no notice whatever of a circumstance apparently so trifling. But the gloominess of the weather and the loneliness of the place, had given to my nervous system, naturally very excitable, and debilitated very much by my recent disease, a degree of painful sensibility. The room above me was considerably larger than the one which I was in, as I plainly perceived by the distance to which I traced the steps of the person who was walking overhead. That the stranger was no ordinary personage I felt assured, for there was something so exact, so deliberate, so meditative in his tread, (I say it seriously,) that I could not for a moment suppose it proceeded from the clumsy limbs and thick shoes of an uneducated countryman. Nor could he be a benighted traveller like myself, for John who had now returned from the barn, assured me that there was no horse nor vehicle whatever there, other than my own. After walking for nearly an hour, with that slow and measured tread, and that peculiar creaking of the boot, which a traveller's ear distinguishes at once from the abrupt and downright tramp of the plebeian, I heard him open the door, and walk to the head of the stair-case. He called to the black girl I mentioned before, "Caroline!" It was but a single word, and uttered, for aught I knew, for an indifferent purpose. Yet I heard it with the acutest interest; for I could plainly perceive, in his voice, the tone of habitual pensiveness and melancholy. The distinctness and elegance with which each syllable of this simple word was pronounced, told me that the stranger was a man of education; the tone in which it was uttered convinced me he was unhappy. But what motive could possibly induce such a man to establish his permanent residence in a wretched hovel in these unfrequented wilds? The stranger called Caroline a second and a third time. She did not answer. He called again and again. Why need he do this? Why not descend the stair-case? Why was he afraid of encountering the

eyes of a stranger? He certainly knew of my accident and my being in the house, and I had every reason to suppose that my arrival in a part of the country rarely, if ever, visited by travellers, would at least have roused his curiosity to see and converse with me. But this man was not merely indifferent; he anxiously avoided me. Caroline finally went up to the head of the staircase, and a long conversation in whispers ensued. The stranger then returned to his room, locked the door, and traversed the floor with a hasty and agitated stride, and although I could not distinguish what he said, was evidently speaking to himself in a tone of painful and melancholy self-consultation. There seemed to be here some enigma which I vainly endeavoured to solve. My hostess scarcely condescended to reply to any of my questions; and sat, while we were attempting to eat the wretched fare she set before us, silently squatted on a stool beneath the arch of the fire-place, doubling the number of her wrinkles with a frown of determined discontent. I attempted, in various ways, to soften her peevish severity, but every inquiry which I made with regard to my strange fellow lodger was effectually parried by the simple reply "Indeed, I can't tell ye, sir, indeed."

I need not say that this evasion only stimulated more and more my increasing curiosity. But as this, to all appearance, seemed a useless and a hopeless curiosity, I threw myself at last upon a couch, which John had prepared for me, with my cloak and some hay from the barn. I endeavoured to forget my impatience in the oblivion of sleep. But to sleep, I found was utterly impossible. The stranger continued to walk across the room, muttering to himself something which I could not understand. At one time I thought I could distinguish these words: "Good God! for what purpose were these afflictions sent upon us? Yet why all this delay and hesitation? I had better do it now. It must come out—it must come out at last. There is no other way!" These words seemed plainly to imply that the mind of the stranger was oppressed with the burden of some fearful secret, which he now was painfully resolving to divulge. Could this determination be connected with my arrival? I could scarcely believe it. He had not seen me, and no one here was acquainted with my name. Yet was it not possible that circumstances of which I might not be aware might render it proper or necessary that any stranger should be the depositary of his confidence? 'It must come out at last!' And to shun the dreadful consequences of inevitable detection, he was resolved to unfold the fearful mystery to me, whom he knew not, to solicit, perhaps, my assistance, or con-

ciliate, at least, my compassion. 'It must come out at last !' Had the stranger then committed one of those foul deeds that

'—rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.'

And was it then the force of conscience, and the hope of pardon, which urged him to confess a crime he could not long conceal? This seemed a harsh interpretation; but did not every thing combine to strengthen my suspicions? The extreme reluctance with which I was admitted, the mysterious reserve of the woman who received me, the unwillingness shown by the stranger to descend, the peculiarly anxious tones of his voice, his restless and agitated gait, his soliloquy at an hour so untimely, and the few words I had just overheard, concurred to produce in my mind a vehement misgiving that all was not right. Still, when I reflected that the reserve of the woman might result from a natural moroseness, and that the language of affliction may sometimes be mistaken for the symptoms of remorse, I felt strong reasons to doubt of the truth of my surmises. I was losing myself thus, in a wilderness of the wildest conjecture, when it struck me at last, that my fellow lodger was probably deranged, and I felt vexed that I had perhaps been fruitlessly endeavouring to analyse the motives of a madman. Satisfied with this explanation, I was sinking into sleep, when suddenly I heard the most extraordinary sound with which ever mortal ears were assailed. My whole frame, even at this remote period, convulsively shudders at the recollection. It was a woman's cry, a cry of extreme debility and unutterable agony fearfully combined, and proceeded evidently from the room above. Feeble as it was, it was lengthened and swelled out into a horrible expression of intolerable anguish. The cry, that tells us that the pangs of the victim of hydrothorax are terminating in his death—the cry that issues from the lips of the mangled and exhausted wretch who lies writhing on the rack, when his dying breath is expended in the utterance—the cry that strikes into our souls, when the desperate yet conscious swimmer struggles upward, before our eyes, to the surface of the suffocating element, and shrieks to the shrieking and the powerless for help, are shouts of joy and exultation in comparison to this. I would have started on my feet, but my limbs refused their office, and my heart beat audibly and even loudly at my ribs. I trembled and shivered like a sick man at the first accession of a fever, and stared wildly and vainly around me in unimaginable terror. I had raised my head and back from my couch, and sustained my shuddering frame on my arms, which were behind me; but they soon grew

too weak to support me, and I fell backward on my bed. Let none do me the injustice to suppose that my alarm grew out of fears for my personal safety. I had braved danger and death in every possible shape, and 'what man dare' I am sure that 'I dared.' But there was something so horribly unnatural in this heart-piercing scream—and yet it was not a scream, but a wild sepulchral howl, which had it not been so fearfully articulate, I might have thought to be the nearly suffocated yell of some savage beast of prey—there was something in it, I repeat, so unearthly and so ominous, that I could no more resist the agonies of fear which rushed over me than if I had been paralysed and crushed by the influence of demoniac possession. I lay for near an hour before I could rebuke the terrors which oppressed me; and when my fears had so far vanished that I began to be ashamed of having felt them, I was forced again to undergo all the terrors of alarm. There came, curdling my blood, and penetrating, as it were, my very soul, a second cry, in the same wild, unearthly and unnatural accent as the first. All that I suffered, I cannot, and if I could, I would not describe; for either I should not be believed, or else I should be stigmatised as the veriest craven who ever heard the coward beatings of his heart. If I could for a moment have supposed that the miserable victim was screaming from the force of mortal agonies—that the excruciating pangs of disease, or the steel of the midnight assassin, had extorted this heart-rending cry, I could have rushed with strong nerves and stout heart to the succour of the sufferer. But the hand of some demon seemed upon me, and I lay shuddering and spell-bound on my couch. I prayed fervently to God that I might be spared the agony of a third trial of my agitated senses; for I felt a horrid certainty that my reason could scarcely stand the shock. My prayers were not heard. It came again! that cry! and again, and then again, shooting with a fearful concentration of effect through my tortured and agonizing brain. Suddenly the door of the stranger's room opened. He rushed swiftly to the head of the staircase. "Caroline!" he said, in a voice of the deepest anxiety. I summoned all my scattered energies, rose from my bed, and groped my way as far as to the door—"Caroline!" he repeated in a tone of the wildest impatience. I raised the latch of the door with feverish and oppressive agitation. "Caroline," a third time he reiterated with the accent of despair and unutterable anguish. I staggered wildly forth into the hall, and listened, as, upon the dreadful day of doom, the trembling sinner will listen to his sentence.—"Caroline! girl!"—the words are writ in lines of fire upon my brain—

"don't you hear! come up here, right away! Molly's 'most crazy with the pain of her tooth, and I am agoin' to try to get it OUT!"

DIGRESSIONS.

Part First.

I.

It is a long while since I tried a rhyme—
My hand is almost getting out, I think;
So if I mean to write for fame, 'tis time
To mend my pen—shake up my faded ink—
Buy me a quire or two of foolscap paper,
And thus prepare for a poetic caper.

II.

Already is the itch of scribbling on me,
Six lines are written, and three couplets chime;
And the same folly which in school days won me
To fill old Homer with unseemly rhyme,
And versify e'en Dalzel's Collectanea,
Comes o'er my thoughts with twice the same old mania.

III.

And in my hand my very goosequill seems
To have caught a portion of the same velocity,
With which it whilom ran o'er diverse reams
The perished tokens of my mind's precocity,
Which were in fancy to have raised my name
'Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.'

IV.

But now where are they? I have an old box,
I know exactly where it stands—alone,
I look not in it often, for it mooks—
With the dim spectres of my visions gone,
Mementos sad of desolated joys—
Each hope the present moment that employs.

V.

There lie they—many a blotted manuscript
Prized in its time o'er Homer, Milton, Dante,
But now of all their fancied honours stripped
In guise unseemly and in place most scanty,—
All undisturbed, excepting when the slattern
Chambermaid wants some paper for a pattern.

VI.

Then as her hands, unreverently scatter,
Without a thought beyond the just dimension
Required to suit the gown or other matter
Which then employs her classical attention,
Impromptus—Satires—Essays—School-philippics,
And still-born Cantos of forgotten epics—

VII.

Speeches—which once in college chapels told
 The author's vanity to vainer fools—
 Sonnets—whose fire made Petrarchs love seem cold,
 And Odes which spurned indignantly at rules—
 Novels which (luckily) ere published died,
 And tragedies that slumber by their side,

VIII.

I watch her at her devastating work,
 And rushing visions of the past throng o'er me;
 Reversing the old fable of the Stork,
 The offspring which my youthful fancies bore me,
 Bear not their parent up on filial wing,
 But prey upon the vitals whence they spring.

IX.

There lie they—in one indiscriminate mass
 Neglected, not forgot, for on the heart
 Their record is graved deeply; and thus pass,
 And thus will pass—till life and thought depart,
 Fading and vanishing, the joys of youth,
 Its hopes of constancy, its dreams of truth.

X.

But self-love then again is gratified,
 That my lot's but an 18mo. epitome
 Of the great folio of all human pride;
 And that the world has never been a whit to me
 Or to my merits blind, more than to others
 Whose infant muse each critic monthly smothers.

XI.

It surely is encouraging to vanity
 That this sad fate falls not alone on me,
 That thousands have experienced this insanity,
 This yearning after fame, this thirst to be
 Named with the glorious—only to be foiled—
 Have dream'd, and woke to find their hearts despoil'd.

XII.

This is meant for philosophy—though I
 Will in the reader's ear a moment whisper,
 That though on paper it shows plausibly,
 There's not a ten year old girl who can lisp her
 First elements of feeling, but knows better
 And would despise such thoughts—would fashion let her.

XIII.

For in our early days, when life is new,
 And the warm tears of feeling fondly gush
 To meet, with answering sympathies, the true
 Confiding feelings which to meet them rush;
 When hearts to meet young hearts rejoicing leap,
 Smiles give back smiles and tears make others weep,

XIV.

The pangs of others but augment our pain
 As every joy of theirs adds zest to ours,
 Soon comes the world's experience to restrain
 The kindly feelings which the young heart pours
 For others' griefs—and with shut hearts we learn
 To weep o'er our own woes, nor mourn when others mourn.

XV.

But though the fountains of the heart are froze
 By fashion—art—experience of ill—
 Treachery of friends—the thousand griefs that close
 The soul 'gainst perfect confidence, and fill
 Its thoughts with chilling doubts and cold distrust,
 The fears we would not entertain, but must ;

XVI.

Still it is mere indifference which ensues,
 Not hate—our sympathies are checked and changed,
 But are not quite reversed—our hearts refuse
 To be from their young thoughts so wide estranged—
 The fount of feeling may be chilled—and black—
 Dried up—or poisoned—but it ne'er rolls back.

XVII.

And so I think upon reflection that
 It does not make my case a pin the better,
 That other's hopes have oft been prisoned at
 The self same gaol—where I remain a debtor,
 Owing so much to Heaven for gifts, and yet
 Cannot refuse the gifts—nor pay the debt.

XVIII.

But all this is digressive, and is meant to }
 Display my talent for the serious vein ;
 If there should be occasion to give vent to
 Such feelings in the course of this my strain,
 I beg the public will take this example
 As, of my wholesale pathos, a small sample.

XIX.

The point which I digressed from, I believe,
 Was that I am an author of variety,
 (Unpublished) but for that you need not grieve,
 As I intend to benefit society,
 (God willing and the publishers) by showing
 In what I now shall tell them, things worth *knowing*.

XX.

I said that I began to feel the passion
 Of scribbling on me—and in all such cases,
 As my rule is to balk no inclination,
 I mount my pegasus to try his paces.
 Under the spur of this poetic *rabies*,
 Onward he goes—*extremum caput scabies*.

XXI.

I will translate—in charity to those
 Who cannot construe Latin—this last phrase.
 We have a saying blunt enough, Heav'n knows,
 Exactly answering to what Horace says;
 The learned choose the Latin as refined most,
 'Tis plainly rendered— Devil take the hindmost.'

XXII.

Shrink not fair reader—nothing here is meant
 Your apprehensive modesty to flurry—
 A common rude expression—it gives vent
 To impatient feeling when we're in a hurry,
 And, scampering onward in a headlong race,
 We cannot stop to pick and choose our phrase.

XXIII.

And here it simply means, I'm in such haste
 I cannot stop to think of what's behind;
 Of time and patience 'twere a grievous waste,
 Did I deliberate much and oft to find
 More polished modes of speech or rhymes more proper—
 So let them stand—I do not care a copper.

XXIX.

And if I should be voted in minority
 On this important question, I can plead
 I had the courtly Horace's authority,
 Which will weigh something; we the learned, indeed,
 Are always pleased, when we can get to back us
 An apt quotation from the polished Flaccus.

XXV.

After these flourishing preliminaries,
 I think I'll state what 'tis that I intend—
 The purport and the aim of these vagaries—
 What they discourse of, and when they shall end.
 The short truth is—in unobtrusive rhymes
 I will narrate a tale of my own times.

XXVI.

I take a youth of the first, sterner sex:
 For females are such variable creations,
 So full of whim, wit, flash and dash, 'twould vex
 My gentle muse beyond her utmost patience.
 To follow, in the wild erratic line,
 The zig-zag course of a true heroine.

XXVII.

I take a young man then, of the first sex;
 But whether he is a true personage,
 Really designated—must perplex.
 With doubt vexatious, and conjecture sage,
 The thinking part of this our generation,
 'Till I resolve their doubts by nomination.

XXVIII.

At present this appears the patent way
 Of settling national affairs—a few
 Dictate, and thousands must perforce obey.
 Caucus commands, and thousands rush to do—
 Caucus is silent—and there's not a man
 Dares stir until he hears from the divan.

XXIX.

It's an exceedingly convenient mode
 For those who choose to govern, but not quite
 So pleasant for the ruled—they bear the load
 Unlike old Esop's, heavier with each bite.
 The few retain, themselves, the loaves and fishes—
 And leave the many lumbered with the dishes.

XXX.

This was once very fashionable—but
 It is now getting rather out of fashion—
 Yet till the election's over, I must put
 The town 'neath my poetical dictation.
 I sit alone in caucus—you must wait
 A month or two until I nominate.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

“The style in which General La Fayette has been received in America shows how little essential difference there is between republican and monarchical honours. The same flattery; the same pomp; the same ceremony; the same parade; but more servility and infinitely more of burlesque self importance.”

The foregoing pitiful effusion of spleen is extracted from the London Courier, of September 14th. The whole article is written in the spirit of vindictive chagrin, and betrays, in every line, the workings of a jealous and restless malevolence. In short, it is precisely the thing we anticipated; and we should have been much disappointed, if the gall of these creatures of the ministry had not been moved by a spectacle, which, as long as it lasts, will be ‘wormwood and aloes’ to the palates of the pandars of legitimacy. The attempt to conceal their vexation beneath a rueful *risus sardonicus* is truly deplorable, and compels us to believe that their sufferings are too serious to be laughed at; for perhaps it is ungenerous in freemen to rejoice in the torments even of the enemies of liberty. In the mean time, let us see to what extent the rites of republican honours can be said to resemble the pageants of the slaves and adherents of a monarch.

The arrival of General Lafayette in America has given rise to the most singular display of natural feeling that the world has ever witnessed. That a private and unpretending

citizen, unadorned with the dazzling appendages of wealth or of elevated station, unaccompanied by the 'pomp and circumstance' of political or military influence, should thus become the object of a nation's hospitality, and the theme of innumerable tongues, is one of those extraordinary events which are now and then developed to the notice of the world, to furnish matter of abundant inquiry to the curious philosopher, and subject for joy and exultation to the lover of mankind. The nature of the national enthusiasm, now in full operation from one end of the union to the other, is, perhaps, without its parallel in history. We do not mean to say, that the extent and the amount of the popular excitement, the noise and the bustle, the parade and the pageantry, 'the trappings and the suits' of counterfeited homage, have not been far and frequently surpassed. These may be commanded. The autocrat whose arm wields the powerful machinery of despotism, holds the lever that forces down the knees and extorts the exclamations of millions of miserable puppets; but nothing but the folly of a tyrant can confound the forms of gratitude or the shows of love, with that spontaneous exhibition of a people's affections, which cannot, by its very constitution, be purchased or enforced. Not all the armies of confederated Europe can compel a single heart to throb with joy in the presence of an arbitrary tyrant; nor can all the wealth of Golconda or Peru bribe the eyes of a freeman or a slave, to shed a tear of affection at the approach of the proudest of the sovereigns of Europe.

There have been, doubtless, occasions, in which as genuine and as generous demonstrations of public feeling have evinced the sincerity of a people's thankfulness, or the warmth of their regard. But in all these instances, it will be found, either that the tumult of popular applause has followed close upon the achievement that created it, and subsided shortly after into absolute indifference, or else that this object has been gained by the sacrifice of national humanity or justice, and secured by administering largely to the meanest appetites of a sensual and ignorant populace. In the honours we are now conferring on our guest, the circumstances are so different from those which give rise to the commoner developments of popular excitement, as to render the phenomenon unique in the history of political events. Nearly half a century has elapsed since our friend became entitled to our gratitude, and we are now returning our acknowledgements for benefits conferred, (although all of us partake of their results) at a time when but

few of us were living. Again ; it ought to be observed, that the display of our regard arises not from any exhibition of royal liberality. Our's is very far from being that worthless exultation (not unfrequently mistaken for the evidence of loyalty) which animates a selfish rabble, when their prince has provided for their amusement, or rather for the better security of his power, games and holydays and festivals, theatres and gladiator-shows, bull-baitings, sham naval victories, and *autos de fé*. We are neither shouting with indecent clamour at the triumphal entry of a conqueror who has annexed to our dominions a subjugated province, nor celebrating with unmeaning festivities the coronation of a monarch, or the marriage of a prince. The influence of a court or of a cabinet is not felt in our proceedings. So far from increasing or restraining us, our government has not even recommended the style in which our guest would be most suitably received. In every thing which characterises our rejoicings, the entire independence of the people, of their temporary agents, is abundantly manifested, and furnishes a palpable evidence of our national free agency. Such a demonstration of popular emotion could not possibly take place on the continent of Europe ; for the interference of the ministry with a view to increase, to direct, to diminish or suppress it, would derogate much from its chief characteristic—its voluntary nature. The entire absence of all petty interests, which might render suspected the purity of our hospitality, is another peculiar feature in the event of which we speak. The popular excitement, so far from being created or biassed or promoted by political intrigue, has almost absorbed, for a time, the otherwise absorbing business of the day—the controversy for the presidential chair.

But the unsuspected freedom of the language of the nation, curious and novel as it is, is by no means the proudest or most important circumstance by which it is attended. It is the cause, the holy cause of our rejoicings, that consecrates the jubilee. It is this which places it, at once, above the festivals of every other people on the face of the earth ; and it is this which constitutes an ample reply to the cold-hearted sneers of some of our good fellow citizens, who have suddenly discovered how exceedingly anti-republican it is to display so much joy at the arrival of one single man. It is not the man. The man is nothing : with all his merits, nothing—when compared to the glorious principle which governs our applause. He must be very little skilled in the knowledge of the nature of popular excitement, who does not understand the motive which

impels the people of America to exert their whole strength, and their whole soul, in the present demonstration of their feelings. In the honours we confer on Lafayette, America is seizing a happy opportunity to give vent to the noblest of emotions that ever influenced the actions of a people. She has witnessed, an unengaged, but not an unconcerned spectator, almost from the date of her political existence, the most disgraceful spectacle that ever was or ever can be exhibited to the eyes of an indignant world. With shame, with sorrow, with wonder and disgust, she has watched the progress of an infamous conspiracy against the rights and happiness of freemen wherever they are found. She has seen this execrable object partially accomplished in the extinction of the liberties of Europe. A doctrine unknown, until now, even in the annals of despotism, has been boldly and unblushingly set up in the very centre of the civilized world. A strange and portentous alliance of arbitrary monarchs is established in the face of mankind; and the members of this unprecedented league, finding in their hands the means of almost unlimited oppression, scruple not to utter and maintain, with the most amazing insolence, maxims which the autocrats of ancient Macedonia and Persia had neither the wickedness to conceive, nor the measureless effrontery to avow. The tyrants of antiquity either limited their domination to their own enslaved subjects, or at least, when the lust of dominion urged them to schemes of foreign conquest, the attempt was made under pretences not half so insulting as the modern 'monarchical principle.' No American can hear, without shuddering, the potentates of Europe openly declare, that if every man, woman and child, in Spain, for example, shall ask to-morrow with one mind and with one voice, for a change in the existing government however inconsiderable, or the abolition of a law however oppressive, they *shall* not be indulged in their most moderate request, if one certain man, who is among them, a weak, wicked, ignorant and bigoted wretch, is unwilling to comply. And not only this, but if one of them dares to complain, his estate shall be confiscated, and he shall be imprisoned; and if he resists, he shall die. Yet with all our love of liberty and hatred of tyranny and tyrants, we have been compelled by an obvious and a necessary policy from forcibly opposing those iniquitous pretentions. Indignant as we feel at the prodigate avowal of a doctrine so abhorrent to every feeling of a freeman, and afflicted as we are, that the blasphemous menaces of Austria and her despicable satellites should be promptly followed up by the actual execution of their threats,

we are constrained by the first of obligations—our duty to ourselves—to avoid all active interference in the unnatural and dishonourable controversy. Perhaps a more enlarged and liberal philanthropy might require, that in a case where the commonest principles of justice are flagrantly and impudently outraged, any nation has a right to interfere in behalf of the oppressed; as instances not unfrequently occur in which every individual is justified in rescuing a fellow creature, by force, if he sees him exposed to the brutal assault of a ruffian. Whether this be a rule for the conduct of a nation or not, no one will deny that every comfort and encouragement we can possibly afford to the suffering nation without the overt act of actual hostilities, is not only freely allowed, but specially required. Of this right, America has always availed herself, and we confess that so far from desiring to oppose the demonstration of what, unjustly, has been termed the vanity of freedom, we never can regard as extravagant the extremest self-complacency which the nation can exhibit. For ourselves, we respect and would warmly encourage the most exuberant admiration of the principles of democracy; nor ever seek to restrain the most vehement detestation and abhorrence of the maxims set forth by the potentates of Europe. These are the feelings—the love of liberty and the hatred of oppression—which animate the soul of every citizen who joins in the jubilee that welcomes Lafayette to our shores; and we doubt not, but even the meanest and most ignorant of them all, feels when he gazes on the festival of freemen, a wish that the tyrants of the old world were condemned to be spectators of the scene. We feel assured that many voices are lent to the general acclamation, with a desire, and almost a belief, that the cry may cross the sea and reach the ears of the enemies of freedom; and we candidly acknowledge that, cold and circumspective as age and experience have rendered us, we are still boy enough to anticipate with pleasure the annoyance and chagrin which the tyrants of Europe must endure, in contemplating a spectacle, in which a mighty republic uncontrolled by the influence or advice of its government, rises up with one accord to salute the approach of the champion of liberty.

It is by no means improbable, that the time is not far distant, when the whole of the civilized world will be deeply and immediately interested in the great question of the proper source and disposition of national sovereignty. This controversy involves interests too powerful, relations too complicated, and prejudices too firmly established, to be settled by the influence

of reason, accident, or time. The struggle between despots and their subjects for the right of legislation must, for obvious reasons, be decided by the sword; and although we feel a deep and a comforting conviction, that the day, however distant it may be, will inevitably come, when the world will find it hard to believe that a barbarous age once existed, in which governors were held to be wholly irresponsible to the governed; yet it needs but a very small share of political foresight to perceive that the contest between the sovereign *de facto*, and the sovereign *de jure*, will be fiercely disputed and fearfully prolonged.

We hope that we will not be regarded as timid or melancholy visionaries, if we venture to express our apprehensions that America may, ere very long, be compelled to take a part in the sanguinary conflict between the proprietors of kingdoms and their rebellious and exasperated subjects. In that event, if ever it should happen, the cause of liberty will mainly depend for success, on the gallant enthusiasm of her sons; and he who has at heart the temporal happiness of man, will ever look upon an ardent and inextinguishable love of freedom, as the best and only trust-worthy barrier against the advances of an enemy—far more destructive to that happiness than war, plague, pestilence, earthquakes, or famine—the pretensions of arbitrary monarchy. It is these considerations which prevent us from regarding as exaggerated, the loudest and wildest exhibition of the feelings of the nation; and which, in our eyes, give a character and a consequence to the most trifling testimonial of the people's affection. Let sentiments like these be cherished and encouraged, let the ruling passions of Americans be a love of their own institutions, and a hatred of *legitimate* oppression; and Liberty, we venture to predict, ere the lapse of many ages, shall be roused to go forth from the place of her refuge, till her voice shall be heard, and her arm shall be felt, to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The following account of an extraordinary piece of musical mechanism, is translated from an Italian Journal, the *Antologia*. The achievements of this machine appear to us, we acknowledge, so incredible, that we are almost tempted to believe that some Parisian wag (for the information of the editor of the *Antologia*, is derived from a Paris paper) has written it, to feed the strong appetite for the marvellous, which has been recently de-

veloped in that non-descript metropolis. Perhaps, however, some of our readers may have more faith than ourselves in the omnipotence of levers, pendulums and cog-wheels ; and to them we refer, as an excellent subject of credulity, the following

MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.

In Paris there has been recently exhibited a singular piece of mechanism, denominated the *componium*,* or musical *improvisatore*. When the instrument has received a musical subject with variations, applied to the machine by a process only known to the inventor, it immediately of itself, decomposes the variations, and reproduces their constituent members in all the diversity of possible permutation, and with all the fertility and address of the most copious and inexhaustible fancy. From these combinations, a series of compositions are produced, varied and determined by a principle so arbitrary, that not even the person who is best acquainted with the mechanical construction of the instrument can foresee the passages which the fancy of this automaton improvisatore, at any given instant, shall suggest. Each of these variations lasts about a minute ; and if we suppose that the instrument performed uninterruptedly, only one of the airs with all the variations which this machine is capable of affording, it would, without ever repeating a single combination, continue to furnish variations, not only for years and for ages, but for so great a number of millions of ages, that although it might be arithmetically exhibited, it could not be expressed in ordinary language. Such is the import of the account of this marvellous discovery, as furnished and confirmed by some of the profoundest natural philosophers of Paris.

‘ Alas ! ’—sang the youthful Feramorz in the valley of Hussuh Abdaul—

‘ Alas ! how light a cause may move
Dissention between hearts that love !
A something, light as air—a look—
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken.’

I will not repeat the mournful catalogue of all the pernicious trifles, and formidable nothings, which, like the stings of a bee,

* So accomplished an instrument certainly deserves a more classical appellation.

can frighten Love away, when the javelins of the warrior are hurled at him in vain. But if Feramorz were here, I would tell him he had only told half of the truth, and instead of a *visa*, I would take a guitar in my hands, and thus I would sing,

'Tis true, sweet bard—' light cause may move
 Dissention between hearts that love ;'
 Yet 'tis as true, a cause as light
 May severed hearts again unite.
 A look—whose timid gentleness
 Will scarce the secret hope confess,
 That each harsh word, each unkind thought,
 Is now forgiven and forgot.
 The tear—that late in anger rose,
 And now in silent sorrow flows ;
 One of those glistening drops, that fill
 The eyes of weeping penitence,
 (For rebel Love full soon relents,)
 Like lingering raindrops falling still,
 When the rude storm has passed away,
 And severing clouds unfold the day.
 A playful smile—that fain would earn
 A smile as playful in return ;
 And seeks, though struggling frowns oppose,
 To win the pardon it bestows.
 A word—whose mild and humbled tone,
 Speaks sweetly of resentment gone ;
 And, when the lov'd one's heart rebels,
 Wafted in suasive whisper, quells,
 With more than Music's mastery,
 The scornful lip and angry eye.
 A single touch—from that lov'd hand,
 Whose thrilling pressure can command,
 With master-away and magic art,
 The stormiest tempests of the heart.
 As erst the enchanter's rod, 'tis said
 Wild-heaving Ocean's wrath allayed,
 Lulled to repose the whirlwind rude,
 And the chafed tyger's ire subdued.
 A song—whose soothing speech can melt
 The soul, that never else had felt
 The rushing tide of tenderness
 Oppress the heart with sweet excess,
 Bearing a wild tumultuous throng
 Of thoughts unspeakable along.
 A sigh—that with soft murmurings,
 Steals over the heart's responsive strings,
 (As the wind-lyre its sweetest tone
 Yields to the southern breeze alone,)
 And with contagious melody,
 Wakes throb for throb, and sigh for sigh.
 Oh yes ! the penitent voice of love,
 Stern bosoms to forgive can move,

And melt the heart that heeded not
 Or wrathful word or angry thought.
 Thus the first warm sweet sighs of spring,
 A kind and magic influence bring,
 Dissolving on the mountain's brow,
 Receding winter's lingering snow ;
 While gently-breathing Zephyr then,
 Soothes into warmth and joy again,
 The hill's cold breast which colder grew,
 When the harsh blast ungently blew.
 A trifling gift—a toy—a flower—
 Oh! there is nought that has not power
 (If love the generous charm imparts,)
 To join once more divided hearts.
 Then, minstrel, though 'light cause may move
 Dissentions between hearts that love,'
 Is it not true, a cause as light,
 May severed hearts again unite,
 In truer, kindlier harmony
 Than felt before?—Thus oft we see
 The floods, that, round the mountain's base,
 The rude descent compelled to sever,
 Ere long in closer bands embrace,
 And blended thus, flow on forever.

O. P. Q.

New Ideas on Population, with Remarks upon the Theories of Malthus and Godwin. By Alexander H. Everett. 8vo. pp. 125.

WE can truly say, that we never opened a book with stronger prepossessions in its favour, than the one before us, and never closed one, with sincerer regret, that we were not entire converts to its principles. The benevolence of the author is so conspicuous, that he excited in us a lively interest in his behalf, and an earnest wish, that he had more fully developed his ideas on this important subject. We have been so long accustomed to regard the theory of population, as explained by Mr. Malthus, as the true one, that we did not feel prepared to yield that full assent to Mr. Everett's, which, perhaps, we might have done, had he entered a little more into detail ; neither did the article, which appeared in the North American Review, on the same subject, from the pen of the author's brother, carry entire conviction. Certainly, on no subject were we ever more disposed to be convinced, whether we regard the high source whence these opinions emanated, or the benevolent feelings by which they were dictated. The name of Edward Everett is now become endeared to us by the fondest literary associations, and his opinions on political science have long been considered indubitably correct. We may add, that with

the present solitary exception, we have always had the happiness to find our sentiments coincident with his ; and even now, it is possible, we may differ only from misapprehension. With these remarks, we shall proceed to point out those parts of Mr. Everett's essay, which appear to require some farther elucidation, in order to render them entirely conclusive.

About twenty-six years ago, Mr. Malthus published his *Essay on Population*, which excited considerable sensation on its appearance. The principles which he unfolded, and which he proved, or attempted to prove, to result from an inevitable law of nature, were too startling to be readily received. His leading proposition may be stated as follows. The means of subsistence cannot, in the nature of things, increase as rapidly as population increases ; but mankind cannot exist without the means of subsistence ; and are, therefore, constantly perishing for want of those means. Much has been written to controvert this truth, but opposition gradually ceased, and the objections were forgotten ; while Mr. Malthus's theory rose in public estimation, in exact proportion to the degree in which his opponents failed to point out his errors ; and finally his work has assumed its station, as the standard on this subject.

Although Malthus cannot, generally speaking, be accused of want of perspicuity, yet there is one phrase which, as it frequently occurs, he ought more fully to have explained. It is obvious that until the precise meaning of terms is established, there can be no definite point of dispute ; and no certainty that the whole may not turn out a verbal difference. Indeed, we strongly suspect the present to be a case in point ; and that one chief difficulty between Mr. Everett and Mr. Malthus consists in the meaning of the phrase, 'means of subsistence,' the latter extending its signification to every thing necessary to lengthen out life, as long as nature will permit, and the former supposing it restricted entirely to food. Thus in page 18, Mr. Everett says, that Malthus "maintains that in consequence of the laws of nature, which regulate the increase of the human species, and of the means of their subsistence, there does actually and must of necessity exist in all ages and countries, and in all stages of civilisation, a disproportion between the demand for food and its supply ; or, in other words, that there is now, always has been, and always will be, throughout the whole world, a perpetual famine." Now we freely acknowledge, that if Malthus does actually maintain this proposition, he maintains it against all experience ; for every body knows, there has not existed throughout the whole world a perpetual famine ; and we should be within the mark, to assert, that not an individual in the United States has perished of

starvation, since the revolutionary war. If, therefore, Mr. Malthus maintains the proposition ascribed to him, he maintains that which every one's experience proves to be untrue. We have no later edition of his work than that published in 1809, and therefore do not know what alteration his opinions may have undergone since that period. But, the fact is, that at that time, he certainly did not maintain the existence of a perpetual famine. In chap. 2, he says, "The *ultimate* check to population, appears then to be a want of food, arising necessarily from the different ratios, according to which population and food increase. *But this ultimate check is never the immediate check, except in cases of actual famine.* The immediate check, may be stated to consist in all those customs, and all those diseases, which seem to be generated by a scarcity of the means of subsistence; and all those causes independent of this scarcity, whether of a moral or physical nature, which tend prematurely to weaken and destroy the human frame." Chap. 2, vol. 1.

In this, as well as in a variety of other passages, it appears evident, that Mr. Malthus intended to use "means of subsistence," in its most comprehensive signification. The wants of mankind are almost infinite; and there are many of them, besides want of food, which will deprive us of existence, if not satisfied. In this climate for example, means of subsistence certainly includes a house, fuel and clothing; and we may even go much farther, and with the strictest accuracy, extend it to medicine, nursing, exercise and rest; in a word, to every thing which wealth can procure towards preservation of life. It is in this sense we have always understood the words; and in this sense, Mr. Everett will admit, that in all places and at all times, a portion of mankind are perishing for the want of means of subsistence. Thus it evidently appears that Mr. Everett and Mr. Malthus are not debating on a common topic of difference, and we may, therefore, dismiss so much of the work as is devoted to an examination of this point.

The next division of Mr. Everett's work is very important, and on the subjects debated in it, the author and Mr. Malthus appear to be precisely at issue.

"The economical effect of an increase of population is an augmentation in the supply of labour, and in the demand for its products. The wants of the new comers create the new demand, and their labour furnishes the new supply." p. 21.

In cases of emigration, where individuals carry with them some little capital and robust bodies, this proposition is certainly correct; but it is not so, when applied to the natural manner of

the increase of the species. It seems to us, the author as well as the reviewer has fallen into an error, to which philosophy seems peculiarly liable; a too great generalization of ideas, without sufficient allowance for the operation of local or temporary causes. This propensity is always to be deprecated, because it opens the door to ridicule, to those who are not able to estimate the value of general principles. The above proposition appears to be true in the abstract; but when we test it by facts we find there is a variety of data which ought absolutely to be taken into the estimate. These "new comers" are infants; they necessarily create a demand not only of commodities but also of the time and attention of their parents; on the other hand, they cannot for many years furnish a supply equal to their consumption, and a large proportion of them never furnishes the supply at all, being prevented by death; all these are circumstances of the argument to be taken into consideration, and place the proposition before us in a much more questionable shape; and in fact, in such a shape that we cannot give our assent to it at present. But Mr. E. has another source whence to draw a supply sufficient to meet the increased demand. Let us see what this is.

"It is sufficiently notorious that an increase of population, on a given territory, is followed immediately by a division of labour; which produces in its turn the invention of new machines, an improvement in the method in all the departments of industry, and a rapid progress in the various branches of art and science. The increase effected by these improvements in the productiveness of labor, is obviously much greater in proportion than the increase of population, to which it is owing. The population of Great Britain, for example, doubled itself in the course of the last century, while the improvements in the modes of applying labour made in the same period have increased its productiveness so much that it would probably be a moderate estimate to consider its products a thousand times greater than before. If, however, we suppose the increase in the products of labour naturally resulting from a doubling of a population on a given territory to be only in the proportion of ten to one, the means of subsistence will still be more abundant in the proportion of five to one than they were before. And on this very low calculation the respective rates of increase in the amount of population, and the means of subsistence, comparatively stated, will be as follows, to wit: for the population, 1, 2. 4. 8. 16. &c., and for the means of subsistence, 1. 10. 100. 1000. &c." p. 27.

As this, taken in conjunction with the proposition last quoted, forms the very basis of Mr. Everett's theory, and the exact point of difference between him and Malthus, we regret extremely that he has not thought proper to explain himself a little more at large. We have already hinted at the most prominent difficulties of the first proposition, and we now proceed to a free discussion of the second.

In a pin manufactory, each workman is able to produce about two hundred and forty times the number of pins which he could do, if alone; a prodigious increase of productiveness, but still far short of a thousand fold. As far as we know, there is no article in which a division of labour, or the productiveness of labour has been pushed to equal extent; in many departments of industry the productiveness of labour has not been increased at all, or at farthest, not doubled. In agriculture, it does not appear that a farther division of labour would be attended with any advantage. One man cannot devote all his time to ploughing, or sowing, or any other single department. The same may be said of maritime commerce. But why multiply instances? Test the above proposition by facts, and we cannot see how it is to be supported. The products of labour are divided in certain proportions between the labourer himself, the capitalist, the land owner, and the government. As it would be difficult to assign their real proportions to each, we will suppose the three first united in one individual, for example, a farmer. The government of England certainly does not now exact, in taxes, a sum equal to the gross revenue of that country in 1700. But admit that it does, then if Mr. Everett's lowest estimate be correct, the revenue arising from the farm, which, in 1700, yielded one thousand pounds sterling, must in 1800, yield nine thousand pounds, exclusive of the taxes; and to pursue the subject a step farther, will yield, in 1900, ninety thousand pounds sterling, yearly income. This estimate is certainly far too high. An inquiry into the real state of Great Britain will show that the whole population are somewhat better clothed and fed than they were a century ago; and being doubled in numbers, the true conclusion appears to be, that production is rather more than doubled, owing to the causes assigned by Mr. Everett. But, after admitting this, we do not feel prepared to go farther, and say the same causes will continue to operate forever. On the contrary, it really appears to us that there is but little prospect of the productiveness of labour being again doubled, in a long course of time; division of labour seems nearly arrived at its ultimatum; and any material in-

crease of production of natural agents, is a subject rather of hope than of expectation. Regarding Mr. Everett's theory in the only point of view which we can do, namely, that an increase of population, though followed by a certain increased demand, does not of itself furnish a proportionately increased supply; and as the increasing productiveness of labour does not appear sufficient to supply the deficiency, we are reluctantly driven back to the belief that the increase of population is limited by the causes assigned by Mr. Malthus.

In page 46, Mr. Everett says, that Mr. Malthus maintains that the inhabitants of 'a given tract of territory' must necessarily subsist upon the direct products of the soil they occupy. We do not recollect in what part of his essay Mr. Malthus makes the above remark, but as his work extends over eleven hundred octavo pages, it may possibly have escaped us. We think Mr. Everett's ridicule is misplaced on this occasion; the most that can be said is that Mr. Malthus has been guilty of an inaccuracy in the use of terms, as every one must know that he never could maintain that blacksmiths actually eat horse shoes, or cutlers' knife blades. His meaning is evidently that the amount of consumption, on a given territory, must be limited to the sum of its products. A blacksmith lives upon the products of his industry, as much as a farmer; aye, and as directly too.

We regret that our limits absolutely compel us to omit many things which we wished to notice. For example, the charge against Malthus that his system justifies infanticide and other crimes, ought to be repelled. We cannot help thinking, that a cool and candid reflection could never have drawn such conclusions; and we are confident, that Mr. Everett, on a reperusal of Malthus' Essay, will acknowledge his error. We must, however, extend this article so far as to notice what appears to us some further objectionable views of Mr. Everett's, as connected with the subject under discussion. This gentleman appears to maintain, that those principles, which go to forbid the general indulgence of natural appetites must, of necessity, be founded in error. "The instinct of love," he remarks, "is the natural motive to marriage. As it is given to every individual, it is evidently the intention of nature that all should marry: and as it is stronger at an early period of life, than at any other, it is equally evident that youth was the time intended by nature for the gratification of this instinct in marriage. As a general rule, therefore, the order of nature has provided that all should marry young; and the accomplishment of this, as of

every other law of nature, must tend to promote the general good, at the same time it advances the happiness of individuals." p. 100.

Now, it does appear to us that the general indications of reason, are as much to be regarded in this question as the general indications of instinct; nor can we agree with Mr. Everett that there are only two forms in which the same common law of nature declares itself." The considerations which deter us from marriage, as soon as we are capable of executing its offices, are either the dictates of reason or the suggestions of instinct. Suppose that they are dictates of reason. Then according to our author's opinion, they are equally in fact the suggestions of instinct. Here, it is plain, we have instincts which oppose, as well as instincts that urge early marriages; so that while nature, on the one hand, by the early formation of procreative powers and desires, indicates the propriety of marriages in youth, the same nature, on the other hand, by subjecting early marriages to the consequences of moral and corporeal suffering, forbids by one instinct, or faculty, what she urges by another. Now we ask Mr. Everett, why we are not to obey the reasons which every man perceives as deterring him from indiscreet matrimony, viz. the apprehension of some future inability to support an ordinary family, and the suffering which such inability threatens to create. These apprehensions, we maintain, thus dictated by reason, are a part of nature's general plan. They are motives, though not, in our opinion, instinctive, yet immediately, easily and uniformly presenting themselves to the mind of every individual not absolutely reckless of the future contingencies of life. This result will be equally brought about, whether we adopt the coincidence of rational and instinctive suggestions or not; and the fact is, that the real intention of nature seems to be, that man shall do that which harmonises most with the compounded indication, which results from the assemblage of all of her impulses. This, Mr. Malthus maintains to be, marriage, as soon as the means of supporting the anticipated family are secured, and not until then. It is true, that at first sight, in this point of view, nature appears to have created, to no purpose, early physical capacities. But reflection shows that these powers and desires are by no means inoperative because marriage is not the immediate result. The desire produces, by interposing a powerful incentive to industry, a very salutary influence, long before the power, though existing, has an opportunity to be called into exercise, and this appears to us,

to be precisely the fulfilment of the design, for the accomplishment of which, the apparently inconsistent suggestions of propensities seem to be contrived. In page 99, Mr. E. himself says, "it is an immoral act for a man to marry without a reasonable prospect of being able to support a family." Now, this is precisely what Mr. Malthus insists on. He certainly never said that it was an immoral act for a man to marry who *could* maintain his family; and if we look no farther, we should say that the parties are agreed. But Mr. Everett likewise says, "On the system of Mr. Malthus, the poor* in addition to their other inconveniences, are required to sacrifice the comforts of domestic life to the general good; and the rich are invested, beside all their other advantages, with a monopoly of love and marriage. Such a plan is neither just nor safe; and the privations and sufferings imposed upon communities by common necessities, should be shared by all alike." Laying Malthus aside, for the present, we would inquire, with deference, what Mr. Everett's opinion on the subject really is. We confess we are at a loss to discover; for by the above extract, it would seem that he thinks the poor are equally at liberty to marry with the rich. It is admitted on all hands that the rich may marry whenever they choose; therefore, says Mr. E., the poor also may marry, whenever *they* choose; being as much entitled to do so as the rich. But this conclusion is totally at variance with the assertion, "that it is an immoral act for a man to marry without a reasonable prospect of being able to support a family." And this again is *brouillé* with the extract from page 100; so that, however much we might be inclined to adopt Mr. Everett's ideas, it is totally out of our power, as long as we cannot discover what they are. In page 101, it is stated, that Mr. Malthus recommends legislative interference on this subject. It is presumed that this is an error. In no part of his essay can we find any thing which, by the most remote inference, can be construed into a recommendation to so gross a violation of all natural right; on the contrary, speaking of the sufferings of the poor from want, he says, "The means of redress are in their own hands, and in the hands of no other persons whatever; the society in which they live, and the government which presides over it, are without any direct power in this respect; and however ardently they may desire to relieve them, and whatever attempts they may make to do so, are really and truly unable to execute what

* The terms, rich and poor, are relative; the first signifies the ability to support a family, and the second the inability to do so.

they benevolently wish, but unjustly promise." Can it be, that after saying, government cannot possibly relieve the poor, he would turn round, and advise the same government to pass laws for their relief?

That department of the work devoted to a discussion of the policy and justice of a public provision for the poor must pass, for the present, unnoticed. We shall discuss the question more at large at a future period, when Mr. Everett's views will be taken into consideration.

One extract more, and we shall close our remarks.

"The wages of labour are its products. Hence if labour becomes more productive, as population increases on a given territory, the natural consequence would be, that the wages of labour must rise in proportion." p. 111.

We have two motives for noticing this paragraph, the first is, to revenge ourselves on Mr. Everett, for his verbal criticism on Malthus's "direct products;" and the second is to point out what to us appears the errors of the proposition generally.

Wages may be defined to be the recompense paid by the employer to the workman for his labour; and as no man would employ workmen if he did not expect to make a profit by them, it follows that the workmen can never get all the products of their labour, because it is shared by their employer: therefore, it is inaccurate to say, "The wages of labor are its products." This proposition, when stated properly, resolves itself into the following truism: If the labourer received the whole produce of his labour, then, as labour becomes more productive, he would receive more, &c.

We have always thought that the rate of wages is determined by the supply of labour, compared with the demand; and we still think, notwithstanding Mr. Everett's very ingenious and elegant chapter on the subject, that our rule applies exactly to all the cases mentioned. Agreeably to our theory, the degree of productiveness of labour does not affect wages at all; they being regulated by the principle just stated. It is true enough, that if the labourer enjoyed the whole fruits of his labour, every increase of productiveness would directly benefit him either by enabling him to procure the same comforts with less labour, or more comforts with the same labour. But such is not the order of things, for the employer and the landholder must be paid out of this fund. The competition between the labourers tends to reduce the price of wages, and similar competition between the employers, on the other hand, tends to raise it. This rival competition is the only circumstance which determines

the rate of wages. Now let us test this rule by experience. Wages are higher in America than Great Britain. Why? Because there are fewer labourers in the former country than in the latter; that is, fewer labourers who work for wages. Men who are at once labourers and capitalists, as is the case with a large class of Americans, do not come within the rule, since there is, on their parts, no competition for wages. That the amount of the product is no criterion of the rate of wages is evident, since, if we suppose a country which contained ten masters and one workman, we well know his wages would be higher, and his products less, than a country where there was but one master and ten workmen. Thus, therefore, we see no good reason to change our original opinion, *that the rate of wages depends upon the supply of labour compared with the demand.*

We have now candidly stated some of our leading objections to Mr. Everett's new theory. It may possibly be, that our scepticism has arisen from those preconceived notions which we have long entertained. We are fully aware of the power of habit, and are not perhaps enough on our guard to counteract its frequently pernicious influence. We do not think, however, that any thing has fallen from us which was not dictated by a cool dispassionate view of the subject.

The review, which we have already mentioned, of Mr. Everett's work in the North American has exhibited the subject in a rather different light; but the examination of both would have extended this article to an unreasonable length. One single observation, however, we will venture to make. The reviewer says, that the phrase, "tendency of population to increase in a given ratio," does not convey a distinct idea to the mind. We will not venture to say it does to others, but to us, it really seems to be as clear as any idea can be. In matter, there is a tendency to gravitate at given points, with certain velocities, and in animated nature there is a like tendency to reproduction. The laws may be suspended by intervening obstacles, but still there is in both cases a principle which will operate the moment the counteracting power is removed; and this is exactly what we understand by a tendency to reproduction of the species.

Mr. Everett's "New Ideas on Population," is a model of elegance in style and adroitness in argument. And although we are not fortunate enough to coincide entirely with this gentleman's ideas, in this branch of political science, yet we will cheerfully express our admiration of the benevolent feeling with which he has advanced, and the extreme ingenuity with which he has supported them.

Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, with a Letter to a lady on Ancient and Modern Music. From the fourth London edition. New-York: E. Bliss & E. White. 1824. pp. 351.

Mr. Butler is well known to the members of the legal profession, in this country and his own, as the continuator of Hargrave's Notes on Coke upon Littleton, the author of *Horæ Juridicæ Subcervicæ*, and editor of Fearnæ on Remainders. The present volume is, we believe, the first of his miscellaneous works that has been republished on this side of the Atlantic. It is, as he himself terms it, '*opus senile*;' the adversaria of a professional man, advanced in life, who, in the course of long and useful labours, has come often in contact with philosophers and politicians; been led by their affinity to the subjects of his study into the many collateral topics connected with the history of law; and occasionally stolen an interval from severer pursuits, to amuse himself with the gayer attractions of classical and imaginative literature.

On all the themes which have occupied his attention, since his earliest years, the Reminiscent, as he rather quaintly styles himself, makes passing remarks in this volume. It contains, also, anecdotes and characters of the eminent statesmen and jurists of his time. The titles and contents of the author's own publications, which are not few in number, are interspersed among these materials. We cannot discover that the author has adopted any particular principle of arrangement, chronological, or resulting from the nature of the different matters on which he touches, in compiling these '*Reminiscences*.' The contents of his portfolio have been poured forth, apparently, without much concern as to the order in which they fell into the press; and the author having, at one period of his life, amused his leisure hours with mathematics, has given us here, among his other lucubrations, a solution, by no means ingenious, of an ordinary algebraical problem.

But, notwithstanding the want of method in the book, and although many of the facts mentioned are far from being new to the general reader, the items possess generally an intrinsic interest; and as a whole, we have found the work highly entertaining. It could indeed hardly fail of being so, containing, as it does, the reflections and opinions formed at different periods in the life of a man of great industry and mental respectability. Such a production would be peculiarly interesting from the pen of any enlightened man, who, having been de-

voted to a particular profession, and been a disinterested auditor of the opinions and disputes of his times, should record the history of his own mind, from the first active operations of intellect, and the changes it had undergone in its admiration or dislike of men, their actions and their writings. In youth, we look down with contempt on what had constituted our childish ideal of beauty or excellence. In manhood, we reject as fantastic or unprofitable, that which had excited our youthful enthusiasm; while in age, we frequently return with delight to the simple images which pleased us in our infancy. There is, perhaps, an analogy between these variations of individual perceptions, and the changes which public taste undergoes, in relation to its favourites or successful courtiers. Novelty either pleases or displeases on its first appearance; whether it does or does not, is at least as often determined by the influence of accident or caprice, as by the actual merit of the candidate for fame. Fashion gives currency to these first impressions, and its sanction settles the question for a time; but the next generation often revises its decrees, and prostrates the idols of its worship. By and by comes the antiquarian, *laudator temporis acti*, and rouses from the sleep of ages forgotten wits and poets. National pride, respect for what is old, a proneness to slight what is new, perhaps a jealousy of cotemporary talents, combine to assist his efforts in effecting a resurrection of buried works. Such has often been the changeable aspect of celebrated names—not only of the secondary but of the primary planets in the intellectual firmament.

Mr. Butler's early education on the continent appears to have given to his mind a bias in favour of French literature. He states the relative pretensions of the English and their neighbours, however, with great fairness, as far as his parallels extend.

"Equally subscribing to the decided superiority which the English assign to *Shakspeare* and *Milton* over all the poets of France, the Reminiscence yet feels that other nations do not seem to acquiesce in this opinion. This is usually ascribed to their imperfect knowledge of the English language; but it may be observed, that few, who are not natives of France, have that complete knowledge of the French language, which constitutes the difference between a perfect and an imperfect style. It must be added, that both Mr. Fox and Mr. Gibbon, the former a real, the latter a professed admirer of the Grecian School, are said to have preferred *Corneille* and *Racine* to the two great English bards.

In the second order of French poets,—none can be compared to *Dryden*. *Boileau* and *Pope* may be considered to be equally balanced; the style of the former is singularly perfect: and his poems have nothing of the useless epithet, the pertness, or the ribaldry which too often disfigure the strains of *Pope*; but in vain should we seek in the pages of *Boileau*, for the fire, the

imagination, the dignity, the elegant playfulness, or the occasional, though not frequent tenderness, which Pope displays. Who that reads his happy imitation of the *Intermissa Venus* Diu of Horace, does not wish he had oftener touched the plaintive chords. All the *Odes sacrées* of *Jean Baptiste Rousseau*, many of his other odes, and many of his allegories and cantatas, possess an extraordinary degree of merit; we suspect that most foreigners would prefer them to the odes of Gray.*

We have nothing to oppose to the comedies of *Molière*, the fables of *La Fontaine*, or the elegant trifles of *Chaulieu* or *Gresset*. In novels,—certainly the most numerous offspring of modern literature.—England.—(at least if we except the two most perverse productions of human talent, the *Emile* and the *Nouvelle Heloise*,)—has the pre-eminence.

The French allow the superiority of *Bacon*, *Locke*, and *sir Isaac Newton*, over their own philosophers,—and the superiority of *Hume*, *Robertson*, and *Gibbon*, over their own historians; but they observe that, while *Boswell*, *Bourdaloue*, and *Massillon*, are to be found in all libraries and on many toilets in every part of the continent where literature is cultivated, scarcely one English preacher or divine is read out of England. With respect also to *Sir Isaac Newton*, they remark, that, since the death of that great man, the English mathematicians have done little more than slumber under his glories, while *d'Alembert*, *Le Gendre*, *La Grange*, *La Place*, and *Carnot*, have pursued his discoveries, have completed the grand edifice which he left unfinished, and may therefore be said to have given him a kind of posthumous domicile in France.

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that many splendid names in English literature are omitted in this brief comparison. Independently of this omission, the modern literati of Great Britain, that is to say, those who have flourished within the last thirty years, are not included in our Reminiscent's estimate. The author's prepossessions and affections are evidently, (and it is natural that they should be so,) with the classics which he loved in his youth, and the actors cotemporary with himself, who have now passed from the stage. We insert the only passage, in which he particularly notices the recent, or living poets.

"The most eminent poets of our own times are confessedly Cowper, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Southey. The true poetic character is spread over all their poems: those of Cowper are particularly set off by a general tinge of religious and moral melancholy, which adds to their effect; but a multitude of his lines are rough,—a multitude, prosaic; this renders the perusal of them a task, and the pleasure which attends it does not always compensate the labour. It is surprising that Southey, who has written and still writes so much, should, as in his *Don Roderick*, have written so well. Lord Byron's poems contain many passages of great sublimity and pathos, and many of exquisite gayety and humour; but he is too frequently obscure, and too often, while the attention is exerted in discovering his meaning, his exquisite poetry evaporates. Sir Walter Scott's poems abound with passages of the highest splendour and animation: he carries

* We would oppose Collins to J. B. Rousseau. The French would then have no one to oppose to Gray.

his reader into the scenes which he describes, and makes him partake of their agitation. An antiquarian picturesque is frequently introduced, which, particularly to those who are skilled in antiquarian lore, has an indescribable charm; but his ease is not always laboured, and the mind of the reader is too much employed in endeavouring to understand his story, and follow the clue of his narrative, to be uniformly alive to the charm of his poetry. May we not apply both to him and Lord Byron, what Cardinal de Retz says of the grand Condé, that 'he did not do justice to the greatness of his own merit?' We hope, and we believe, that neither has yet produced his greatest work.

It seems improbable that this hope will be realized by the production of another poem from Scott; and the harp of Byron is silent forever. But France, in her literary annals, can find no parallel for the narrative and descriptive powers of the former, or the fire and pathos and sublimity of the latter. Her language is incompetent to embody in verse the inspirations of either. The Vicomte D'Arlincourt has indeed attempted, in inflated prose, a sort of travesty on both; but has only succeeded in producing certain things, which are ridiculous *per se*. The works of Byron, to be expurgated by the hand of time, belong to the classics of his country; and it is no rash prediction, that posterity will rank them with those of Milton and Spencer and Shakspeare—with the great original poets of a land, prolific in 'immortal verse.' Whether he died too soon or too late, as regards the greatness of his fame, is a question, which it were idle now to agitate.

Mr. Butler has had constantly in view, through life, the situation of his Catholic brethren; and has devoted much of his time and talents to the assertion of their claims upon the good faith, as well as the professed liberal spirit of the British parliament. The list of his writings on this subject, and on others connected with the history of the church and its defenders, proves his persevering zeal and unwearied industry. He has had the satisfaction of co-operating with men, whose eloquence was felt, and whose appeals were not to be answered, except on the ground of a doubtful policy. Genius and argument have, however, hitherto but slowly advanced the cause of Catholic emancipation. As the natural friends of liberal feelings and liberal government over all the world, the people of this country must sympathise with the author in the hope he indulges, that another generation may see this cause triumphant.

The most edifying parts of this work are those in which the writer comments, cursorily, on the laws of France and England, and speaks of the eminent lawyers, with whose history and character his professional associations have made him familiar. We shall venture on another extract, from his cha-

racter of Lord Mansfield, as asserting a doctrine to which we most readily subscribe.

"It has been argued, that his knowledge of the law was by no means profound; and that his great professional eminence was owing more to his oratory than his knowledge. This was an early charge against him. Mr. Pope alludes to it in these lines:

"The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at *Murray* as a wit."

Imitations of Horace, book ii. epist. ii.

Perhaps the opinion was founded on the notion which many entertain, that the study of polite literature is incompatible with a profound knowledge of the law; not recollecting, that the human mind necessarily requires some relaxation, and that a change of study is the greatest and most natural of all relaxations, to a mind engaged in professional pursuits.—Besides,—the *commune vinculum* between all branches of learning, preserves the habits of application, of thinking, and of judging, which are lost in the modes of dissipation usually resorted to for relaxation. *The chancellor d'Aguesseau*,* and even the stern *Du Moulin*, were eminently distinguished by their general literature. *Lord Bacon's* various and profound knowledge is universally known; and many works of *lord Hale* are published, which show, that to the deepest and most extensive knowledge of all the branches of the law, the constitution, and the antiquities of his country, he united a general acquaintance with the history of other nations; that he had given much of his time to the study of theology; that he occasionally sacrificed to the muses, and spent some time in the curious and instructive amusements of experimental philosophy. It was late in life that *lord Hardwicke* took up the study of polite literature, but he afterward pursued it with great earnestness. His son, *Lord Chancellor Yorke*, always called himself a fugitive from the muses: and, amidst his vast variety of occupations, still found time to converse with them. The elegant attainments of *Sir William Scott* have not prevented him from being the most eminent civilian of his time, and essentially contributing, by the profound wisdom, perfect justice, and admirable expression of his decisions, in the numerous cases which are brought from every part of the globe to the court in which he presides, to the high elevation which his country holds in the scale of nations. *Lord Thurlow's* passion for classical literature is generally known. Each of these great men might have said with Cicero, "*Quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat si quantum cæteris, ad suas res obeundas, quantum adastos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis conceditur temporis; quantum alii tribuunt tempestivis conviviis, quantum denique alex, quantum pilæ, tantum mihi egomet, ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsero.*"

It is singular, that the name of *Sir William Jones*, whose accomplishments as a lawyer, and abilities as a judge (though he was undoubtedly greater as a scholar,) have never been called in question, should be omitted among these illustrious exam-

* This great magistrate used to say, "*Le changement d'étude est toujours un délassement pour moi.*"

ples. We doubt also whether Mr. Butler himself has been a worse conveyancer, for having ascended to the antiquities of his own peculiar study, or suffered his mind to expatiate occasionally in the fields of general knowledge.

The Reminiscent expresses his satisfaction, on a recapitulation of his own works, that he has never personally attacked the public or private character of any individual. For one who has written so much, and often on topics political and controversial, in books, pamphlets, and magazines, it is indeed rather singular, that he should never have been guilty, even of the venial sin of reviewing, as the cutting up of authors is denominated in the cant of modern times. Whatever unamiable pleasure the dissection of an unfortunate subject may yield the professional operator in this department, for the moment, we doubt much whether the recollection of such performances can be attended with comfortable feelings. On contemplating, in the aggregate, the works of an author whose labours have been of real benefit to mankind, one is almost tempted to renounce the 'ungentle craft.' To have given one useful treatise to the world, in any branch of science or knowledge, is to have rendered society and the writer himself far better service, than to have set fifty poor devils dancing and blaspheming, and abusing the world and their reviewers.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MONTI.

This! oh ye Gods! to seat me by her side,
And feed my hungry soul upon her looks,
And on her words, and on her angel smiles!
To sit so near her sweet lips, that I feel
Upon my own, their warm and balmy breath.
Oh! then, methinks, dissolving fires from Heaven
Thrill through my trembling frame. Before my eyes
Floats a dull doubtful mist, and the choaked word
Dies struggling in my throat; for there I feel,
Girding with violent grasp, a hand of fire.
Then long and deep, and longer deeper still,
Venting the flame that feeds upon my heart,
The thick pant labours from my gasping lips—
Till I can bear no more, and must, or seize
On her dear hand, devour it with my kisses,
And bathe it with my tears, or tear myself
Swiftly away, and with averted steps
Rush wildly forth, beating my tortured brow.

THE AMERICAN.

No. I.

On the principles which will probably regulate the development of imaginative talent in America.

Nothing is more common, with transatlantic critics, than the expression of wonder, that a young country like America, should have furnished little or nothing of what they call a young country's literature. "Imagination," they assert, "is the attribute of youth. America is young. Then why is not America imaginative?"

'That is question now ;

And then comes answer like an A B C book :

"Because the intellectual capabilities of Americans are inherently inferior to those of Europeans. There is some indescribable something in the north-east winds, or in the river Mississippi, a *je ne sais quoi* in the climate or the food, in the Indian summer, for example, or in the Indian corn, that so debases the mind, and so bronzes the face, that a very few years are enough to turn all the boys and girls of America into downright Cherokees and Mohawks. Any one who looks at the portrait of Washington cannot fail to be convinced of this truth."* In this way, with question and answer all to themselves, the business is speedily settled. The inference thus drawn is gravely reserved by these marvellous logicians, as a valuable theorem for future occasions ; and such is the laughable solemnity with which their exterminating apothegms are uttered, that one would almost suppose that some of these wiseacres do really hallucinate, and believe at least a part of what they say. To those who reflect for a moment, however, the sophism will appear about as cunning as the puzzle of 'a horse and no horse,' and divers other quibbles, with which, when school-boys, we recollect to have been sadly perplexed. A country is denominated young in two senses : first, before science and art have matured and sobered the character of its intellect ; and, secondly, when the date of its original settlement is recent. The character of a country, young in the first sense, is said to be, (we know not with what truth,) ardour and irregularity of fancy. Now, America is youthful only in the second sense ; and to require that we shall predicate of the one, whatever is said of the other, is to be guilty of a gross and palpable sophism, (we speak to the learned,) a *dicto ambiguo*.

* See Quarterly Review, No. LIX. page 12.

Imaginative writing prevails at two very different æras in the history of a nation—in the period of rudeness, and in the age of refinement. In the first case, poetry is very little else than the natural effusion of ardent and uncultivated minds; and, of course, where the learned and enlightened are comparatively few, it will constitute the general language of society. By this, we do not mean to say, that the dialect of ordinary conversation ever excited the peculiar emotions which poetical language is known to excite; but only, that the style of discourse which seems '*pedestris*' or familiar, to semi-civilized barbarians, would appear highly figurative to us. We are therefore willing to admit, that if America were just emerging from barbarism, there would be reason in requiring, that our poetry, and even that our prose should possess that character which Europeans would denominate imaginative. But we are neither in this condition, nor in that of refinement, when poetry is cultivated not as the ordinary vehicle of thought, but in order to administer to the pleasures of the idle and the opulent.

Much has been said (we believe, without just discrimination) of the favourable influence which free institutions exert over most of the fine arts. There are many reasons which induce us to believe, that the progress of the arts will be necessarily slower (though no doubt surer and steadier) under a government like ours, than under the control of an irresponsible sovereign.

In order to comprehend distinctly the principles, which, in all probability, will eventually determine the progress, not only of the liberal arts, but of all the useful interests and peaceful occupations of our citizens, it is necessary to study with attention the important and interesting changes, which cannot but result from the removal of the sovereignty from the hands of a powerful aristocracy to its proper and legitimate seat—an intelligent people. The subject is the more curious, inasmuch as we are not aware, that much attention has been turned to a consideration of the alterations in society and government, which this single circumstance will one day create.

When a people is either too ignorant to understand its rights, too weak or too indolent to recover them, or too little acquainted with the spirit of government to exercise discreetly the functions of sovereignty, it will necessarily happen that the interests of that people will be regulated by a few men, the craftiest and strongest among them. In that case, religion, education, the trades and the professions, the arts and the sciences, will be controlled by the caprice of the oligarchs, to whose dominion the people have agreed, or are compelled to submit.

Now, no error is more common than the belief, that rulers may be found and have been found, who are able, by the wise and prudent exercise of arbitrary power, so to regulate the interests of the state, as to advance it to a very high degree of political prosperity.* We venture to solicit particular attention of the reader to this part of our subject, because we are convinced that it involves considerations of great theoretical beauty, and still greater practical importance. So great is the general over-estimate of the capacity of rulers to increase, by a system of well directed impulses and checks, the welfare of a nation, that, even at this day, even among those who are not wholly unacquainted with the baneful operation of a system of restriction and encouragement, it is by no means uncommon to hear the highest and most unthinking admiration expressed for the wisdom of those monarchs, who are said to have secured, by wise laws, the welfare of their subjects. Pericles, Augustus, Julius II., Leo X., and Louis XIV., have been extolled to the skies for the munificent protection and support, as it is called, which they afforded to literature, the science and the arts in their respective dominions. The historian delights to expatiate on the universities splendidly endowed, or the monuments of art expensively erected during the reigns of these illustrious benefactors of mankind; he enlarges on the wisdom of their sumptuary laws, and descants at full length on the legislative virtue by which luxury was repressed, and industry encouraged. He disclaims, in rhetorical flourishes, on the splendid effects of princely liberality, and talks in fine flowing periods, of the exquisite productions of manufactural skill, and the elaborated specimens of art, which he seems to regard as unquestionable proofs of national prosperity. If it were insinuated that much of this apparent wealth was the effect of any thing but the positive enactments of the sovereign; and that precisely where it was undoubtedly induced by the influence of government, it was there particularly, the evidence of an unwise and unjust distribution of property and power; if he were told that the mag-

* It is painful to contemplate the deplorable absurdities into which Plato, Sir Thomas Moore, Milton, Locke, and Hume, were betrayed, in attempting to fabricate systems of government. Every body knows what lamentable nonsense Fenelon has put into the mouth of the goddess of wisdom, when she undertakes to instruct Idomeneus in the arts of legislation. One would really imagine, that the authors and inventors of Utopias actually believed that the great bulk of mankind were, and would ever remain in a state of the most helpless fatuity; and that the great object of government was to bribe and to threaten, to lead and to drive, these stupid and ignorant creatures into a sort of undesirable happiness.

nificence he beheld was merely the effect of a forcible concentration of that light, which, but for the application of this force, all portions of society might have nearly equally enjoyed ; if he were assured that the glory of a few men was purchased by a ruinous demand upon the happiness of the many ; that public faith and public interest were violated ; that the Parthenon and the Odeum might be built ; that the most grinding exactions were resorted to, and all Christendom laid under compulsive contribution, that the expense of building St. Peter's might be defrayed ; that the rights of property were disregarded and despised, in order that the nation might enjoy the frivolous reputation of fabricating sumptuous velvets and silks ;—if he were told all this, he might perhaps be made to pause and reflect, to what extent this glittering and show were safe indications of the wisdom of the laws, or the welfare of the people. In fact, it is not easy to avoid being deluded by some of the alleged symptoms of national intelligence and happiness ; and accordingly, no error is more common than that which prevails on this subject. As travellers, sometimes, in order to illustrate the wealth of a state, enumerate the splendid palaces that adorn its cities, so some men point out a few great names in literature or science as a proof of the quantity of general intelligence, and recount the prosperity and enjoyment of a few, in evidence of the flourishing condition of the whole. If the means of subsistence and the lights of science are not generally distributed, we see nothing to rejoice at, in the contemplation of the great wealth or the great wisdom of a few individuals. On the contrary, wherever riches or intelligence are unequally possessed, the amount of human happiness is obviously less, than where, from the wise distribution of political forces, or rather from the absence of all disturbing interferences, the wealth and the wisdom, which preposterous restrictions prevent from distributing their benefits, are suffered freely and by their own expansibilities to extend in all directions unimpeded through the region of society.

It would no doubt be a delightful thing to be able to boast of our magnificent churches, superb galleries and splendid theatres ; to enumerate our manufactories of elegant laces and expensive porcelains ; but to the rational philanthropist, it is vastly more delightful to reflect that the absence of concentrated splendour and accumulated wealth, is far more than balanced by another effect of the cause of this absence—the comfort and convenience of thousands and millions of our fellow-creatures. In the same way, it would be doubtless a source of great national pride, if we could exhibit the more finished productions of the pencil and the chisel ; if we could boast of our

Webers, our Rossinis, our Chauntreys and our Thorwaldsens; if our rivers and lakes were consecrated by the presence of the Muses, and the beautiful and glorious visions of the imaginative world were portrayed by the pen of a native son of song. But is it not a subject of greater exultation, that the circumstances which prevent the encouragement of all that is elaborate and exquisite in the arts, are identically the causes of the equable diffusion of intelligence? Certainly it is. Governments should be constituted, not to afford strong stimulus to the talents of a few, but to inform and enlighten the minds of the many. It is no less unwise than unjust to sacrifice the comforts of millions to the glory of a limited number of men of talent or of genius; and if we were called upon to decide between two systems of polity, one of which would diffuse, and the other concentrate intelligence; one of which would tend to make every man informed, the other to make a few men illustrious, we should not hesitate a moment in the choice.

Monarchical governments tend more or less to produce an unequal distribution of intelligence and property. Thousands are starving that one man may build a magnificent palace; thousands are ignorant that a few favoured *sapans* may be provided with the means of acquiring expensive science or brilliant reputation.

In a free representative democracy, (the government which an educated *common people* will always endeavour to obtain,) the case will be directly the reverse. The nearer the character of the national delegation approaches to a just and precise representation of the several interests, the more exactly will the result of all their compromises indicate the respective intensities of the various wishes of the nation. A system will be thus produced, in which the interests will succeed in obtaining liberties or advantages very nearly proportionate to their respective *strengths*, and those, in a free country, will generally be proportioned to their *rights*. Not that this distribution of advantages will be determined and extended by the *wisdom* of our legislatures. This can never be the case in America, for the people are at least as well informed as their servants, on the subject of their interests. And indeed it ought never to be attempted, even if our agents were endued with all the wisdom which political writers seem disposed to ascribe to them. The attempt to distribute encouragement, by one statute in favour of this interest, and another in favour of that, is the very bane and curse of legislation. It is the pit into which the makers of laws are perpetually falling. There is something so imposing in the pretension, so noble and so mag-

nificent in the desire, of encouraging the industry, and directing the enterprises of a nation, that nothing but the clearest and soundest good sense can prevent the members of the national councils from yielding to this flattering delusion. There fortunately, however, exists a check to this spirit of overlegislation. The claims of rival interests will pour in from all quarters to the centre that promises to satisfy them all; and these solicitations must tend, in some measure, to balance and neutralize each other. Unable to comply with all demands, our assemblies will be driven by necessity, to the policy which ought, at once, to be adopted by choice, that is, to leave the whole affair to be regulated by that principle of self-adjustation, so active and so effectual in enlightened communities. Industry, both physical and intellectual, will be gradually resigned to the influence of unrestricted trade; and we doubt not, its progress, though not so rapid, will be vastly more uniform and healthy than when harassed by a complicated system of encouragements, checks and restrictions.

In a country, where the will of the nation is the law, and where the people are sufficiently *enlightened* to understand, and sufficiently *active* to prosecute their rights, the consequence must, obviously, be those regulations which afford the *minimum* of aggregate dissatisfaction to all the claimants concerned in the discussion. The laws of a free people, if rightly considered, are only so many contracts between the various parties or interests in the state, executed by the agency of authorized commissioners or deputies from each. These commissioners meet to act according to the instructions they receive, and not, as some Utopians pretend, to erect themselves into judges of all the interests of the state. The pretensions of these would-be Minoses and Rhadamanthuses could only serve to cover them with disgrace; and the day, indeed, will come when the attempt on the part of the agents of the people to teach them the nature and extent of their various interests, will be regarded as an arrogant and insolent assumption of a province which, in no way, belongs to them. The arrangements negotiated by the deputies of the people being in the nature of voluntary contracts, would be made on the principle of exchanges, and supposing that the parties are intelligent, all would be gainers by every new interchange of benefits. The result of the mutual compromises of the interests thus represented, would be, we repeat, the gradual abolition, or rather the decay and disappearance of all such artificial and partial restrictions as rulers impose upon their people with the chimerical expectation of manœuvring

their subjects into happiness by systems of vexations and eternal interferences. In an enlightened free government, there will therefore ensue a more equal distribution and a greater security of property, than under any arbitrary government whatever. And for this reason—that security of possession, being one of the strongest and most extensive public interests, will result, with vastly more certainty, from the free operation of that interest represented in the legislative councils, than it can from the fallible wisdom and precarious generosity of the wisest and most generous of princes. The same influence of policy will oppose the establishment of all patronages, bounties, monopolies and entailments, *whereby the inequality of property is artificially determined.* It will equally oppose, on the other hand, all levelling systems, Agrarian laws, extortions from the rich, and all the farrago of enactments, *by which the equality of property is artificially determined.* The effects of this freedom from restriction will be equally seen in the distribution of knowledge. There will, on one hand, be no expensive provisions for instruction which the taxed are unwilling to support; no privileged literary or scientific institutions forced upon the people in spite of themselves; no contrivances, in short, *by which the inequality of knowledge is artificially determined.* On the other hand, there will be no restrictions on opinions, no vulgar prejudices against science or literature, or at least, no attempts to forbid or discourage the desire of information or the boldness of discussion, *by which the equality of knowledge is artificially determined.* Property and knowledge, will no doubt be unequally distributed; but this inequality will result from the operation of the *natural* causes which determine it. This is precisely what ought to take place. It is at once the most natural and the most beneficent disposition of the goods of this life.

We by no means pretend, that the political institutions of America are so constituted, or can be so constituted for some time to come, as to recognize, as completely as the philosopher could wish, the rights of property and the freedom of opinion. The restrictive system has its advocates in every part of the union; and many attempts are annually made to direct the occupations and controul the opinions of the citizen. But still we have attained, beyond doubt, a nearer approach to the government best fitted for a virtuous and intelligent people, than is anywhere else to be found.

As this number has already reached the limits we are obliged to prescribe to our articles, we shall defer the consideration of the influence of our laws upon the development of imagi-

native talent (the subject we proposed to discuss) until a more convenient opportunity.

TO ELLEN.

I.

So young and so unhappy?—'Tis most strange,
Thou child of early sighs, that Misery
Has struck his shaft so deep, that chance nor change
Can ever bring one hope of joy to thee!
So young and so unhappy?—Can it be
That eyes so bright must fill with ceaseless tears?
Must that young brow, that once in maiden glee
Bade sweet defiance to advancing years,
Now bend in desolate grief, and fold in wildest fears?

II.

Shall no returning morn with healing breath
Revive upon thy cheek the expiring rose?
Must thou provoke the lingering hand of death,
If still thine eyes must weep, those eyes to close?
Is there no way to win thee to repose—
To rear the ruins of thy broken heart?
No way the scattered fragments to dispose
Again to life and joy—as minstrel's art
May to the tuneless lyre again sweet voice impart?

III.

Despair not thus, young mourner—though so void
Thy heart of hope, that heart is living yet;
The diamond shattered, but not all destroyed,
For skilful hands the broken gem shall set.
Though thou in life's rude sea hast ever met
Its rudest billows, thou may'st stem the wave
In triumph still; for why shouldst thou forget
That there is one above, who loves to save
When heaves dark ocean high, and unchained tempests rave.

IV.

Ah! wonder not that Edwin knows the cares
Thy heart would hide from all the world away!
Nor blame the bard that all untold he dares
Urge on thy lonely grief obtrusive lay.
The minstrel band the strings of hope must sway
When gentle maids of cureless woes complain:
Forgive him, lady, then, if he essay
To soothe with timid song a sufferer's pain,
For Edwin's heart is kind, though rude his untaught strain.
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V.

Yes! Ellen *will* forgive the fond desire
 The secret source of maiden grief to know;
 Nor deem her bard too bold, if he aspire
 With Music's balmy breath to soothe her wo.
 And she shall see him still with joy forego
 The meed of loftier lay or blither string;
 Enough that Ellen's tears shall gentlier flow,
 That Ellen's sighs, with fainter murmuring,
 To distant Edwin's ear, the carrier breeze shall bring.

TRISTAN THE GRAVE,

A German Story.

Dulcior risu tum mihi fletus erit. Ov. *1218.*

Among the many authenticated tales of such as from profane curiosity or distress have been led into improper commerce with evil agents, to the loss of their peace of mind on earth, and the eminent jeopardy of their immortal souls, the following instance, related to me by an intelligent Englishman, as having taken place in his own family, some time before the Hanover rats, much to the disquiet of Squire Western, made their way over the channel, deserves never to be forgotten.

In the Duchy of Bremen, in Lower Saxony, there lived, at the period referred to, a very respectable baron and his lady, whose name, as it is still extant, in their posterity, I shall conceal from motives of delicacy. I shall not describe the extent of their territory, the number of their vassals, or the grandeur of their baronial castle. Whoever has read the Barons of Felsham may form to himself a pretty accurate picture of their state and pageantry. The baron traced his ancestry up to Bruno the First, and his lady was lineally descended from Cuniza of Suabia. Noble in blood, and agreeable in their persons, the torch of Hymen burnt brightly at their wedding, in the shape of a large bonfire; and ere the chaste planet, that silvered the towns and turrets of their ancient castle, had waxed and waned through the cycle of the sacred number, a third person appeared in the family, as the lawful heir of all its wealth and dignities.

On this occasion another bonfire was made, bells were rung, till the towers tottered; and the baron, as was thought proper in that age, got particularly drunk, in honour of the new comer. Tristan,—so this important person was named, after his

grandfather,—was in truth a comely child ; perfect in his parts and proportions ; with a sober and serene countenance, which seemed to indicate that he was born to be a great dignitary in the church, or in the state. His lady mother, and her attendants soon noticed, however, a strange idiosyncrasy in the hopes of the family ; which was, that he never laughed, nor indeed did his features assume the faintest appearance of smiling. He could cry, as other babes are wont to do, and shed as many tears as are usual in the period of childhood ; but after the squall was over, and the cloud cleared away, no sunshine illumined his face, and sparkled in his eyes. He looked as sedate as a little stone angel on a monument ; his lips were as rigidly fixed ; and his gaze expressed but little more intelligence. In vain they tickled and toused him : instead of chirruping and smiling, he showed his dissatisfaction at this appeal to his cutaneous sensibilities, by sneezing and snarling ; and if it was prolonged, by obstreperous lamentation. In vain did the maids snap their fingers, distort their countenances, and make every variety of grimace and ridiculous posture before him. He seemed to look upon their monkey tricks with an eye of compassion, and relaxed not a whit the composed arrangement of his muscles.

This unseasonable and imperturbable gravity of little Tristan was a thorn in the flesh of his mamma, who had noticed a suspicious looking beldam about her premises, shortly before he was born, and began to fear that some charm had been wrought upon him, which would make him unhappy all his life. She communicated the matter of her anxiety to the Baron ; who, since his jollification at Tristan's advent, had taken little or no notice of him ; being better employed in harrying his tenants, catching poachers, and hunting such game as was left on his domains. When he found it rather sparse there, he sometimes got by accident into those of his neighbours. He treated the subject of his wife's uneasiness with unbecoming levity ; and swore that when his son was old enough to understand Dutch, he would make him laugh till his sides ached, with the tales of the Fox and the Lion, the Devil and the old woman, and many others, of which he had a choice collection. To prove their virtue he offered to tell them to his wife, who civilly told him to go about his business. The learned Hieronymus Marascalculus, a great astrologer, who superintended at present the baron's kennel, and was to take charge of his son's education, when he should arrive at a suitable age, also stoutly denied the agency of any *diablerie* in the matter ; but said that Tristan's

sober demeanour was purely the result of natural causes, he having been born when Saturn and Jupiter were in conjunction in Libra. His temperament was therefore that of a generous melancholy ; but whether he would make a great poet or politician or captain, Marascallerus could not yet decide, as part of his ephemeris had been eaten by the rats, and he could not adjust the horoscope to his satisfaction.

I am no philosopher ; and cannot therefore say from the want of what particular bump or organ, or from what metaphysical obliquity it proceeded,—but certain it is, that as Tristan grew up to be a tall boy, and verged to man's estate, the same utter insensibility to ludicrous exhibitions and associations displayed itself in his physiognomy and character. He was not unsocial in his disposition ; but very condescendingly joined with the younger fry of the village ; and in all sports and games, where violent exercise, or that dexterity which is called manual wit was concerned, he was distinguished for length of wind and ingenuity. When any one of his playmates tumbled head over heels, broke the bridge of his nose, or put any of his articulations out of joint, he saw nothing but the detriment done to the body of the suffering individual, and was incensed by the boisterous, and to him inexplicable merriment of the others. When he had clandestinely appropriated to his own use any chattel that belonged to his neighbours, he acted with as much nonchalance as a Spartan, or one of our own Aborigines would have exhibited on the same occasion. And he showed himself a true son of his excellency the baron in this, that the idea of restitution never seemed to enter into his conceptions as a possible contingency. Of abstract wit or humour, as the cause of risibility, he had no notion at all. He listened to a droll story, as he would to a tragical one ; taking an apparent interest in the incidents, but finding no farther relish in their strange combination, than as they might have been mere matters of fact. In a bull he saw nothing but the ignorance of the maker ; and he did not detest puns, (if he ever heard any,) because he never suspected the jest. He heard his father's crack-joke without any other expression than that of wonder, as if he half thought the old gentleman was crazy. The baron, accordingly, set him down as of shallow capacity, and abused Marascallerus, in no gentle strain, for neglecting the culture of his mind. The latter, however, in his double capacity of dog-keeper and tutor, was used to hard work, and occasionally to hard kicks ; and satisfied with the wisdom of his own predictions, he trained his pupil as he physicked his quadrupeds, upon astrological princi-

ples. He was, indeed, no very promising lecturer on the nature and essence of wit; and as for the simple ludicrous, no one who could contemplate the astrologer's odd figure without laughter, was like to be moved to the exercise by any thing he could utter. The baroness, having made other additions to her family, took little heed of her first born. She heard from his master and her gossips, that he was to make a great judge; and she hoped it might be so.

Meantime Tristan was by no means easy in mind, at finding out that he wanted one of the common properties of his species. He was vexed at always hearing himself called Tristan the Grave, and at discovering in repeated instances, that his company was by no means considered an acquisition in jovial society. A face all rosy and radiant with 'unquenchable laughter,' though like those of Homer's divinities, was to him like that of a baboon; and the roar of convivial mirth from his father's hall or cellar, fell on his ear as if in tones of derision and mockery of one who could not sympathise in its meaning. He learnt from his master the four simple rules of arithmetic, the names of the planets, and, what was more valuable, his letters, by means of which he taught himself to read. In an old closet in the castle were a few books, which the baron neglected, as he said reading hurt his eyes; but it is believed he was never sufficiently versed in the *belles lettres* to have claimed the benefit of clergy. All these, however, his son and heir perused with deep interest. They consisted of legends of fabulous history, and lives of saints. Unfortunately there was one on the nature of devils, their powers and feats; but whether it was written by Paracelsus or Alexander ab Alexandro or Cardan, or by some body else, I am unable to state. In all these works, Tristan found nothing about the risible faculties or their use. Mr. Hazlitt had not then published his lectures; and if they had been then extant, it may reasonably be doubted if they would have assisted the inquirer in his search. He once asked Marascallerus, whether he supposed any of the heroes, knights and kings, recorded in ancient chronicles, ever wrinkled their faces and made hysterical noises, in the manner of those who were said to be laughing? The astronomer scratched his head, and cogitated much; after which double labour he came to the conclusion, that the worthies in question, after winning their spurs, could have no occasion for such levity. This was some consolation, though not altogether satisfactory to the pupil. He had several times practised before a mirror the detested corrugations which he had noted on the countenances of others; but

on such occasions he succeeded in producing no other expression, than that which a Dutch toy for cracking nuts would wear, without any paint; while his eyes seemed looking out above, in wonder and scorn at the performance of his lower features; and he turned with disgust from the image of himself.

Time who travels on at his jog-trot pace, whether men turn the corners of their months upwards or downwards, had now carried Tristan along with him, into the twenty-first year of his serious existence; when his excellency the baron received a letter from one of his old friends at Stade, a brother *Freiherr*, as nobly descended and accomplished as himself. The messenger was treated with as much Rhenish as he thought proper to consume; and Tristan was called to interpret the despatch; the baron complaining of the crabbed hand which his friend wrote in his old age. Much to his astonishment, and not a little to his satisfaction, for ennui was beginning to prey upon his youth, Tristan found that he was himself the person principally interested in the contents of this communication. The noble writer stated that he was waxing old, and that the dearest object of his heart was to establish his only child, the fair Cunegunda, comfortably and according to her rank, in the world, before he went out of it. He had heard much of the wisdom and good qualities of his old friend's son; and if other matters could be arranged to their mutual accommodation, nothing would give him greater satisfaction than the union of their two illustrious houses.

Tristan professed himself ready to set forward on such a mission forthwith. After driving round among his vassals for a few days, the baron presented him with a purse but slenderly filled, and lent him the least carrion-like looking steed his stables could furnish. Provided with a suitable answer to the dignified epistle which had summoned him, dictated by the baron and written by the bearer himself, the latter, after tenderly embracing the baroness, and receiving her blessing, mounted his Rosinante; the baron advising him, if he meant to succeed, to put on a pleasanter visage, and not look as if he were going to a funeral. He also offered him a stirrup-cup, which Tristan refused. Marascallus stood by, wiping away his tears with the end of a dirty apron, which he wore at his more servile occupations, and beseeching his pupil not to go for three days longer, as the planetary influence was just then most malign to all about commencing a journey. Tristan put spurs to his wind-galled charger, and in a short time reached the boundary of his father's domains. Here the beast came to

a sudden stand, and exhibited violent symptoms of oppugnancy to the goadings and buffets he received, by way of encouraging him to proceed. Thrice did he wheel round, quivering in all his ill assorted members, as if under the influence of powerful terror; and thrice did Tristan compel him to put his nose in the direction he wished to take. Then uttering a shrill and melancholy neigh, he started forward at his wonted miscellaneous gait. An angle of the wood hid from the rider the ivy-grown towers of his native castle, and a sickening presentiment fell upon his heart, that he had parted from them 'like Ajut, never to return.' Not that he had ever heard of Ajut, any more than of Ajax; but he felt very sorrowful, and his heart was heavy within him.

All along the road, the people at the inns treated him with great respect, taking him for a messenger entrusted with important secrets and despatches, from the sobriety of his looks and seriousness of his demeanour. After three days journey he reached the town of Stade, and after making a disbursement to the improvement of his outward man, repaired to the residence of Baron Ehrenfriedersdorf, his father-in-law elect. The Baron's dwelling stood in an old part of the town, and looked a little the worse for wear. Tristan felt a little queerish, as he lifted the knocker, at the antiquated and half ruined gateway. What sort of a young lady was Cunegunda Ehrenfriedersdorf? Did she squint? and if so, was the obliquity single, double, or manifold? Had she a hump? and if so, where located? On her shoulder, or her back,—or how was its topography? was she subject to nervous spasms? If so, how did the twitchings exhibit themselves? All down one side of her face, or all over? Intermittently, or all the time? Had she had the small pox? if so, were the cicatrices deep or shallow? was her countenance rivelled by it, into longitudinal or latitudinal seams, or promiscuously? was she a natural, or a virago? All these doubts passed over the mind of the suitor as the iron fell from his fingers. A hollow sound reverberated from the ruinous establishment, and the portal was opened by a decayed looking serving man, faded alike in years and in his livery. At sight of the grave looking young man, he bowed respectfully, taking him for a candidate for holy orders, if not a licentiate, and marshalled him across the court. As Tristan followed, his heart beating quick with the importance of the crisis, a peal of laughter came from an upper story, in which the shriller notes of female organs were distinctly audible. Was it

Cunegunda who helped to make the noise, at this moment so peculiarly disagreeable and revolting to the feelings of her suitor?

Detesting, as we do, all continuations, we are compelled to defer the remainder of this narrative to our next number. *Ed.*

DIALOGUE.

Scene—A summer apartment—Amelia at a table, drawing—Anna, seated at a window in deep thought.

Anna. Dear sister, what is love?

Amel. (*looking up surprised.*) Why wouldst thou know?
Fair girl! unheeding childhood's happy smile
Yet dwells upon thy lip, and wouldst thou seek
So soon to know the ills of womanhood?

Anna. Ills, sister? Surely love is not an ill!

Amel. Thou knowest nought of it; therefore thou dost say
'Tis not an evil.

Anna. Nay, but all things seem
So happy when they love; the gentle birds
Have far more gay a note when they unite
To build their simple nest; and when at length
The anxious mother watches o'er her young,
Her mate is near, to recompense her care
With his sweet song. When I see this, I think
Love must be happiness.

Amel. Yes, if we were
Governed by instinct only.

Anna. Instinct, sister,
Leads us to pleasure only, but the heart
Can guide to happiness.

Amel. Alas! Alas!
'Tis a false guide.

Anna. I have not found it so.

Amel. I know not where thy innocent heart can find
So much of joy, save in thy birds and flowers.

Anna. When I hear Henry Walstein's step, I leave
My darling birds and flowers.

Amel. That is not strange,
He is thy brother's friend, and thou, a child
Whom he has always loved.

Anna. Dost thou forget
To-morrow I shall be fifteen, dear sister?

Amel. Why dost thou blush?—Nay, Anna, thoughts that bring
So deep a crimson to thy cheek, should ne'er
Find entrance in thy bosom—why is this?

Anna. Turn then thine eyes away, if thou wouldst know,
And gaze not on me thus!

Amel. There, foolish child. (*drinking.*) (*resuming her*

Anna. Sister, whenever I look on him, methinks
I feel not as a child; and when he oft
Has kissed me, I have felt that I had been
Happier if he were less familiar with me;
Yet when he has been colder, I have wished
Again for his caresses; but of late
He seems reserved and changed. I do not dare
Reproach him with it, and I sometimes think
He loves me more than he was wont, although
He hides it by his coldness—it is strange—
Why dost thou look so sadly, dearest sister?

Amel. Anna, thou wouldst know what it is to love,
And I will tell thee—'Tis to dwell within
A world of the young heart's creation, bright
And brilliant as 'tis false and fleeting, where
All seems a beauteous fairyland—to mark
No varied season and no flight of time,
Save in the weary absence of the loved one—
To live but in the atmosphere he breathes,
To gaze upon his eyes as on the light
That beacons us to bliss, the only sun
Of our unreal world—in the sad hours
Of absence to be filled with thousand thoughts
Of tenderness, that to repeat we deem
Will make the hours of meeting more delicious;
Yet when that time is come to feel they are
Unutterable—then to count the moments,
And watch his coming as the early dawn
Of an untried existence, (is not love
A new existence?) yet when he is come—
To feel that deep oppressive sense of bliss
Weighing upon the heart, that we could wish
To find our joy less perfect.—This is love!

Anna. Ah! sister, then I love; for when I see
Dear Henry coming, though I've wished for him,
I sometimes fear to see him, and I dare not
Look in his face; but when I sit beside him
I turn away mine eyes that I may see—

Amel. (not heeding her) To feel our whole existence wrapt in his,
Till we have lost all consciousness of self,
All sympathy, save of his joys and sorrows,
All sense of suffering, save when he doth suffer—
To have no use of being, but to give
Our every thought to him—and then to feel
Even while we lowly bow before our idol,
And give ourselves a sacrifice to him,
How all unworthy of our love are such
Expressions of devotion. She who loves
Forgets her country, parents, nay, herself;
One master passion governs her, and all
Must yield to its control.—This! this is love!

Anna. Oh! surely then I love; for should he ask it,
I'm sure that I could give up all I've loved
From infancy, nor feel my heart bereft

Of one enjoyment, while he smiled upon me —
But, sister, thou didst say love was an evil.

Amel. And is it not so? is it not most sad
That we must yield our pleasures, nay, our duties
To the control of false and fickle love?

Anna. All love is not thus false, and if we yield
Our pleasures but to gain a greater joy—
If we forget some duties while we practice
Others as strong, and far, far more delightful,
Surely 'tis not an evil.

Amel. Dost thou know,
Mine innocent child, the recompense of all
This self-devotion?

Anna. Yes, the consciousness
That we are ministering to the joys
Of one we love, is recompense enough.

Amel. Alas! art thou too doomed to dream of bliss,
And wake as I have done?—think'st thou this knowledge
Would cheer thine hours of loneliness, while he,
For whom thou gavest all, was revelling
In other pleasures, thinking not of thee?

Anna. Yes—I would think that though awhile forgotten,
The truant could not quite forget the love
That gave him all, and left itself a bankrupt.
The ills of life—age, sickness, chilling sorrow,
Should make me but cling closer to him, share
His griefs, and soothe his pains, and find my heart
Lightened of half its wo.

Amel. These are the thoughts
Of woman—wouldst thou know what 'tis to love
With passionate tenderness and purity,
Inquire not from the tongue of man, but ask
The heart of woman.

Anna. Why is it thus, my sister,
That woman's love is so unlike to man's?

Amel. Men say it is their privilege to rove
From flower to flower, like the gay bee, and steal
Their varied sweetness—but, alas for woman!
She loves but once, and then she loves forever.

Anna. Therefore, the love of woman is most precious.
'Tis said, in eastern climes the nightingale
Rejects a thousand fragrant flowers, if there
The blooming rose be found not.—Then 'tis thus—
Man is the roving bee, but woman is
The faithful nightingale

Amel. Ah! thy young fancy
Can make e'en sorrow wear the brilliant garb
Of poetry, but when thou hast, like me,
Beheld the brightest tints of fancy fade
Into the sober grey of sad reality—
Thou wilt not find so gay a simile
For unrequited love.

Anna. I wonder, sister,
How Henry would paint love—thou dost describe it

So beautiful, it would entice the heart
 To grasp its joys and risk its unknown sorrows.
 If one should lead us to a beauteous valley
 Filled with delicious fruits and fragrant flowers,
 And when we wished to pluck them, bid us fear
 The thorns that lie beneath each smiling flower,
 And tell us that the tempting fruits were poisoned;
 Though we might pause awhile, yet if we saw
 Others enjoying their delights, I think
 We would not long obey our cautious guide.
 Ah! there is Henry, but he looks not here—
 Now, see with what a gentle smile he greets me;
 He beckons me to come—farewell, dear sister.
 I wish I knew what Henry thinks of love!

Erit.

Tales of a Traveller, Parts I. II. III. IV. By Geoffrey Crayon,
 Gent. Author of "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall,"
 "Knickerbocker's New-York," &c. Philadelphia, H. C. Ca-
 rey & I. Lea. 1824.

There is a natural propensity in a people who have attained, as a country, great literary or scientific eminence, to look down upon the efforts of those who are following at a distance in the same career. In this respect, as in most others, nations resemble individuals. He who after long and expensive exertions, reaches at last the object of his enterprize, finds nothing so diverting as the thoughts of the distance his followers are behind him, although he knows well that they too have a right to laugh at others in their turn. We recollect, when we were boys, what pleasure we felt in atchieving the lofty summit of one of those hills which our vigorous corporation, with the activity of an earthquake, has thrown into the river. But the pleasure of having reached the top was very far surpassed by the delight which we experienced, in watching the strivings and the strainings, the panting and the perspiration, the struggling hand and the backsliding foot of the urchins who only started when we were more than half way up the hill. 'Men are but children of a larger growth;' and we may add that nations have the motives and the attributes of men. We commenced our literary career long after England had reached 'the middle height' of hers, and we ought not to be surprised nor displeased that she smiles at the efforts we are making to overtake her. There is doubtless not a little of the mischievous malice of success, in her laughter at some of the slips and

the stumbles we are making in our haste; and perhaps a little good-natured irony, (we speak of the voice of the nation, not of the cold blooded sneers of a few individuals,) in the tone with which she commiserates our failures, or applauds our successes. Yet, we doubt not in the least, but that she really is pleased with the progress we have made; and stands ready, as soon as we are in reach, to stretch forth the hand of good fellowship, and place us by her side. She has already given us numerous proofs of her national good-will; and we think it would argue more folly than feeling, if we suffered ourselves to be put out of temper, when she laughs at the awkward and wild impetuosity of some of our exertions. If she makes herself merry at the expense of the Columbiad, she is ready to acknowledge the merit of the beautiful lyrics of Bryant. If she ventures to be pleasant with the 'Annals of the Housatonic,' she has certainly shown no disposition to undervalue the excellence of Brown. The delightful delineations of national scenery and character by Cooper, and the elegant fictions from the pen of the authoress of Redwood have received the sincere, though scarcely adequate applauses of many of the literary judges of Great Britain; and assuredly we have no reason to complain that they are unwilling to appreciate fairly the pleasant lucubrations, the free and spirited sketches, the beautiful imaginations and sprightly speculations of 'Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.' They have even surpassed ourselves, in their admiration of that combination of the delicate with the lively, the humorous with the gentle, the spirit of the Flemish with the softness of the Italian school, for which the exquisite creations of Irving's imagination are peculiarly distinguished. In one respect, however, we cannot help thinking they have exhibited a spirit of illiberality not at all comporting with national good feeling. They undertake to condemn with unqualified severity, what they have professed to consider, and have not hesitated to denominate, our overweening nationality. In this they evince an unusual want of discrimination and injustice of complaint. In the first place, we cannot for our souls see so enormous an offence in patriotic partialities however excessive. The strong and indiscriminate affection which an Englishman feels for every thing English, has always been regarded as an amiable and praiseworthy trait in the national character, and really, we do not comprehend how that which is an honour to John Bull can be a disgrace to Brother Jonathan. There may be something ludicrous, and even burlesque, in the blindness of a nation's

prepossessions; but how this most venial of prejudices can possibly deserve the serious and grave reprobation of those who are at least equally guilty of the offence, is a paradox in national morality which we do not understand. In the next place, we are by no means convinced, that in estimating the value of our literature we have been guilty of very violent partialities. On the contrary, whatever we may say of the merit of our political institutions, (of which, indeed, it is scarcely possible to say too much,) we have frequently shown a strong and perverse disposition to undervalue our literary and scientific achievements. There are very few Americans who seem to be aware of the extent to which our domestic literature has gradually accumulated, and that there requires nothing but the stimulus of purchase, to enable some enterprising publisher to furnish a body of American authors on almost every variety of knowledge, which we would not feel any apprehensions in subjecting to the severest ordeal of transatlantic criticism. So far has this neglect of our literature gone, that it is by no means uncommon, to find some of our countrymen minutely acquainted with all the productions of the secondary writers of Italy, Germany and France, while they are shamefully ignorant of the very names of American authors of by no means inferior excellence. We have seen, for example, the poems of Cunningham, Yalden and Broome in the hands of many, to whom Bryant's name is utterly unknown. The sickly and sentimental heroics of Miss Jane Porter will draw floods of tears from the eyes of the young patronesses of our circulating libraries, while Brown is thrown aside without even the experiment of perusal. It is an argument of very extensive or very eccentric erudition, to be familiar with Edwards's masterly 'Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will,' but nothing is considered more disgraceful in a scholar, than not to have perused that feeblest and flimsiest of things, the 'Moral Science of Beattie.'

We do not anticipate that the light and playful efforts of imagination, contained in the volumes before us, will meet with much applause from the critics of Great Britain; and indeed it is probable enough that they will be considered as failures. But we do not believe that these tales will be spoken of in England, in language so slighting and depreciating as some of our American Zoiluses have already bestowed upon these lively and elegant effusions of our countryman's muse.

Such then are our unjust partialities in favour of American

authors. The fact is, that generally speaking, our literature is more highly appreciated, better spoken of, and we venture to say, more frequently read (we speak of our best writers,) in England and Germany, than in America. It is time to throw aside this unnatural indifference to objects, which, for no other reason than because they are our own, would justify the strongest parental partialities. Let us read then, and let us venture to admire, before we have seen the last English reviews, the productions of our scientific and literary countrymen, not only because they are often inherently excellent, but (we say it believing that there exists such a national obligation,) because they are American.

To show, at all events, how sincere are our professions of Americanism, we shall begin by confessing the delight which the tales of our Traveller have given us. And this we shall do, without taking the smallest trouble to anticipate whether the transatlantic sovereigns of the literary world intend to forbid, or condescend to allow us to be pleased.

The peculiar charm, we take it, that pervades Mr. Irving's stories, is the evidence we every where behold, that the writer possesses, in a very high degree, a delicate appreciation of the beautiful united to a lively perception of the ridiculous. This combination of faculties is by no means common, because the relations of natural and moral objects which produce the burlesque or the humorous, coincide but in very few instances with those which constitute the beautiful. The imagination which delights in incongruous assemblages, will seldom contemplate with pleasure that aptness of design, and fitness of relation, which may always be discovered in the beautiful; and which, when the harmony between the phenomena of the moral world and their physical similitudes is properly preserved, constitute the secret of the enjoyment furnished by the faculty of taste. As the extreme of unfitness is, for the most part, the source of the ridiculous, it follows that the union of fine taste and strong humour will seldom take place in the same individual. He who appreciates readily the relation of fitness, will no doubt discern with equal readiness the violation of propriety; but then he will not be affected with pleasurable sensations, inasmuch as it is opposed to his particular taste. The inadequacy, inexactness and inconsistency of objects will offend and disgust him; and this is, doubtless, the reason why images laughable to some, are so extremely distasteful and offensive to others. How is it, then, that we find those almost incompatible attributes so admirably blended in the writer before us? Be-

cause, as we apprehend, his taste has seldom directed his imagination to that part of the ridiculous which depends upon incongruous associations, or those principles not reconcilable with the love of propriety, harmony and truth. If he occasionally indulges in exhibitions of a farcical character, he either succeeds, by avoiding such combinations as shock the moral sense, or else he fails altogether ; thus proving that his mind is so constituted as to dwell with peculiar pleasure on the tender, the gentle, and the kindly affections, or on such modifications of the ludicrous, as do not interfere with them.

With this combination of powers, which seem, at first sight, not easily disposed to amalgamate, there was reason to apprehend that there might occasionally occur a collision or mutual disturbance of each other's effects. This has accordingly happened, but not to the extent it was natural to anticipate. In general, the distinguishing character of each tale is maintained with remarkable success; and a few of them, indeed, have little else to recommend them, than the skill with which the keeping is preserved. There is a greater variety of characters and styles, and a variety vastly better sustained, to be found in the effusions of our author, than in the productions of any other writer in the department he has chosen. Even Boccaccio, who resembles him in more points than one, does not appear to have possessed an imagination so various and so versatile ; at least he has not succeeded, we think, in impressing a character of diversity so strong, so discriminative, and so definite upon the beautiful inventions of his dexterous imagination. The author of the *Decameron* surpasses Geoffrey Crayon, it is true, in vivacity and spirit of description, in strength and eloquence of dialogue, in slyness of allusion, archness of narrative, keenness of irony and severity of sarcasm, in the shrewdness and aptness of the livelier incidents, and often in the vigour and the warmth of the serious passages. Irving could scarcely have produced such a specimen of dramatic beauty and persuasive eloquence, as is found in every part of the story of *Sofronia*. Nor has he yet given us any thing equal to the strong humour and rather daring satire of 'Frate Cipolla and L'Agnolo Gabriello.' But we do not hesitate to place him decidedly above Messer Giovanni in the amiable and gentle spirit which pervades all his writings, in the polished sweetness and elegance of his style, and above all, in the difficult art of securing and enchaining the interest of his readers, without flattering their vices or feeding their appetites with ungenerous sneerings or indelicate allusions.

Mr. Irving, endued with strong and equal powers of humorous and serious description, has exercised his ambidexterity of talent with very great propriety and taste. Even when he purposely unites in one story the grave and the gay, it is never with the view of surprising by the contrast. There is a facility, and we think a want of taste, in the wayward assemblage of sentiment and sarcasm, either of which, we are sure, was sufficient to prevent our author from resorting to the artifice. The tenderness and truth of some of his descriptions are, 'tis true, enlivened and embellished by the gentle and unobtrusive cheerfulness of some incidental anecdote or thought; but the reader is never startled into wonder, nor cheated into approbation. In the few tales which he has given us in this mixed style, there is a soft and soothing union of the parts, an easy and harmonious blending of the elements, into one delightful and homogeneous whole, which none but the initiated, or rather none but the inspired sons of Fancy can accomplish. The greater part of those tales have, however, a decided character, solemn, serious, quaint, arch or burlesque. For the sake of brevity, we shall regard them as either serious or sprightly; and so distinct are the characteristics of these two genera, that it is impossible to analyse their merits and peculiar beauties, without constantly adverting to this circumstance.

Of the serious tales collected by the nervous gentleman, the first is the 'Adventure of the Mysterious Stranger,' and serves as an introduction to another of great force and beauty, the 'Story of the Young Italian.' Both are told in explanation of the extraordinary effect of a certain 'Mysterious Picture,' the sight of which so powerfully and painfully affects the nervous gentleman, that after vigorous attempts to go to sleep, he is finally driven from his bed to a sofa in the drawing room. 'The Adventure of the Mysterious Stranger' is told by a worthy fox-hunting baronet, at whose mansion the nervous gentleman was hospitably entertained, in company with an Irish captain of dragoons—a thin hatchet-faced gentleman, very interrogative—an elderly gentleman with a flexible nose—and a very old gentleman with a head half dilapidated. The baronet informs his inquisitive guests, that at Venice—but nothing is so stupid as the argument or abstract of a story. It is harder, we know from experience, to read the four lines at the head of each canto of *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, than to finish the whole book at a sitting; and besides, as our readers have all read the 'Tales,' to present them with the outlines of the stories, would be about as prudent and polite as if a landlord should lay upon

the plate of his guest the bones of an ortolan after he had feasted on its flesh. We will suppose, then, each tale to be as well before our readers as ourselves; and instead of describing an object which must be the same to us both, let us exchange our opinions of its merits; for opinions may differ with a difference not undeserving of discussion.

In reading a story, the majority of readers begin at the beginning. In an analysis, however, of its beauties or defects, we hold that it is best to begin at the end. Every good story has an object; and its relative excellence is measured by the fitness of its matter and its manner to accomplish the design of its contrivance. We do not here speak of the moral of the tale, but of the purely literary purpose of its plot. What is this purpose in the story before us, 'The Young Italian'? Is it to explain the singular effect of the portrait of the murdered Filippo—the fundamental incident of the first of the three stories we have mentioned; or the strange distress of the mysterious Ottavio—the prominent object in the second; or the motives of the murder of the traitor friend—the catastrophe and termination of the third? We think that all this should successively be done, for each is professedly attempted. Mr. Irving has, with great propriety, in these three stories reversed in the narration the order of the events. We must, therefore, begin with the end of the first.

In justifying (so to speak) the peculiar effect of the portrait, the author has displayed the greatest address. The improbability that a mere picture should exercise such a strange and dismal influence upon the mind of a reasonable man, is completely removed by the artful combinations of circumstances, by which the spectator is surrounded. First, the ancient rook-haunted mansion, the violent storm and the ghost stories, must have predisposed the nervous gentleman to feel the full effect of those impressions which bewilder an excitable imagination. Then, the wine and the wassail of his host, the indigested supper, the spacious room and old fashioned furniture, the constrained position on the arm chair, the night-mare, the great winding sheet in the taper, and the strong light thrown upon the picture as the sleeper suddenly awakes, are admirably managed. With all 'these appliances and means to boot,' it is perfectly natural that the picture of the blood-stained features of the man just murdered, painted by an exquisite artist, who had exerted all his skill to produce a strong resemblance, it is perfectly in nature, we repeat, that the nerves of a hypochondriac should be violently agitated at the sight. Then the 'pitch darkness and howling storm without,' the fitful gleaming

of the light, the suspicions that this was the mysterious chamber; the gradual going out of the fire, and many other little circumstances needless to enumerate, but all of them combining to concentrate the effect, justify abundantly the remainder of the narrative. Yet foreseeing that the story, with all these enforcements and proprieties, could scarcely excite any very strong emotion in the reader; the author has contrived to introduce precisely such a quantity of cheerfuller and livelier imagery, that no part of the story awakens any sentiment not perfectly in concord with the rest. These remarks will appear no doubt to many, needlessly minute; and so indeed they would be, if they were intended to apply exclusively to the story whose structure we are canvassing. But the same observations may be made of most (though not of all) the tales contained in these four volumes; and we think that, independently of the main incident, the success of a story, nay, even of the tragic and epic fable, depends upon the due subordination of the parts to the catastrophe.

There is one passage in this story which offends us. It is the part which describes the vehement and angry asseverations of the nervous gentleman, that he is perfectly cool, calm, and collected. It is a rule, we believe, in description, to avoid as much as possible dilating upon common places. Whenever it is necessary to allude to them, it always can be done, incidentally or indirectly.

In the second of these three stories, there is very little incident. The description of the deep and settled anguish of the stranger is very well sustained. Inexplicable melancholy is a very usual resource with the seachers after interesting fictions, but the grand sources of interest are so limited by nature, that it would be unjust to insist upon novelty of matter, when novelty of manner is exhibited. The most striking peculiarity in the conduct of Ottavio is thus described by the teller of the story.

"In spite of every effort to fix his attention on the conversation of his companions, I noticed that every now and then he would turn his head slowly round, give a glance over his shoulder, and then withdraw it with a sudden jerk, as if something painful had met his eye. This was repeated at intervals of about a minute; and he appeared hardly to have got over one shock before I saw him slowly preparing to encounter another. p. 94.

"— I remarked him glancing behind him in the same way, just as he passed out of the door." *p. ead.*

In the Piazzetta, he

"noticed this same singular, and as it were, furtive glance over his shoulder, that had attracted his attention at the Cassino." p. 95.

In a gallery of paintings

"still would recur that cautious glance behind, and always quickly withdrawn, as though something terrible had met his view. p. 96.

At the theatre, at balls, at concerts, every where in short, there takes place "that strange and recurrent movement, of glancing fearfully over the shoulder."

All this with the rest of this young stranger's deportment, is no doubt well calculated to excite the reader's curiosity, but this is the easiest stratagem in story-telling. The 'rub,' is to fulfil the expectations you have thus purposely excited. The young unknown finally consigns in the hands of his friend a sealed packet containing the particulars of his story. He then takes his departure, and is never more heard of. This packet is to unfold the mystery of the backward glance, and the terrifying picture. The tale of the young Italian is beautifully told, and the incidents devised with more than usual felicity. A nervous system of excessive sensibility is alternately indulged and provoked into absolute disease. He is sent to a convent 'situated in a gloomy gorge of those mountains away south of Vesuvius.' His morbid fancy is here fed by monastic superstitions, and he is taught painting by a man who was skilful in portraying the human face in the agonies of death. He is permitted to visit his father; and his feelings, when escaped from the gloomy darkness of his person into the sweetnesss and brightnesses of life, are described with admirable truth. He flees from the convent, and seeks his father's palace; quarrels with him, and abandons the paternal roof. All these events must tend to keep alive and exasperate his peculiar sensibilities. In such a temperament the sentiment of love must be extravagantly violent. All the faculties of sense and soul must be swept into the current of this impetuous delirium of passion, and the object of the lover's worship will govern every thought, every sentiment, every purpose, and every association. Nothing can be more natural than the suffering which the contest between passionate affection, exquisite delicacy, generous pride, and unconquerable honour, is calculated to produce in a mind of such acute susceptibilities; and nothing surely can so deeply agitate and painfully interest a woman, as the sight of the external evidences of the struggle, when she sees the intensity and vehemence of the emotions of her lover, without being admitted to a knowledge of their causes. Bianca's fond and enthusiastic expectation that the obstacles which opposed her lover's hopes, would one day be removed by his attainment of the brightest glories which are given to the masters of the art, is conceived and described with great beauty and effect. There is a strong and portina-

cious partiality in woman, that loves to lend to its venerated object the perfections and the prospects of supernatural intelligence; and nothing can be truer to the character of love than Bianca's firm conviction, that Ottavio was fitted and even destined to become 'the favourite of kings and the pride and boast of nations.' The effect of the succeeding incidents upon the conduct of Ottavio, is perfectly in character. His mingled feelings on hearing of the illness of his father, his parting with his mistress, the conflict between the affection of the son and the impatience of the lover, his intense anxiety and eagerness in returning to Bianca, the painful thrillings of his frame and the fearful workings of his fancy, as he approached the pavilion, are all so many circumstances, the natural effects of what precedes, and the natural causes of what follows. The catastrophe is *compelled* by the motives, and this is the true test and evidence of the possession of the powers of invention. Nothing but unquestionable talent is capable of disposing with given agents, given circumstances, and given objects, the rest of the materials of story, with such justness and exactness, that the issue *must* result from the action of the motives on the passions of the agents. It is always so in nature; the last act of a drama in real life, is (in the language of mathematics) the *function* of the circumstances; but the poet has very seldom the opportunity to copy an entire scene from nature, for the truth of the picturing is only a small part of the properties of 'the ideal beautiful.' The action must be stripped of what is useless or obtrusive, and invested with the attributes of interest and value. The means and the purposes must authorize each other, and this arrangement is the work of inspiration alone. The un-gifted may attempt it, and display the most admirable *skill* in their contrivances; but the work of their hands, like the manufactured man of 'the modern Prometheus,' will be but a melancholy mass of unsuccessful ingenuity; while he who possesses the genuine fire of heaven, forms his beautiful creations without art, and without labour, and almost without effort. All the parts of a perfect picture with their relations, their harmonies and their dependences, can only be discerned by the *coup d'œil* of genius. The fictions of the legitimate inventor are neither contrived nor elaborated, but conceived and imagined; or rather, to borrow from the German a word which finely expresses the effortless activity of creative imagination, they are *gedichtet*, by a faculty whose springs and modes of action are too mysterious for philosophy to detect, or for any other power of the mind to supersede. But we must return to our author.

Is the mysterious and unsoothable melancholy of the young Italian perfectly explained by his story? We confess we hardly think it is. There was much in the circumstances of the case to extenuate, and almost to justify his violence. Filippo had been guilty of the grossest violation of the most sacred obligations. The crime he had committed was perhaps the greatest which one man can commit against another. He had basely and fraudulently robbed, of an inestimable treasure, the man who depended on his friendship for its safety and security. Surely, it is in nature to be consoled, amid the sorrows of repentance, with the reflection of the enormity of the outrage which drove us to the commission of the crime. It is true, all the early education of Ottavio had rendered him morbidly alive to every impression, and a venial offence would be followed, in such a being, by the deepest regrets. But the victim of feelings so acute, would also exaggerate and dwell upon the provocation he had received, and the embittered recollection of his wrongs would soften very much the anguish of remorse. Might not the exquisite sufferings of Ottavio have been better accounted for, if Filippo had been made innocent of treachery? This might easily have been done, by so disposing of his friend, that there might be just ground for Filippo to believe in his death. The dreadful reflections that result from the discovery that the victim of revenge is guiltless of the crime that was imputed to him, are as bitter as the keenest remorse, and when added to the anguish of penitence, must almost realise the torments inflicted by the fabled Eumæides. Whether the timorous glancing over the shoulder is one of the effects of the guilty and agitated conscience of a murderer, we are utterly unable to determine; not being able, by the most vigorous efforts of our fancy, to comprehend the sufferings of the penitent assassin. We presume the incident is borrowed from the confessions of some actual criminal; for we do not see how, *a priori*, this symptom of remorse could well have been anticipated.

The second part of the *Tales of a Traveller* contains no serious story; but we are presented in the third, with one of deep and fearful interest. The Story of the Young Robber is to the tale of the Bandit Chieftain, what that of the Young Italian is to the Mysterious Stranger. The young brigand is introduced to the notice of the reader very much as Ottavio is brought forward. But there is a specific difference in the exhibition of their remorseful feelings, precisely such as is called for by their characters. The sufferings of the former are the stern self-condemnations of a strong and stubborn spirit; the sorrows of the latter are the sharp and keen regrets of a

sensitive and kindly moulded heart. Their very attitudes distinguish their remorse, and are described with the true and graphic pencil of a master. Ottavio is found 'lying with his face upon the sofa; his hands in his fine hair, and his whole countenance bearing traces of the convulsions of his mind.' The young robber 'sits on the ground; his elbows on his knees, his head resting between his clenched fists, and his eyes fixed on the earth with an expression of sad and bitter rumination.' There is a stretch of probability in the readiness of the Robber's confidence, which the writer seems to be aware of, and attempts to explain; but the fact is, that in story telling, there are many minor improbabilities which must of necessity be tolerated, for the sake of the opportunities that they bring along with them. In the Robber's story, there is a tragic action and dramatic unity perfectly sustained. The incidents are finely associated and proportioned. The rage of the jealous lover and the murder of the bridegroom; the impassioned interview of the robber with Rosetta in the vineyard; her resistance and capture by the troop; the brutal violence offered by the captain; the condemnation of the unransomed victim to immediate death, and the voluntary execution of the sentence by the girl's own lover, are so many links in a chain of poetical fatalities powerfully conceived. The stoicism of the father, in refusing to purchase the release of his violated daughter is somewhat unnatural; and some will object to the strange perversity of feeling which urges the robber to solicit the dreadful privilege of becoming the executioner of his mistress. Yet this, we doubt not, would be the natural and necessary result of all the previous circumstances. The death of the girl is inevitable; and to a soul of stern temper, heated by impetuous affections, and stung by the sense of his mistress's dishonour, it must be a painful consolation, to have converted, by an act of self-devotion, a murder to a sacrifice. However this may be, we cannot here avoid inserting the whole passage which describes, with great power, the catastrophe of the story.

"I hastened to seize my prey. There was a forlorn kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickness of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility and stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me; for had she once murmured my name, I should have been overcome. She slept at length in the arms of him who was to poniard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. My heart had become sore by the recent conflicts it had undergone, and I dreaded lest, by procrastination, some other should become her executioner. When her repose had continued for some time, I separated myself gently from her, that I might not disturb her sleep, and seizing suddenly her poniard, plung-

ed it into her bosom. A painful and concentrated murmur, but without any convulsive movement, accompanied her last sigh.—So perished this unfortunate."

A notice of the humorous or mixed articles, particularly of those in the fourth part, which contains several admirable tales in a style of genuine Knickerbockerism, we reserve for a future opportunity. on which occasion, we shall freely enter our objections to some of the lighter stories in the three first parts.

MORACE. EPODE 2.

Pleasures of a Country Life.

Happy the man, remote from toil and care,
As in the golden age men were ;
Who ploughs his native field with his own team,
And hath no debts of which to dream !
Who starts not to the trump's shrill reveillé,
Nor views with fright the raging sea ;
Shuns the hoarse forum and the haughty gate
Of wealth, and of the vulgar great :
Well pleased around his poplars tall to twine
The tendrils of the wedded vine ;
To prune the useless shoots, and in their place
Engraft a more prolific race.
In the far deepening vale, wandering at ease,
Joyous his lowing herds he sees ;
In shining jars the clear pressed honey pours,
Or gathers in his fleecy stores ;
Or when dame Autumn rears her honoured head,
With her ripe fruitage garlanded,
Large drooping from the boughs, the yellow pear
And purple grape reward his care ;
Thy votive gift, Priapus ! Sylvan, thine,
Protector of the bounding line !
How sweet to lie, neath some old oak reclining,
Or where the tall grass round is twining ;
Through its tall banks the still stream glides along,
Birds wake their sadly pleasing song,
And fountains near their murmuring descant keep,
Inviting calm and holy sleep !
But winter comes, at thundering Jove's command,
With storms and snows in either hand :
Then on the savage boar the dogs are set,
And drive him to the entangling net ;
Or for the glutton thrush he lays his snares,
And light extended gins prepares ;
Here caught, the trembling puss, the stranger crane
Give sport in hoary winter's reign.
Who thus employed, has time or wish to prove
The pangs and cares of cruel love ?

But ah! should some chaste dame adorn his hall,
 Whose home and children were her all,
 (Like fair Sabina, or the browner bride,
 Gracing the swift Apulian's side.)
 Who bids the sacred hearth more brightly burn,
 Against the weary man's return,—
 Folds up the herd right glad her cares to meet,
 And drains each well distended teat,—
 Then from the well loved cask the wine draws forth,
 Cheering, though of little worth,—
 And joyous, for her lord, with active zeal,
 Prepares the frugal, unbought meal—
 With such, nor Lucrine oysters more I'd prize,
 Nor turbot of majestic size,
 Nor scarcer fish, if any winter bore,
 From eastern waters near our shore.
 Not Afric's fowl could prove a daintier treat,
 Nor Asia's partridge seem more sweet,
 Than the ripe olives hanging thick and low,
 Plucked from the most luxuriant bough;
 Or wholesome mallows, or green sorrel, still
 Wandering o'er the meads at will;
 Or the kid rescued from the wolf's fell bite,
 Or victim lamb at festal rite.
 And at the feast, how pleasant to behold
 The flocks swift bounding to the fold;
 To mark the weary oxen dragging slow,
 With drooping necks the inverted plough;
 And all the household slaves, a swarming band,
 Around the glittering lares stand.

Thus spoke the usurer Alphius, in his thought
 His house and farm already bought,
 He called in all his funds in the Ides; but when
 The Calends came—he loaned them out again. X.

We have this moment been favoured, by the kindness of a friend, with the London Edition of the Tales of a Traveller, in which to our surprise we find a preface, and four tales not contained in the American Edition. In the preface, (which is dated from the Hotel de Darmstadt, *cidevant* Hotel de Paris, Mayence,) we are informed that the circumstances in the Adventure of the Mysterious Picture, and in the Story of the Young Italian, are vague recollections of anecdotes related to the author some years since, and that the Adventure of the Young Painter among the banditti, is taken almost entirely from an authentic narrative in manuscript.

The four tales are, 'the Adventure of the German Student,' related by the old gentleman with the haunted head—'Noto-

riety,' 'A Practical Philosopher,' (these two can scarcely be called tales, being little more than short essays of no great value.) and a story—inferior in interest and finish to very few among them all—'The Benighted Travellers.'

As our readers may not have for some time an opportunity of seeing the parts omitted in the American edition, we take the liberty of presenting them an abstract of the Adventure of the German Student, the latter part of which is founded, says our author, on an anecdote related to him, and said to exist in print.

Gottfried Wolfgang is a German Student of a visionary and enthusiastic turn of mind, and obstinately impressed with the belief that there is an evil genius hanging over him, seeking to ensnare him and ensure his perdition. He is sent to Paris by his friends, in hopes that his mental malady will best be cured by the splendour and gayeties of the metropolis. First captivated, then disgusted by the false doctrines of the day, (for the stormiest period of the Revolution had just commenced,) he secludes himself in a solitary apartment in the *Pays Latin*. Here, again and again he dreams that he sees a woman of transcendent beauty, of whose image he becomes passionately and desperately enamoured. Returning home late one tempestuous night, he finds himself close by the guillotine. As he shrinks back in disgust and dismay, he perceives seated at the foot of the scaffold, a female figure, her face hid in her lap, and her long disbevelled tresses streaming with the rain. He approached her, and she raises her head, and gazes wildly at him. To his amazement, he sees the very face which has haunted him in his dreams, pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful. He conducts her to his lodgings, where he has a better opportunity to contemplate her exquisite and dazzling beauty. Her dress is black, and of great simplicity. The only ornament she wears, is a black band round her neck, clasped by diamonds. They are impelled towards each other by the influence of irresistible passion. Wolfgang was tainted with the new philosophy. "Why should we separate," said he, (we give the rest in the words of our author,)

"Why should we separate? Our hearts are united; in the eye of reason and honor we are one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind high souls together?"

The stranger listened with emotion; she had evidently received illumination at the same school.

"You have no home nor family," continued he; "let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be every thing to one another. If form is necessary, form shall be observed—there is my hand. I pledge myself to you forever." "Forever?" said the stranger solemnly. "Forever!" repeated Wolfgang.

The stranger clasped the hand extended to her: "Then I am yours," murmured she, and sunk upon his bosom.

The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied forth at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change in his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy situation. On taking her hand, it was cold—there was no pulsation—her face was pallid and ghastly.—In a word, she was a corpse. Horrified and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer of police entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

"Great heaven!" cried he, "how did this woman come here?"

"Do you know any thing about her," said Wolfgang eagerly.

"Do I?" exclaimed the police officer:—"she was guillotined yesterday!"

He stepped forward; undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the floor!

The student burst into a frenzy. "The fiend! the fiend has gained possession of me!" shrieked he: "I am lost forever!"

They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had reanimated the dead body to ensnare him. He went distracted, and died in a mad-house.

Here the old gentleman with the haunted head finished his narrative.

"And is this really a fact?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"A fact not to be doubted," replied the other. "I had it from the best authority. The student told it me himself. I saw him in a mad-house at Paris."^{*}

A Midsummer Day's Dream. A Poem, by Edwin Atherstone, Author of the Last Days of Herculanum, and Abradates and Panthea. London. 1824.

This a wild and somewhat incoherent collection of 'indescribable imaginings.' The idea of deriving from a vision, a knowledge of the beauties and the mysteries of the fairy world of Fancy, is as old as poetry itself. The information obtained from such a source can seldom be very satisfactory, we think; and where the dreamer sees nothing but incongruous magnificence and gorgeous incompatibilities, we can scarcely expect to be much instructed or even much amused by his empyreal excursions. Mr. Atherstone, however, has contrived to atone for the offence of inutility by the charms of an easy, graceful, and spirited versification. The language is, for the most part, po-

^{*} We have this moment been informed that the difference in the two editions is owing to some delay which attended the transmission of the omitted articles to the American publishers. Ed.

etically beautiful, and the imagery striking, and even dazzling. For those who are willing to be pleased without a reason, and are ready to approve without a rule, the Dream, we have no doubt, has wherewithal to stimulate a kind and sensitive imagination into a state of agreeable excitement. For ourselves, we freely acknowledge that we are very much afraid that the perusal of this poem has delighted us beyond the limits which a cold and wary criticism would allow. There is a freshness and brilliancy in the descriptions, and a wild and careless vigor in the fictions, that captivate our judgment, and suspend the execution of its sentences. Even in the most capricious passages, there comes whispering from the poet's wayward muse, a voice of deprecation, which disarms us of our wish to be severe or even just, and contrives, by its dexterous interference, to subdue us into what we fear to be very unbecoming approbation. As the work has not been hitherto republished in this country, we ought to put it in the power of our readers to judge how far our disposition to be pleased with Mr. Atherstone has deceived us into false and culpable complacency. The description of the noon of a midsummer's day, bating some little affectation, is eminently poetical. A beautiful shape, of 'stature more than man's,' appears to the dreamer. It speaks, and its tones have

' — a charm

Like woman's voice, when in the deep repose
Of summer's twilight she first owns her love.'

The object of this angel's visit, is to inform the sleeper of the splendors and wonders of the invisible world; and having done so in language somewhat mystical, he offers to make the thing more plain by giving him to see these inconceivable beauties. He is accordingly made percipient of 'celestial shapes invisible else to man.' The poet has here availed himself freely of this glorious opportunity to indulge a wild and fanciful imagination in the license of unlimited creation. After the dreamer is favoured with a sight of the invisible tribes of air, he is told that he has only *seen* the marvels and the mysteries of nature; and that there are sounds, that earthly ears are not allowed to hear, as beautiful as these fine sights. His ears are opened, and he hears music of unutterable and inconceivable sweetness. There is perpetually, throughout this poem, an attempt to describe the indescribable, which involves, of course, inevitable failure. But the difficult may sometimes be attained in attempting the impossible; and the poet very frequently succeeds in spiriting up, by the potency of poetical incantation, a beautiful but indistinct assemblage of indefinite imaginings.

The waves
 Sent up with every swell a joyful voice,
 Rolling about in multitudinous chorus :
 From the rich vales and glens delicious sounds
 Arose like exhalations ; the hill tops
 Chaunted aloud in the clear air ; from trees,
 And herbs, and flowers, and the slow-waving grass,
 Innumerable and perpetual melodies
 Floated about like perfume on the air ;
 The winds were nought but music ; every cloud
 As it sailed o'er, sent a soft song to earth ;
 The murmuring of the sea-shore was a hymn
 Sung by sweet voices ; every chafed pebble
 Rang with a crystal tinkling as it rolled.

This, we think, is far more beautiful than the music it describes would be, at least, to mortal ears ; for it strikes us that either the whole universe must be playing the same tune, or else the discord of sweet sounds would be intolerable to organs predisposed in favour of thirds and fifths and octaves.

Having conferred upon this mortal super-human eyes and ears, the only senses which admit of due etherialization, the 'shape' converts him into a celestial essence :

' ——— gifted like his own to fly through space
 To pierce the solid, to endure the breath
 Of polar winter, or the fiercest rage
 Of fire, unharmed.'

The spirits now fly to the north pole, where they see 'the rage of polar storms,' and many other sights which prose cannot describe. There are magnificent beauties, too, in these terrific regions, which are, as usual, indescribably glorious. Their next adventure is to visit the unfathomable depths of ocean. Having reached the inaccessible bottom, nothing is visible to the celestialized inhabitant of earth, until the fiat of the spirit has removed the lingering imperfections of humanity. Here, among other things too unspeakable to mention, are the black and mournful wrecks of a 'gigantic city overthrown.' This was brought about by a comet's dashing in the 'deep of ages past' against the earth, and the contact of these worlds is described with so much strength, graphic energy, and admirable boldness, that we are sure that if the author could only have contrived to have anticipated the 'Darkness' of Lord Byron, his name would have already begun '*virum volitare per ora*.' There are a great many beautiful absurdities in this poem, but we have not room to quote them. To those who can procure the book, we particularly recommend the description of the gradual approach of the comet to the earth, and it is with

great regret that we are obliged, from press of matter, to exclude it from our pages.

There is much in this tremendous picture which reminds us of Lord Byron's gloomier conceptions, and much that resembles the magnificent description of Madoc's Voyage across the Atlantic.

The reader of this poem cannot fail to be convinced that Mr. Atherstone is, by no means, a writer of ordinary powers, but that he has chosen to produce a work of that dangerous and doubtful character, which will subject the author to the alternate praise and censure of different classes of critics. While many will be inclined to look upon the poem as the misty evaporation of a heated imagination, some will not hesitate to pronounce it the effusion of an ardent, but ill-directed fancy, gazing on the visions of the world of spirits, without possessing the wand of judgment to reduce them to order and obedience.

Pulaski vindicated from an unsupported charge, inconsiderately or malignantly introduced in Judge Johnson's Sketches, &c. Baltimore. 1824.

This pamphlet is stated to have been written by one who served under the celebrated Count Pulaski in our revolutionary armies, and who has come forward to vindicate his memory from what appears to be a gratuitous aspersion on the part of the biographer of General Greene. We insert the passage criticised by the author. "It is a melancholy fact, of which few were informed, that the celebrated Pulaski, who commanded the patrol, was found by General Washington himself asleep in a farm house. Policy only, and a regard to the rank and misfortunes of the offender, could have induced the general to suppress the fact. Yet, to this circumstance, most probably, we are to attribute the success of the enemy's patrol, in approaching near enough to discover the advance of the American columns." This statement rests on the bare *ipse dixit* of the biographer. The writer of the vindication infers its want of truth, from the entire absence of testimony on the subject, and the general character of the gallant Pole. We perfectly agree with him, that it is incumbent on Judge Johnson to produce the evidence on which the assertion of such extraordinary negligence is made, or solemnly to retract the charge. Otherwise it must be considered, in the words of the title page of this pam-

phlet, as unsupported, and inconsiderately or malignantly introduced. Pulaski must go down to posterity in the foremost rank of genuine patriots, the foes of tyranny and high handed usurpation. After having fought for Poland till the last hope of her deliverance was extinguished, he gained, after encountering many dangers and difficulties, the shores of our infant republic; where the enthusiasm which had urged him so nobly, but so vainly, to cling to the tottering fabric of his country's independence, was enlisted on the side of our oppressed and indignant nation. He received his mortal wound at the siege of Savannah. His corpse, from the emergency of the case, was consigned to the waves. His memory is all that is left us; and *that we* are bound, in common gratitude, to cherish and protect. In the words of this writer, "if our biographer could be thus ungrateful, thank heaven, the nation cannot. Witness the enthusiastic reception given at this very time to her illustrious guest; to one who knew, who esteemed, who admired Pulaski—to the gallant Lafayette."

Elements of Latin Prosody and Metre, compiled from the best authorities; together with a Synopsis of Poetic Licences occurring in the Versification of Virgil, a Metrical Index to the Lyric Compositions of Horace, and the Scanning of the Mixed Trimeter and Dimeter Iambics of the latter Poet, by Charles Anthon, Adjunct Professor of Languages in Columbia College, New-York. 12mo. pp. 120. New-York, T. & J. Swords.

These Elements of Latin Prosody are judiciously and ably compiled from Dr. Carey's Latin Prosody, (a valuable treatise on this too much neglected department of classic literature,) Gesner's Thesaurus, the Port Royal Latin Grammar, and the excellent Grammar of Grant. The metrical rules of Alvarez are with great propriety retained, for although we agree with Mr. Anthon, that nothing can be more absurd than to compel the student to commit to memory the discordant and disjointed hexameters of Alvarez, yet we are convinced that to the voluntary learner these rules will serve as valuable auxiliaries. The explanations, and elucidations of the rules are given, as they ought to be, in English; and by this means Mr. Anthon has, as far as practicable, avoided all objections, and availed himself of all advantages. There is annexed to the prosodial part of the Elements, a lucid and comprehensive exposition of the varieties of Latin versification. We have frequently regretted that the Treatises on Latin Metre, published in this country, seldom contained any thing more than a few general directions, and a bare enumeration of the Metres of Horace. In the present compilation, (which, by the way, we recommend to all such as feel inclined to revive or extend their collegiate reminiscences,) the illustrations are selected from the writings of Horace, Martial, Terence, Catullus, Seneca, Petronius, Prudentius, Boethius, and Buchanan. We hope sincerely that this valuable little work will be studied as it deserves to be, for nothing can be more distressing than the marks of ignorance of the commonest rules of Prosody, to which our ears and eyes are in this country every where exposed. The merciless and unre-

lending violence generally practised upon every Latin word which admits of two pronunciations, is enough to break one's heart. It is vain to pretend that these are trifles that deserve no consideration nor complaint. The violation of the elementary principles of language merits reprobation, precisely for the same reason that a breach of the laws of ordinary politeness is so severely reprehended; because the trifle, as it is called, indicates some more serious deficiency. As nothing recommends a gentleman, in the ordinary intercourse of life, more than the punctilious fulfilment of all its little courtesies; so the attainments of the scholar are necessarily judged of, by his scrupulous observance of the thousand nameless graces and proprieties of language. These may be called the decencies of letters; and no man of taste can see them disregarded, without ascribing to the offender a very culpable contempt for the general interests of literature and learning.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

Mineralogy. The Jeffersonite, so named, in compliment to one of our ex-presidents, is ascertained not to be a new mineral species. Dr. Froost, of Philadelphia, from an examination of its crystalline structure, has determined it to be nothing more than a variety of that Proteus of mineralogy, Pyroxene.

The ore of zinc, at Sterling, occurs in such quantities that it will, at no distant period, be worked to great profit. An analysis of some varieties of that ore, by Professor Van Uxem, of Columbia, S. C. gives the following result:

Silex.	-	-	-	-	-	25.00
Oxide of Zinc,	-	-	-	-	-	71.33
Oxide of Manganese,	-	-	-	-	-	2.66
Oxide of Iron,	-	-	-	-	-	.67
Loss,	-	-	-	-	-	.34
						<hr/> 100.00

The mineral riches of our country are daily, we had almost said hourly, developed. We are sorry to learn that gold still continues to be found in North Carolina in large quantities. We saw a few days ago a mass worth by weight \$200 from that state. A mine of any other metal would be more valuable to the country.

Geology. The attention of our geologists has latterly been directed towards that interesting tract of country called West Jersey. It consists entirely of alluvion, or what, in compliance with the latest fashion, we are to call the tertiary formation. It is in this region that the useful marl is so abundant, and its employment as a manure has within the last fifteen years doubled the value of land in that country. The marl has recently been examined by Dr. Harlan of Philadelphia, and determined to be a ferruginous clay, abounding more or less with fossil shells, bones, &c The occurrence of iron pyrites in a large proportion, of course injures the quality of the marl, and explains why some kinds are injurious when used too freely as manure. Dr. H. supposes this fertilizing quality of marl does not depend upon its consisting of decomposed animal substances, but rather, that as the soil of this region is naturally a loose sand, the marl gives consistency to the earth, and allows the vegetables to take root.

Mr. Dietz of Florida has published an account of a curious testaceous formation at Anastatia Island opposite St. Augustine. This island is elevated about ten feet above the water, and consists entirely of fragments of

shells. These upon examination proved to be all bivalves, and for the most part of a single genus—*Arca*. The fragments are agglutinated together, and are used as a building stone. From the appearances presented by this island, Mr. Dietz concludes that we have here under our own eyes the actual formation of a shell limestone analogous to the secondary shell marbles of Bleyberg, Killkenny, and the variegated limestone in the neighbourhood of Hudson, New York.

† *Botany*. The first volume of the *Flora of the Northern and middle states* by Dr. Torrey of this city has just issued from the press. The learned author has embraced all the botanical discoveries made in this country up to this date, and comprised his own, which are neither few nor unimportant. The lovers of botany anxiously look for the appearance of his second and last volume.

Zoology. Mr. J. J. Audubon of New Orleans has been for the last twenty years collecting materials for a history of the birds of this country. We have had an opportunity of inspecting the drawings for this work. They amount to 400 in number, and every drawing is of the size of life. It is estimated that the expense of the engraving alone, if executed in this country, will exceed one hundred thousand dollars.

Chemistry. Professor Hare of Philadelphia has published a pamphlet in reply to Mr. Van Uxem's examination of the pretended diamonds of Professor Silliman. Professor H. maintains that the substance analysed by Mr. Van Uxem was not the same product with that formed by professor Silliman. No conclusive evidence, however, is brought forward to invalidate the statement of Mr. Van Uxem, and we must continue to think that Professor Silliman has merely melted the metallic impurities, instead of fusing the charcoal itself. The subject is one which, as our readers are aware, requires the employment of intense heat; we regret that much unnecessary warmth has been betrayed in its discussion.

FOREIGN.

A writer in Jameson's *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* comments, at some length, upon the account of Perkins' steam engine, as published by one of the friends of that gentleman, in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. "Having read the paper," the writer proceeds to state, "we really see nothing to alter the opinions we had previously formed. In place of that clear and philosophical exposition of causes and effects which such a subject demands, and certainly admits of, if any real discovery has been made, we are here presented with such a mass of mere theories and assumptions, together with such fanciful paradoxes and downright absurdities, as we believe have seldom been brought forward in the shape of philosophy. Instead of proceeding with a plain statement of experiments and of consequences deducible from them, or advancing clearly and boldly forward from principles already known to some great and striking conclusion, the author is continually halting in his career and bewilders himself in a maze of obscure unintelligible speculation, ingeniously contrived, one would think, to puzzle himself and his readers. He occasionally proceeds so clearly and methodically with his principles that you are prepared for some important consequences; instead of which you are landed in some ingenious paradox—some palpable inconsistency—some result which turns out, after all, mere assertion or assumption, or some obvious truth in which you are surprised the author can discover any thing new or important.

"We shall state in proof of what we have said, one or two as a specimen of the propositions maintained by Mr. Perkins. 1. It is said, that, in the generator, or high pressure boiler, the heat is greatest at the top, and decreases towards the bottom against which the flame and heat of the furnace

are principally directed; so that while the temperature of the upper part of the boiler is at 400 degrees. that of the lower parts next the fire, may, in extreme cases, be so low as 40 degrees. 2. Although the water exposed in this manner to the intense heat of a furnace remains permanently cold, yet if any crack or opening should take place in the bottom of the boiler, within which the water is pressed with a force of at least 400 lb. on the inch, no water will issue at the opening. The reason assigned for this we are unable to comprehend or to render intelligible. 3. It is proposed to "pump back the heat" into the boiler, after it has done its office of impelling the piston in the cylinder; to pump it back in the generator, and to cause it, in this way, to act again and again upon the piston; so that in this manner, the author, in the fervor of his imagination, thinks it but reasonable to expect that an apparatus of this kind may be constructed, which, when once sufficiently heated, will continue to move forever, and to drive machinery of itself without any farther consumption of fuel. On looking into his description of this part of the apparatus, we find the plan consists merely in heating the water of the generator by the waste steam of the cylinder,—a plan which has already been frequently proposed, and which is indeed practised, to a certain extent, in every steam-engine in the kingdom."

If these remarks have not been dictated by professional or national jealousy, the pretensions of our ingenious countryman to the discovery of a "new principle" have been overrated. It will be recollected, however, that the account was not written by Mr. Perkins himself, but furnished by one of his friends. It would surely be nothing more than justice towards Mr. Perkins to suspend our opinion until he has completed his experiments. At all events, the charges specified above come with an ill grace from a nation whose only claim to the discovery of the steam engine rests upon a rude guess in the marquis of Salisbury's century of inventions.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN PRESS.

Lionel Lincoln, or the Leaguer of Boston, a Novel, in two volumes, being the first of a series of novels entitled the Legend of the Thirteen Republics.—Charles Wiley. This new work, we understand, is from the pen of the well known author of "The Spy," and will doubtless be worthy of his increasing reputation.

The Valley of Shenandoah, a Novel, in two volumes, descriptive of Southern scenery and manners.—Charles Wiley.

Tales of an American Landlord, containing Sketches of Life South of the Potomac, in two volumes 12mo.—W. B. Gilley. Those who have seen the manuscript of this work speak in very high terms of it.

Told's Johnson's Dictionary, with Walker's Pronunciation, in one volume, royal octavo.—William Borradaile. This work is intended to supersede Walker's Dictionary, the imperfections of which are now generally acknowledged.

Rollin's Ancient History, in four volumes, 8vo.—William Borradaile.

The Works of Robert Burns, in four volumes.—Solomon King.

Universal Geography, or a Description of all the Parts of the World, on a new plan, according to the great natural divisions of the Globe; accompanied with Analytical, Synoptical, and Elementary Tables, By M. Malte

Brun. Improved by the addition of the most recent information, derived from various sources.—Wells & Lilly.—Bliss & White.

Of this very valuable work, which is to consist of seven volumes, one is already published, and executed in a style of typography highly creditable to the publishers.

A Peep at the Pilgrims in Sixteen Hundred and Thirty-six. A Tale of Olden Times. By the Author of *Divers Unfinished Manuscripts, &c.* In two volumes.—Wells & Lilly.

Major Long's Second Expedition.—H. C. Carey & I. Lea.

Memoirs of Richard Henry Lee of Virginia. By his Grandson Richard Henry Lee, in two volumes 8vo. With a portrait.

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The Scottish Orphans, a Moral Tale, founded on an Historical Fact. Part. II.—Wilder & Campbell.

We understand that Carey & Lea of Philadelphia, have it in contemplation to reprint Sir Astley Cooper's great work on Dislocation and Fractures.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Life of Andrew Jackson, Major-General in the service of the United States: comprising a History of the War in the South, from the commencement of the Creek Campaign, to the termination of Hostilities before New-Orleans. By John Henry Eaton, Senator of the United States, one volume, 8vo. Illustrated by a fine engraving of the General.

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Tales of a Traveller. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Author of "the Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Knickerbocker's New-York," &c. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea. 1824.

In our last number, we undertook to discuss in the present, the merits of those tales of our author into which the humorous enters as a principal ingredient. The success of *Salmagundi*, of the history of New-York, and of the livelier stories contained in the *Sketch Book* and in *Bracebridge Hall*, gave reason to believe, that the pencil of Geoffrey Crayon was particularly adapted to the delineation of the humorous incidents of humble life. He soon came to be considered as the very *Teniers* of storytellers, and no one sat down to the perusal of a tale with a quaint title 'from the papers of the late Mr. Knickerbocker,' without preparing his *zygomatrics* for perpetual vibration. With these large expectations of laughter-moving narrative, no wonder if we have been disappointed with many of the stories rehearsed in the volumes before us. Not because they are not excellent of their kind, but because they are not of the kind we anticipated. They are all of them fine sketches, spirited *chauches*, full of life, truth and genius. But we have, unfortunately, already seen finished pieces from Geoffrey Crayon's pencil; and we are therefore not likely to be satisfied with what are little more than *croquis*. And yet we are not sure but that this dissatisfaction is altogether the fault of our own unreasonableness. What right have we to expect that an author shall exhibit his productions in the order of their interest or value. Can we with propriety ask, that the publication of his writings be delayed until he means to write no more; or is he bound to withhold from the press a beautiful but unpretending composition, because it does not equal or excel the last product of his intellect? Will it be pretended that all the pieces from the chisel of Chantrey, produced since his 'Children' or his 'John Rennie,' are so many failures, because they are not equal to his masterpiece? Must Benvenuti give us nothing but such *chefs d'œuvre* as the Conte Ugolino, in order to sustain his reputation; and is Weber bound, under penalty of the forfeiture of his fame, to publish nothing inferior to the *Freischütz*? There is nothing so disgusting, we think, as the perpetual cant of tea-table critics about an author's 'falling off,' as they call it. Whenever these perspicacious dicasts are puzzled by a call for their opinions, they find an admirable refuge in depreciating generalities.

'Not so good as the last,' 'a failure on the whole,' 'the author is writing himself out,' 'his reputation has injured him, we think,' and such like elaborate animadversions. In the opinion of these 'laudatores acti,' Sir Walter Scott has gradually descended from Waverly to Redgauntlet, and if he were to write as many novels as would fill the shelves and cases of the Vatican, they would find the same degeneration pervading the whole series. The intellectual sense seems sometimes liable to a delusion, similar to that to which the blindfolded novice is said to be exposed, in being initiated into some of the mysteries of masonry. He is made to believe that he is descending step by step into interminable depths, and when the bandage is removed from his eyes, discovers that he stands upon a level with the place from which he started.

Another circumstance which has its effect in biasing the judgment of the critic, (and we speak of the critic who does not publish, as well as of him who does,) is the common propensity to apply, in the estimate of the merits of a second production, a standard of excellence derived from an examination of the first. In most of the imitative arts, few, we think, would be guilty of the palpable injustice of subjecting all the works of an artist, of whatever variety of character and object, to a test which is furnished by the study of his masterpiece, and of course, only applicable to the kind of which this may chance to be a case. And yet in imaginative writing, it seldom happens, we believe, that an author is judged, with a due regard to the object of his literary labor. In undertaking, for example, to determine the merit of the *Tales* now before us, some have gravely and solemnly applied a criterion of excellence, fitter to ascertain the value of an epic poem or a treatise on morals, than to furnish a correct estimate of the skill of the author, in the composition of a few lively sallies of an unpretending imagination. But how are we to know (it will be said) the design of the author, unless he avows it himself? We believe that at present, this warning is generally given by the writer in a preface, but as this is a part of his book which is seldom honored with a perusal, he loses, for the most part, the benefit of this explanation. At all events, however, the reader can ascertain the object, if object there is, from the general style, character and tone of the production; and is consequently bound to include a consideration of this intention in his estimate of the value of the work. That the value of the *species* of writing, of which the present *Tales* constitute examples, is inferior in practical utility and literary dignity, to others which have already exercised the talents of our author, we are willing to admit.

But in *their way*, a large proportion of them, are precisely what they ought to be—quaint, humorous and fanciful; full of kind thoughts and cheerful images; with no object in view beyond the calling up of gentle emotions and pleasurable sympathies; and abundantly successful in these humble pretensions, where the reader comes prepared to the perusal, divested of the unaccommodating gravity of fastidious cynicism. In every page there is much to attract, to divert and to amuse us, if we are only willing to be pleased. At every instant, we are presented with a new and sprightly similitude, gently disposing the features to a smile of mingled pleasure and surprise; or one of those happy illustrations, which give us a better insight into character, than the most elaborate portrait of a more unskilful delineator. How lively, for instance, is the description of the after-dinner conversation at the old Baronet's Hall.

"Some of the briskest talkers, who had given tongue so bravely at the first burst, fell fast asleep; and none kept on their way but certain of those long-winded prozers, who, like short legged hounds, worry on unnoticed at the bottom of conversation, but are sure to be in at the death."

With what life and effect the interrogatory gentleman is described as

"One of those incessant questioners, who seem to have a craving, unhealthy appetite in conversation; never satisfied with the whole of a story; never laughing when others laughed, and always putting the joke to the question; never enjoying the kernel of the nut, but pestering himself to get more out of the shell"

How graphic is that same whimsical twist, which the elderly gentleman with a knowing look could give to his flexible nose, when he wished to be waggish. And who does not see sitting before him, in almost palpable existence, the old gentleman, one side of whose face was no match for the other.

"The eyelid drooped and hung down like an unbinged window shutter. Indeed, the whole side of his head was dilapidated, and seemed like the wing of a house shut up and haunted. I'll warrant that side was well stuffed with ghost stories."

In 'the Adventure of my Uncle,' which we undertake to like, in opposition to those who have advised us to the contrary, nothing can be finer and more spirited than the few traits that portray the 'meagre and fiery postillion, with tremendous jack boots and cocked hat,' and the little Marquis, with his pair of powdered *ailes de pigeon* that seemed ready to fly away with his fallow thin visage. Who can possibly read without chattering the description of the old chateau, with all its for-

mal and freezing appurtenances? How charmingly grotesque is the picture of the *Marchesino* 'putting on one of the old helmets that were stuck up in his hall, though his head no more filled it than a dry pea its pease cod?' And then his little beetle eyes sparkling from the bottom of the iron cavern with the brilliancy of carbuncles—how striking an effect is produced by this single touch of our author's wonder-working crayon. We hardly know an instance in which serious emotion and honest sympathy is more effectually excited by an image naturally ludicrous, than in the following short passage, descriptive of the fate of this little fiery-hearted Frenchman.

"Poor little Marquis! He was one of that handful of gallant courtiers, who made such a devoted, but hopeless stand in the cause of their sovereign, in the chateau of the Tuilleries, against the irruption of the mob, on the sad tenth of August. He displayed the valor of a preux French cavalier to the last; flourished feebly his little court sword with a sa-sa! in face of a whole legion of *sans-culottes*; but was pinned to the wall like a butterfly, by the pike of a *poissarde*, and his heroic soul was borne up to heaven on his *ailes de pigeon*."

Nothing but the happiest skill combined with the truest and most delicate taste, could have succeeded in conciliating into such effective harmony the elements of sprightly with the associations of serious imagery. The above example is only one out of a thousand, in which our author has exhibited his skill in working out sobriety of sentiment from what may be called the materials of smiles. All this is done, in every instance, with a delusive appearance of facility. He takes a coal and a piece of brown paper, and strikes off with a few free, and apparently fortuitous touches, a sketch, in which the ignorant or prejudiced see nothing but what they believe they can easily surpass; but which they, who make the attempt, find, in spite of its seeming simplicity, far beyond the reach of imitation.

It would be entering too minutely into prolix analyses, to enumerate all the characteristic minutiae which bespeak and attest the true hand of the master. We must hasten, besides, through our notice of the Tales, in order to confine this article within its necessary limits. With the 'Adventure of my Aunt,' we must frankly confess ourselves rather disappointed. The incident on which it is grounded is as trite as it is trifling, and can scarcely be turned to account in the ablest of hands. There is, besides, a want of delicacy in the story, which we would cheerfully forgive in the satyrist professed, but which offends us, from the pen of a writer who is accustomed to consult, on all occasions, the nicest proprieties of language and al-

lusion. That the widow of a sickly first husband should be ready to escape from her weeds into the arms of a roystering squire, we most potently and powerfully believe, for we have lived enough in the world to know that it is perfectly in nature; but then, 'we hold it not honesty to have it thus set down' by an amiable and charitable moralist. For the same reason, we strongly object to the next story, 'The Bold Dragoon, or the Adventure of my Grandfather,' and we think it a pity that the effect of such admirable humor as pervades the greater part of this tale should be spoiled by the admixture of unnecessary indecency. We are by no means fastidious in matters of this sort, and have laughed with the friendliest good will at the story of the Nervous and Stout Gentleman; but we doubt whether even the magic charm of Mr. Irving's inimitable sportiveness can disarm us of the displeasure we feel, when we hear him allude in mirthful and not very ambiguous language, to the filthy orgies of a brothel. So little is indecency the *forte* of Mr. Irving, that it generally happens that where he violates decorum, he violates the probabilities of nature nearly in an equal degree. Whatever favorable impression the Bold Dragoon's impudence and uproar might produce among the women of the tavern, it would do any thing rather than conciliate the affections of the quiet, peaceful, phlegmatic Dutchmen, who were the prior occupants of all the comforts and accommodations of the inn. With these grains of allowance the story is exquisitely told, and the description of the dancing mania among the furniture is perfect in its way. We are not sufficiently versed in legendary lore, to know whether the idea of this suppellecticary revel is original or not; but if it is, it is one of the happiest and merriest among all the queer notions that were ever conceived by the lover of household superstitions and '*Deutsche Volksmärchen*.'

Among the stories in the second part, we are compelled (once more, in reluctant opposition to far better judges) to prefer to the 'Young Man of Great Expectations,' all the other tales in the volume. In the articles entitled 'Literary Life,' 'A Literary Dinner,' 'The Club of Queer Fellows,' and 'the Poor Devil Author,' there is a fund of 'infinite jest and most excellent fancy.' What can be better than the disposition of the 'guests at the publisher's table.'

"A popular poet had the post of honor, opposite to whom was a hot-pressed traveller in quarto, with plates. A grave looking antiquarian, who had produced several solid works, which were much quoted and little read, was treated with great respect, and seated next to a neat dressy gentleman in black, who had written a thin, genteel, hotpressed octavo on

political economy, that was getting into fashion. Several three volume duodecimo men of fair currency were placed about the centre of the table; while the lower end was taken up with small poets, translators, and authors, who had not as yet risen into much notice."

Or what can be better expressed than the poor devil author's dislike of fine dinners?

"I hate your fine dinners; there's nothing, sir, like the freedom of a chop house. I'd rather any time have my steak and tankard among my own set, than drink claret and eat venison with your cursed civil elegant company, who never laugh at a good joke from a poor devil for fear of its being vulgar. A good joke grows in a wet soil; it flourishes in low places, but withers on your d—d high dry grounds. I once kept high company until I nearly ruined myself; I grew so dull, vapid and genteel. Nothing saved me but being arrested by my landlady, and thrown into prison; where a course of catch clubs, eight penny ale, and poor devil company, manured my mind, and brought it back to itself again."

The Green Arbour Court is touched off with the pencil of Van Ostade himself; and Goldsmith, we believe, could scarcely have given us so lively and so ludicrous a narrative of the Sunday confusion of Canonbury Castle. The scene between the author of Jack Straw and the eagle nosed highwayman, whom he took for a poet or philosopher, is an excellent *pendant* for the dialogue in the Vicar of Wakefield between Doctor Primrose and Ephraim Jenkinson at Welbridge fair.

With 'Buckthorne' we are half disposed to quarrel. It is pregnant, we allow, 'with flashes of merriment,' and gambols of fancy; full of life, spirit and variety; and not unsuccessful in the delineation of character. But the incidents are strung on a thread of very indifferent plot, without order, probability or art; and liable to all the objections against want of coherency and want of proportion. The chances and changes in the story succeed without suggesting each other, and the whole is thus made a tissue of good things, without being a good thing itself. This imperfection is not felt in Le Sage's *Gil Blas*, in consequence of the length of the work; which enabled the author to make almost every chapter a story by itself; and besides there are very few readers who take the trouble to inquire, to what extent the laws of the *epopœia* have been observed in the conduct of the fundamental fable, provided their curiosity has been alternately and repeatedly excited and allayed by each of the portions of story which make up the whole. In 'Buckthorne,' however, the case is quite different. The incidents are so short and unimportant in themselves that they ought to be made secondary and subordinate to the objects of an obvious plan, the absence of which must inevitably be felt and complained of, where the story is so limited in size, as to be

easily comprehended at a glance. There are many *morceaux*, however, of great merit and much beauty in this story. The lamentation of Buckthorne over his mother's grave is one of them, and strongly reminds us of several exquisite passages in the 'Rural Funerals,' one of the finest articles in the Sketch Book. The allusions and similitudes are also unusually happy. Buckthorne's uncle, with his cold, still, immoveable pique, lying at the bottom of his heart like a stone in a well; the proud rich Squire, who was so pleased when the eyes of the congregation turned to his 'grand pew,' every time that the parson spoke of the difficulty of a rich man's entering the kingdom of heaven; Iron John, letting out his sentences from his rusty jaws, as he did the old family carriage out of the reluctant iron gates of the park; the fat and consequential manager, coming out of the fracas on the stage 'as sublime a wreck as the Santissima Trinidad,' are all fine and felicitous conceptions. Nothing can be more striking than the picture of the miserable author whose beautiful productions are so aptly compared to the silken webs of Persia spun from the bowels of a miserable worm; nor any thing more poetical, we think, than the image of the lark 'rising upward to the skies, and leaving, as it were, a stream of song behind him as he rose.'

In the story of the Strolling Manager, there is little that is novel in matter or in manner; and we wonder no less that Mr. Irving should have chosen a subject so exhausted, as that he should have taken so little trouble to compensate, by the dexterous disposition of unpromising materials, for the commonplace character of the incidents themselves.

In the third part of the 'Tales,' we are presented with a series of adventures occurring at 'the Inn at Terracina.' These stories contain, we think, a smaller proportion of Mr. Irving's distinguishing beauties and defects, than are to be found within the same compass, in any other part of his writings. They exhibit less care and attention; and consequently less of that grace, propriety and polish, than are found in the least finished pages of Bracebridge Hall or the Sketch Book. The landlord is but indifferently drawn, without a single trait to give him locality or character. The Englishman, however, who is the hero of the tale, is very English indeed, being constructed according to the most approved recipes.

"He was tall, stout, and well made; dressed with neatness and precision, wore a travelling cap of the color of gingerbread, and had rather an unhappy expression about the corners of his mouth; partly from not having yet made his dinner, and partly from not having been able to get on at a greater rate than seven miles an hour."

He is, according to prescription, exceedingly suspicious, and in constant apprehension of invisible impositions. He refuses to eat, because he is afraid that the landlord is laying plots to gain his custom. He casts a side glance of suspicion at a young Venetian who politely invites him to dinner, and is convinced from his civility that he must have a design upon his purse. He finds fault with every thing at dinner, and 'feeds and growls, like a cat eating in company.' He wonders, with cockney simplicity, 'why the police does not interfere and root out the robbers' that infest the road to Fondi. One trait of John Bullism is too decidedly good to omit. The party are setting out on their journey to Fondi.

"The Englishman gave orders to John as he packed away the thousand and one indispensable conveniences of the night, double loaded his pistols with great *sing froid*, and deposited them in the pockets of the carriage. The fair Venetian now came up with a request made in her dulcet tones, that he would permit their carriage to proceed under protection of his escort. The Englishman, who was busy loading another pair of pistols for his servant, and held the ramrod between his teeth, nodded assent as a matter of course, but without lifting up his eyes. The fair Venetian was not accustomed to such indifference. "O Dio!" ejaculated she softly as she retired, "come son freddi questi Inglesi."

All these unamiable features in the Englishman's character are only intended to heighten the effect of the sudden development of his extraordinary generosity and courage. The catastrophe is very well managed, bating a little melodramatic extravagance. The party is attacked by a formidable corps of banditti. The Englishman, according to the law in that case made and provided, performs miracles of valor, and rescues the fair Venetian at the hazard of his life. Overwhelmed with gratitude, she throws herself into his arms.

"Never was man more embarrassed by the embraces of a fine woman.

"My deliverer, my angel!" exclaimed she.

"Tut! tut!" said the Englishman.

"You are wounded!" shrieked the fair Venetian, as she saw the blood upon his clothes.

"Pooh—nothing at all!"

"O Dio!" exclaimed she, clasping him again round the neck and sobbing on his bosom.

"Pooh!" said the Englishman, looking somewhat foolish, "this is all nonsense."

All the tales contained in the fourth part turn upon the popular tradition, (for even in America, we begin to have our legends) of Captain Kidd the Pirate, and the treasure he is said to have buried in various parts of New-York and New England. We have been repeatedly requested by many good friends, whose opinions we esteem only second to our own,

not to be pleased with this fourth part. Feeling all possible disposition to listen to advice, and not always unwilling to follow it, we made an honest attempt to dislike the legends of the Money Diggers, but all to no purpose. In justification of our want of success in this praiseworthy undertaking, we shall briefly enumerate the causes that have compelled us to be pleased in spite of our exertions to the contrary.

In the first place, then, we endeavoured, according to the good counsel we received, to keep constantly in mind, that these stories neither squared the circle nor discovered the longitude, and that therefore it was quite unphilosophical to be pleased with them. We also recollected what our advisers had said about the shortness of the Tales; and reflected duly on the impropriety of being gratified with the perusal of adventures not more than thirty pages long. We moreover made some effort to convince ourselves that nothing could be more improper than to like such vulgar things as are contained in these narrations—Tom Walker and his wife, Ramm Rapelye, Peechy Prauw Van Hook, and Mud Sam, the fisherman. How low, we endeavoured to opine, how low it is to look with pleasure on a picture of low life; how unseemly it is to be smiling with delight over stories in which not a single gentleman makes his appearance. All these sagacious reflections we made in due form, and with proper submission; but literary faith cannot always be commanded. It struck us most forcibly that there is something in this world desirable beside the main chance; something agreeable and proper beside preachments and saws; that much innocent and useful entertainment may be furnished by a man who can neither drain a marsh nor build a steamboat; and that readers, in short, may get heartily tired of the choicest speculations on the gravest of sciences. In the midst of our struggles against the abominable heresy of admiring our countryman's writing, a suspicion arose that it was not quite fair to insist upon the regular forms of gratifying taste; and we could not distinctly comprehend how a story in two volumes must necessarily be twice as good as a story in one. As for the sin of preferring a spirited narrative of Low Dutch adventures to the lofty rehearsal of illustrious crimes and magnificent follies, we could not help thinking that to sneer at the humble materials from which we derived our enjoyment, was very little wiser than to quarrel with a supper of oysters because they rank low in the order of animals, or to scorn a warm comfortable bed, because the feathers are plucked from the back of a goose. It occurred to us, moreover, that we may gaze with satisfaction on a 'Flemish fair,' by Heinskerck,

without tainting our gentility, or losing our good name; and so far did we carry our heterodoxical opinions, that we ventured to apprehend that we might greatly admire one of Brouwer's drolls or prison pieces, and no man's pockets be in danger for it. To confess the worst of our offences, we do not know but we preferred this fourth part to all the others, partly because the scene is laid in Massachusetts and New-York; names at which some of our readers, we dare say, will turn up their sentimental noses, but which to us have a charm far beyond such powerful polysyllables as Arduamurchan or Bealanambó.

But to proceed from generalities to instances.—We have seen nothing in the Sketch Book (not even Rip Van Winkle) nor in the Humorists (not even the Stout Gentleman,) and not many things in Diedrich Knickerbocker's History itself, that surpasses in excellent humor and admirably picturing the scenes and adventures detailed in this charming little volume. When was Hell Gate or Hellegat (he shall have it as he pleases) so strikingly and almost audibly painted before? How graphic, how descriptive, how phantasmagoric we may say, is every touch of our countryman's pencil, when his subject is American Dutchery. By the way, we wish exceedingly to know why he will say nothing of the Pirate's Spuke or the Devil's Stepping Stones. We entreat him, by the manes of Wouter Van Twiller, not to conceal from the world the invaluable things he has discovered about these two matters. If he does, these wonderful traditions will be utterly lost. As for Manus Conklin's widow at Frog's Neck, she recollects nothing about the Pirate's Ghost. Of this we can assure Mr. Irving, inasmuch as we have been to that scene of old events and odd doings, in propria persona, expressly to inquire into the fact. We made a great search too, among the papers belonging to the New-York Historical Society for that same learned memoir about the Devil and the Stepping Stones, but we are sorry to say, that upon application to the shelves of the library of that institution we found out—what we mean to keep secret.

In the mean time we are abundantly thankful for the authentic details our author has given us, touching the life of Kidd the Pirate, and the other traditions of the isle of Mannahata. We cherish, with infinite affection, the legendary stories of New Amsterdam; and we cannot tell how pleased we are to find that those records, which were once so crude and unmanageable, are now ripening and mellowing into delightful maturity; and we only regret that we live at least two centu-

ries too soon to behold the materials of story, besprinkled and bespeckled with the dustiness and rustiness of genuine antiquity.

The Devil and Tom Walker, although not quite perfect in its parts, is full of strong points, and fine touches. The niggardly poverty of Tom and the termagant blustering and clamorous clapper-clawing of his rib is worked up to the life. That Proteus the Devil is here made to assume a new shape, which we think is a very near approach to the true *beau idéal* of that formidable personage. People may say what they please about the Satan of Milton; we never will believe that old Scratch is such a fine looking fellow as he has described him. No, we are convinced that his portrait by Geoffrey Crayon is far the best likeness. Then the tough battle between Mrs. Walker and the Devil—how well is it told, without any description at all, by the ‘prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree,’ and the handfuls of hair that had been plucked by the vigorous fingers of the shrew from the curly black shock of old Sam. The progress of Tom in iniquity is quite according to nature; and nothing could be better imagined than the making the acme of wickedness consist in the abominable crime of increasing the per-centage of loans in proportion to the badness of the pledge of repayment. By the bye, we are told that there are such wicked people in this very city of New-York, as talk about having laws passed to let people ask any thing they please for the use of their money. Let these men beware. Do they think that old Nick will permit them to meddle with his rights and his privileges? Never; and besides, what a terrible thing it would be. Every broker in Wall Street would ask at least a thousand per cent. for his money, and the poor man that could not or would not repay, would never be able to borrow. We hope that these new-fangled notions will never prevail in a free and enlightened community like ours, and that every cruel usurer may meet with the fate of Tom Walker.

But the best of the stories, we think, is the one that is told by the veritable John Josse Vandermoere—the story of that excellent burgher, Wolfert Webber by name, along with the glorious episode of Mud Sam the Fisherman. Wolfert is a genuine New Nederlander, the last, we may say, of the faithful adherents to the ancient regime of Nieuw Amsterdam. And then Amy, that lovely *mooi bloemtje*!—who would forgive us, if we omitted the description of this charming Dutch beauty in the words of John Josse himself?

"How her blue eyes grew deeper and deeper, and her cherry lips redder and redder; and how she ripened and ripened, and rounded and rounded in the opening breath of sixteen summers, until, in her seventeenth spring, she seemed ready to burst out of her boddice, like a half-blown rose-bud.

"Ah, well-a-day! could I but show her as she was then, tricked out on a Sunday morning, in the hereditary finery of the old Dutch clothes press, of which her mother had confided to her the key. The wedding dress of her grandmother, modernized for use, with sundry ornaments, handed down as heir looms in the family. Her pale brown hair smoothed with buttermilk in flat waving lines on each side of her fair forehead. The chain of yellow virgin gold, that encircled her neck; the little cross, that just rested at the entrance of a soft valley of happiness, as if it would sanctify the place. The—but pooh!—it is not for an old man like me to be prosing about female beauty: suffice it to say, Amy had attained her seventeenth year. Long since had her sampler exhibited hearts in couples desperately transfixed with arrows, and true lovers' knots worked in deep blue silk; and it was evident she began to languish for some more interesting occupation than the rearing of sunflowers or pickling of cucumbers."

We feel strongly tempted to insert the whole portrait of the strange buccaneer, who came ashore at Corlaers Hoeck, one dark stormy night, aboard of a great oaken sea-chest; but this must be excluded in order to admit the following fine description of the change of the seasons.

"The little frogs that had piped in the meadows in early spring croaked as bull-frogs in the brooks, during the summer heats, and then sunk into silence. The peach tree budded, blossomed, and bore its fruit. The swallows and martins came, twittered about the roof, built their nests, reared their young, held their congress along the eaves, and then winged their flight in search of another spring. The caterpillar spun its winding sheet, dangled in it from the great buttonwood tree that shaded the house; turned into a moth, fluttered with the last sunshine of summer, and disappeared; and finally the leaves of the buttonwood tree turned yellow, then brown, then rustled one by one to the ground, and whirling about in little eddies of wind and dust, whispered that winter was at hand."

We know we will be blamed for omitting the passage which so fearfully depicts the midnight drowning of the old and mysterious buccaneer; but we must pass rapidly over the rest of this narrative, without even inserting any part of Wolfert's unfortunate money-digging enterprise. Admirably told as it is, it has the misfortune to come after the money-searching scene in the Antiquary, to which indeed it bears a resemblance which seems too much the effect of imitation. The catastrophe is happily conceived, and we never felt such hearty satisfaction in the course of our story-reading life, as when we arrived at that exquisite *peripetia*, the sudden rescue of Wolfert from death and destruction by dint of *Alles Kopf* and corporation improvements.

Wolfert lay on his back, his nightcap drawn over his forehead; his eyes closed; his whole visage the picture of death. He begged the lawyer to be brief, for he felt his end approaching, and that he had no time to lose. The lawyer nibbled his pen, spread out his paper, and prepared to write.

"I give and bequeath," said Wolfert, faintly, "my small farm——"

"What—all!" exclaimed the lawyer.

Wolfert half opened his eyes and looked upon the lawyer.

"Yes—all," said he.

"What! all that great patch of land with cabbages and sunflowers, which the corporation is just going to run a main street through?"

"The same," said Wolfert, with a heavy sigh, and sinking back upon his pillow.

"I wish him joy that inherits it!" said the little lawyer, chuckling and rubbing his hands involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" said Wolfert, again opening his eyes.

"That he'll be one of the richest men in the place!" cried little Rolleback.

The expiring Wolfert seemed to step back from the threshold of existence: his eyes again lighted up; he raised himself in his bed, shoved back his red worsted nightcap, and stared boldly at the lawyer.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed he.

"Faith, but I do!" rejoined the other. "Why, when that great field and that piece of meadow come to be laid out in streets, and cut up into snug building lots—why, whoever owns them need not pull off his hat to the patrol!"

"Say you so?" cried Wolfert, half thrusting one leg out of bed, "why, then I think I'll not make my will yet!"

In a few days Wolfert leaves his room, and soon finds that his dreams are accomplished; for before many months are elapsed, a great bustling street passes through the very centre of his garden, just where he had dreamed of finding a treasure.

With this extract, we conclude the defence of our opinion; and feel assured that with those who do not measure utility with the square and the compass; with those who believe that no source of intellectual delight is unworthy of regard and approbation, we shall find ample indulgence at least, if not a ready concession, that 'the *Tales of a Traveller*,' with all their humilities of plan, and with what we acknowledge as their occasional defects of execution, have in them notwithstanding what may serve to beguile the willing reader of his weariness in some of those awkward and inconvenient intervals between our more serious pursuits, when the voice of philosophy, and even the whisperings of interest, are either listened to with languid indifference, or repelled with aversion and disgust.

An Inquiry into the Moral Character of Lord Byron. By J. W. Simmons. New-York. Bliss & White. 1824.

The writer of this Inquiry has come gallantly forward, in vindication of the principles, and in extenuation of the seemingly exceptionable conduct of the great poet, whose powers and eccentricities have so long excited wonder and speculation. He has presented himself boldly and fairly in the arena; employing philosophy, instead of cant, and truth in place of declamation, in his analysis of the poetical temperament. He has shown that he himself understands the nature and peculiarities of genius; but, from the existence of the original distinction, which he has taken, between those whose minds have created their own worlds, before the time has come for them to be initiated in the actual drama of life, and the plodding and practical majority of mankind, we doubt whether he can succeed in obtaining from the latter an acquittal for moral offences, on the ground of a mental organization which they cannot understand. When the grave has closed over a man of transcendent talents, the better and holier feelings of our nature induce us to speak reverentially of the follies and aberrations of the mighty dead. The pedantic would-be moralist and the senseless scribbler may perch like ravens on the cypress that shadows his ashes, and croak their obscene jargon for a time; but all who have not radically bad hearts, or who are not the victims of some unfortunate prejudice, will close their ears against such worthless ribaldry. Still, though mankind are willing to forget the frailties of those who have left them a rich intellectual legacy, it is vain to endeavour to make them excuse moral, on the ground of mental obliquity. And so it should be; for they have the rule of right plainly revealed to them; and to vindicate its transgression by metaphysical subtleties, would be to sap the foundation of their faith and practice.

Yet may not the injunction of scripture, "judge not, that ye be not judged," be urged to the liberal Christian? May we not say that all men are to be judged according to their lights; not according to their opportunities, but to the capability they had of improving them? To use our author's reasoning, we will not put the case of an idiot or a lunatic, whom human laws would absolve from punishment, "but of a man whose passive impressions have been confirmed, previous to the development of his active principles; whose morals have been depraved ere his understanding had unfolded itself; with whom the

moral approving and disapproving faculty was no guide, because the agent had become confirmed in those actions which constitute the object of this faculty, ere the faculty itself had been developed." It is a trite remark, that genius is perhaps as rare as idiocy. Of a hundred respectable writers, not one may have more than talent, fostered by education. Of a hundred who can write decent poetry, there may not be one

" Whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire."

The reply to such an appeal would be, as we have said, that the world can understand no such singular constitution of the intellectual faculties ; and that no human tribunal would allow of such a plea, even in mitigation of the penalty incurred. But surely God, the author of all intelligent souls, and to whom their mysterious operations are palpable, in requiring from each the talents intrusted to his charge, will exact less from him, whose moral perceptions were weaker, from the early development of a craving imagination, before reason could control, or experience test, the fallacy of its wanderings, than from him whose vision was unclouded by false creations, and whose perception of truth and error was distinct.

The lives of men of genius, and their confessions, support our author in his examination of the poetical temperament. The different effects of education upon those possessed of it, and upon those who are not, are well pointed out by him.

'Tis education forms the *common* mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.—

But before the age when education can effectually adapt its instructions to the capability and disposition of the learner, " the disposition, whatever it may be, has become so confirmed by nature herself, that it may be said to *react*. It assumes the reign, and directs, instead of being directed, by education." The destined victim of imagination has lived too much in a dreamy reverie. His creations of possible existences and circumstances are not merely the warm anticipations of youth, which are sure of disappointment, but which experience may correct, but are impossible and unprofitable chimeras—longings which are hugged the closer, the more wild and preposterous they grow, and which enfeeble the rational faculties of the mind, and render it unfit for practical labor. When the volume of knowledge and the lessons of morals are presented to the youthful subject of these delusions, his appetite, already become sickly, neglects or loaths too often the useful and the

good ; and the mind finds its aliment in what is accidentally congenial with its crude combinations and fantastic imaginings. The secret of genius, if not early discovered to itself, begins soon to develop its effects on the moral character. Bitter rebuke or correction, or ridicule, more tormenting than either, when applied to divert it from its favorite indulgences, rankle deeply and long in its remembrance, and awaken unsocial and malignant feelings. In the lament of Tasso, Byron exemplifies this—

I was chid for wandering ; and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made—
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But curs'd them in my heart, and to my haunt
Returned and wept alone, and dreamed again
The visions which arise without a sleep.

The consciousness or discovery that the every day world has no sympathy with itself, is soon made by genius ; and when, as is generally the case, it is spurned and trampled upon and wounded, by the coarse, the ignorant, the vulgar and the brutal, what wonder that it should recriminate ? what wonder if, in the words of our author, it should sometimes “retaliate the injustice it conceives itself to have sustained—not in requiting society for the evil it has done, with good to that society—but with evil to the possessor himself ?”

Thus is the man of genius predisposed to be more easily seduced by the allurements of the world, in the first instance ; and afterwards driven into irregularity by the misconception of his feelings, the rejection of his principles, and the envy of his powers, which consoles itself for his intellectual superiority, by blazoning his moral infirmities. Too often, perhaps, reposing on the consciousness of his own originality, and the certainty of his fame, he sets the opinions of the world at defiance, and is disposed to war on that which it holds most awful and sacred. But this is the perversion, not the natural tendency of genius.—Its earlier aspirations are for better things, but connected with ideal forms and associations which never can be realized. There is a void which never can be filled ; a yearning for intense emotion, which never can be reciprocated. The day dreams of youth pass away ; its hopes are shattered, but its longings still remain, and are unsatisfied.

There the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness,
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess ;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

Thus the highest conceptions of abstract virtue may only lead to actions in themselves vicious. Jealousy, irritability, misanthropy and scepticism, find their way into the heart. The man whom fortune has not deserted, follows blindly the meteor light of the passions; but too often want, without the practical talent to provide for its necessities, has been superinduced upon the essential miseries of genius. Foresight, frugality and economy, have been words unknown in its vocabulary, since Hermes was sent a begging, and Apollo to tend sheep.

Mr. Simmons, with great propriety, avoids any application of his theory to particular events in the private history of Lord Byron. These have been so variously, and always, no doubt, so erroneously narrated, that it would be impossible to speak of them with certainty, even if it were not in some measure sacrilegious to violate the charter of the illustrious dead. Having spoken of the noble author as the poet of passion, and cited some beautiful illustrations of his power in describing its effects, the writer proceeds—

“That the Being in whose soul dwelt such conceptions and such forms of beauty—such passionate desires, forever reaching after the unattainable and the definite, and seeking relief in disappointment by wreaking his whole being upon the expression of that disappointment—that such a Being should have been unhappy, and even incapacitated for the free exercise of the humbler duties and practical purposes of life, is only what might have been predicated of the peculiar constitution of his character. Whatever may have been the errors of Lord Byron's life, they were evidently those of a great and uncontrollable mind. His heart, we are persuaded, never conceived one ungenerous thought, or prompted to one ignoble action. It was the mind, the burning restless mind, that o'er informed his feelings. His heart appeared to weep over the frailties it never gave birth to, and could not controul. There was an eternal action and reaction going on between his feelings and his understanding. But, unhappily for his peace, the latter always maintained the ascendancy they had early acquired over the former. Setting aside all consideration of the effects which are supposed to result from a neglected education, and early habits—

—————those false links that bind

At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—

—we are tempted to think that Lord Byron's genius was of that intense and peculiar temperament which admits of no other modification than that which the gradual confirmation of an original and powerful but unhappy bias, is calculated to effect. And as there is nothing which acquires strength so much from indulgence as that morbid sensibility which is peculiar to genius, there is nothing so difficult to oppose—and yet so destructive of happiness for the want of discipline.”

The remarks on the poetry of Byron, in this pamphlet, evince in the writer a quick and full perception not only of the dazzling but of the more delicate and less obvious beauties of this

highly gifted minstrel. He has pointed out some exquisite passages, which we do not remember to have seen particularly noticed before. The speculation on the essential character of poetry, according to the definition of Lord Bacon, that "it adapts the shows of things to the desires of the mind," which precedes these quotations, is ingenious, but perhaps fruitless. That definition does indeed, as our author says, embrace all works of pure fiction. Without taking into account, as a necessary quality, the commonly received notion of a certain measure, necessarily leading to a certain inversion of phraseology, the use of certain words in a peculiar sense, and the coinage of others, by which every language soon comes to possess a distinct poetical dialect, it is impossible to mark, by any abstract character, the boundary line between prose and poetry. Not that we agree with Mr. Simmons, in his assertion, that, according to Bacon's definition, we must admit Robinson Crusoe to be the work of a poet. It is, indeed, true, as he observes, that the geometrician participates with the poet, in the faculty of invention; and the creations of Defoe were produced by a process of thought or reasoning, analogous to that of the mathematician in solving a problem. From given data, he supposed all the probable and natural results. His hero, in his lonely island, was troubled with no thick-coming fancies. A thunderstorm had some agency in producing his religious melancholy, which was increased by dreams and terrible visions; but the former was a plain matter of fact thunderstorm, directly calculated to frighten him, and convince him that he was in the power of superior and resistless agents;—he began to think seriously about his own responsibilities, and removed his ammunition to a safer place. His dreams were such as every common seaman might have had, in his situation, without a particle of romance in their character. He did not conjure up aerial imagery in the distant and undefined objects around him; but adjusted his spy glass, and ascertained that it was the outline of a remote shore, or so many canoes, each containing a certain number of savages. When he saw the print of a footstep in the sand, and could not account for the impression, he supposed it had been made by the devil. All this is in good keeping; but certainly, it does not follow, necessarily, that the author was a poet.

The desires of the mind which poetry seeks to satisfy, are for incidents where the immediate connexion of cause and effect is rather obscured, than obtruded upon the judgment for its sanction;—for objects, on which the mind can itself work,

and be delighted with its own operations. We would reject, with our author, the accuracy required by Bowles, from a descriptive poet; for the moment description becomes technically accurate, it ceases to be poetry at all. There can be no finer illustration of the power of a genuine poet, in throwing out by a few strong lines, a vivid combination of images, which the imagination instantly appropriates and fills up for itself, than the picture of eastern scenery in Lord Byron's "Dream," which our author has quoted. Again, in adapting 'the shows of things' to the desires of the mind, poetry takes no account of the practical difficulties and minutiae which the writer of fiction that aims at *vraisemblance*, is obliged to avoid or overcome. The position is certainly correct that the poetry which appeals to the heart is more sure of general perusal and admiration, than that which merely plays round the fancy. And the more strong and universal the feelings are to which it addresses itself, the more certain is its success. All can weep for the sorrows of Medora; but there are few, we apprehend, who can sympathize with the emotion of Wordsworth, too profound to find relief in tears, at the sight of a daffodowndilly. When we have, however, ascertained all the essentials which constitute poetry, we must still, as was before remarked, add the requisite of a certain rhythm, or it will be impossible to exclude from its pale many works of imagination, in whole or in part, which have always past for simple prose.

Our remarks have been rambling and superficial. But we have little space to indulge in farther comment on the subjects started by Mr. Simmons. One, in particular, merits observation—the principle of *self*, or the incorporation of the writer's own original feelings with those of all his characters, and with the effect of all his descriptions, which run through the works of Lord Byron. This has been more apparent to his readers, because his private history has been so long the subject of public conversation. To suppose, however, that when the incidents of his life have ceased to be the subject of curiosity, the interest of his poetry must also decline, is, as our author well observes, a most idle and inconsecutive mode of reasoning. The fancy of no poet has ever soared into the regions of invention, without carrying with it the mark and character of its possessor; as the falcon bears inscribed on its collar the name of him, to whom 'this goodly hawk belongeth.' And as the circumstances, which were once fresh in the knowledge of a cotemporary generation, become forgotten, or are dimly recalled by those who succeed, ideal associations occupy their places, and invest the embodied thoughts to which they origi-

nally gave color, with a mysterious but perpetual interest. Were Lord Byron's history lost in oblivion, would Childe Harold's pilgrimage therefore be no longer read by posterity?

"It will be of little importance for them to know where the noble sufferer was born,

To whom related or by whom begot;

What were the nature of the wrong he bore, or in what manner they were inflicted; it will be sufficient for them to know that he *was* a sufferer, and had wrongs to be forgiven—

Hopes sapped—name blighted—life's life lied away.

It will be enough for them to feel and know this, in order to sympathize profoundly with those emotions of the soul which have thrown a melancholy gloom around the sublimest inspirations of the Bard."

We recommend the work we have been noticing, as an elegant and able exposition of the subjects at which we have glanced. The writer shows much judgment, taste and information. We hope the present pamphlet may be received with sufficient favor to induce him to enlarge his dissertation. We regret that it is very much disfigured by villainous typographical blunders.

: ORPHIC HYMN TO SLEEP.

Of gods and men almighty king,
Sole lord of every breathing thing
On earth, puissant sleep!
To all thy bland approach is known,
O'er all thy potent links are thrown,
While sorrow's hosts thy sceptre own,
And care forgets to weep.

The toil-worn limbs thine art renews,
The wo worn heart thy sacred dews
In healing balsam steep;
Image of death, thine opiate charm
Fraternal terrors can disarm,
Soothe sinking nature's wild alarm,
And bid life's pulses leap.

Brother, as ancient rhymes express,
Of death and of forgetfulness,
Attend my call, O sleep!
Around thy fragrant odors shed;
All redolent with perfume spread
Thy curtains; lap thy votary's head
In slumbers soft and deep.

Westminster Review, No. III. July—October. London. 1824.

This Review has been vehemently lauded in this country for what are called its liberal doctrines and opinions. However we may feel inclined to rejoice at the accession of new advocates to the great cause of freedom and humanity, we cannot help expressing our apprehensions that the ultra-radical tone of this Review is calculated to do mischief to the cause it professes to espouse. There is a coarseness and an acrimony in its attacks against established prejudices, which indicate feelings of hostility too local and too interested to be steadily depended on. It is not enough to say that the adherents of legitimacy have shown the first example. Vulgar and brutal violence is to be expected from the champions of despotism; but surely they who undertake to investigate and to defend the interests of truth, are bound to give some evidence of their sincerity, not so liable to suspicion as the boisterous vehemence of their professions, or the angry bitterness of their attacks. Still, we are aware that many are disposed to consider the political or religious controversialist in the light of an advocate rather than in that of a judge; and on this presumption look upon the exercise of every artifice, and the employment of every weapon, as justified by the violence of an antagonist's assault. We think it probable enough, that as human nature seems at present to be constituted, truth, in all cases where men's interests and passions are engaged, can only be elicited by the forcible and opposite exertions of obstinate and even narrow-minded partisans. It may be necessary, for aught we know, to oppose one extreme to another, in order to prevent the unequal bias that unresisted prejudices cannot but create. But the office of resisting a positive religious or political excess, by a negative excess of equal quantity and force, is certainly not one very agreeable to the taste of the dispassionate searcher after truth. The indiscriminate defence of extravagant principles may be a useful and a necessary occupation; but to us it seems one of those salutary but discreditable functions which we are equally unwilling that we should be obliged, and that others should neglect, to perform.

The articles, however, are, many of them, written with unquestionable talent, and are well calculated to command the attention of readers both in England and America. The first Essay in the third number discusses *in extenso* the policy of religious prosecutions, and goes the full length of condemning all restraints whatever on the freedom of discussion. It is

very evident that the writer founds his opinions on the principle that the right of argument is one of man's unalienable rights, and that it cannot be displaced even by the rights of christianity. Yet his ostensible defence of unlimited freedom of opinions, is an anxious regard (real or affected, it is hard for us to say) for the interests of the orthodox faith. Without undertaking here to analyse his motives, or to speculate upon the style of the discussion, we must candidly acknowledge, that if the facts he states can be depended on, infidelity has made greater progress in Great Britain than we had any reason to believe. The embers of unbelief, which were dying fast away, before the first prosecution of Carlisle, have been blown into dangerous and still extending flame, by the indiscreet violence of the guardians of the faith. According to an estimate of the amount of copies of Paine's *Age of Reason* sold, from December, 1817, up to the present day, it appears that more than 20,060 copies of this obnoxious publication have found their way into the hands of all classes of readers in Great Britain. Of these, one hundred were sold in the month before the determination to prosecute became known, and nine hundred in the month which followed; and from that time to the present the sale has averaged four thousand per annum. Beside this, the preposterous severities of punishment have enlisted in the cause of infidelity some of the most operative sympathies of human nature, and the sacred truths of scripture have been made the theme of loud, vulgar and intemperate discussion. Nothing can more amply demonstrate the wisdom of our own political institutions; which, by leaving the sceptic and the unbeliever to the chilling influence of neglect, or to the salutary discipline of argument and reason, check the growth of that delusion, which is sure to be confirmed by a forcible endeavor to remove it.

Article II. is a well written refutation of an oft-exploded error, committed by the earlier political economists, and recently revived in some observations on the effects produced by the expenditure of the British government during the restriction of cash payments, by William Blake, Esq. F. R. S. The object of this pamphlet is to prove, in the first place, that the high price of gold and the low exchanges in England from 1809 to 1816 were owing to the large *foreign* expenditure of government; and in the second, that the general rise in the price of all consumable produce, was the necessary effect of circumstances connected with the war, and the increased *internal* expenditure of government. The reviewer very properly asks, why, if the high price of gold was real and not re-

lative, did not the enhanced premium on foreign bills occasion the transmission of bullion abroad? That it could not arise from a sudden absorption of bullion from any cause whatever, is easily shown, by demonstrating (by a well-known process of argument) that this absorption can only produce a very temporary rise in the real price of bullion; in consequence of the necessary increase of exported goods, or, at least, of the decrease of imported goods which always results from the high price of gold. The only ground which Mr. Blake can thus resort to, is to insist on the obstacles thrown in the way of exportation by the anti-commercial decrees of the French government; and from this position he is driven by the reviewer, who shows, in the first place, that the expense, unless profits are reduced, does not diminish exportation, and secondly, that even if the Milan decrees had this effect, they could not certainly prevent the diminution of importations.

In combating the second division of Mr. Blake's doctrine, viz. that the high range of general prices resulted from the internal war expenditure, (an erroneous opinion, by the way, not confined to Great Britain) the reviewer has exhibited all the clearness of a sound, and all the skill of a practised philosopher. If we were not every day and every hour convinced, that the strongest and most lamentable heresies in the science of public economy are openly avowed, and for aught we know, honestly believed by men whose opportunities of education should better have secured them from deception, we should regard as superfluous any serious attempt to confute such palpable absurdities as those against which the arguments of the author of this article are directed. But the truth is, that recurrence to first principles is as useful in science as in politics. We cannot help thinking, indeed, that the prevalence of unsound opinions in almost every department of political economy, arises, in this country, less from incapacity to comprehend, or unwillingness to learn, on the part of the ignorant, than from a culpable reluctance on the part of the instructed, to promulgate the plain elementary truths of this useful but much-neglected science. There seems to prevail among our men of letters a very censurable pride, which prevents them from disseminating, by their writings, the fundamental maxims of this science, as if they were ashamed of uttering or publishing what they improperly regard as self-evident propositions. The consequences of this lamentable apathy must necessarily be, a gradual establishment of the old restrictive system, in all its most offensive and arbitrary features. Error, stimulated by perpetual interest, will silently and imperceptibly infect the

soundest principles of our government ; while Truth, too proud to encounter, and even too heedless to contemplate the controversy, will find when she awakes from her lethargy, her enemy in possession of all the strong passes of her citadel, and herself obliged to yield to the power and the progress of the foe she has imprudently despised. In the ultimate prevalence of truth we are nevertheless ready to believe ; but although the great triumph of philosophy cannot be eventually avoided, yet it may be for a long time delayed by the thoughtless confidence or foolish pride of her defenders.

The third article contains a notice of 'Cowper's private correspondence.' With the exception of some two or three paragraphs, the notice is indifferently written, and strikes us as particularly trifling and objectionable. It is surely scarcely necessary to declaim with gravity against Cowper's wild and visionary superstition. The victim of physical infirmity and moral imbecility should be treated with tenderness and pity, and not visited with anger or contempt. There is a harsh ungenerous sternness in condemning with severity the weakness or follies of a kind and gentle spirit, which we think but little more excusable than the cold and cruel wickedness of some of Cowper's spiritual counsellors. This unhappy man was not the proper object of reproof. He was timid, weak and credulous ; but these are attributes of mental, not of moral imperfection. He was merely the puppet of a *coterie* of crafty, or at least, of bigoted religionists, who alone are responsible for all the misery of this amiable man. We cannot reflect without serious regret, on the loss which English literature has sustained, in consequence of his spiritual advisers' puritanical insinuations, that exercises purely literary were abominations in the sight of the Lord. But we scarcely can repress our indignation when we see a knot of artful and unfeeling bigots, working with relentless cruelty upon a mild and timid spirit, agitating with unfounded doubts a man of quick and morbid sensibilities, torturing a mind of sensitive and gentle feelings into gloomy and incurable despair, and crushing to the earth beneath the arm of a powerful superstition, a being of the kindest intentions and the tenderest affections, who, but for the pernicious taint of a deplorable asceticism, might easily have been all that his warmest admirers have considered him. We have expressed our opinions and our feelings with more freedom, because we are convinced that the mischief was committed, not by the authority of the sect to which these puritans happened to belong, but in utter violation of every principle of true religion and genuine morality. On the contrary, we feel

assured that the best and worthiest members of the church to which Cowper was attached, would have been the very first to disavow all approbation of this unkind and uncharitable combination against the happiness of a suffering fellow christian.

The essay on the 'Use of the Dead to the Living,' comes next in order, and we look upon it as the best written article in the volume. The object of the author is to prove the impolicy of those laws, which, while they rigorously prohibit exhumation, make no provision for the successful prosecution of the study of anatomy. We cannot help regarding, however, the arguments advanced to demonstrate the indispensable importance of this science as entirely superfluous. In this country, they are undoubtedly unnecessary. Not that the acknowledged value of an acquaintance with the structure and the functions of the organs of the human frame is sufficiently attended to, or acted on; for whatever be the unwillingness of the state governments to furnish the means of pursuing this study with effect, and whatever be the general indisposition of medical men to avail themselves of the few opportunities they now enjoy to extend their knowledge of this department of the healing art, it cannot be denied but that the meanest and most ignorant of our citizens are aware of the necessity of a studious cultivation of this invaluable science. It is true, however, that they do not know that a knowledge of anatomy cannot possibly be acquired without frequent opportunities of actual dissection; and that as this dissection must be necessarily made upon the human body, it follows that the first attempts of the operating surgeon must be made upon the bodies of the living, if he has no opportunity to make them on the dead. Passing over the anatomical details of the reviewer, as too remote from the apprehension of the ordinary reader, and too trite and familiar to the surgeon and physician, we take the liberty to make an extract from this article, which exhibits, in the clearest point of view, the ultimate effects of withholding from our schools of anatomy the necessary means of teaching and illustrating this very useful science.

"The question is, whether the surgeon shall be allowed to gain knowledge by operating on the bodies of the dead, or driven to obtain it by practising on the bodies of the living. If the dead bodies of the poor are not appropriated to this use, their living bodies will and must be. The rich will always have it in their power to select, for the performance of an operation, the surgeon who has already signalized himself by success; but that surgeon, if he has not obtained the dexterity which ensures success, by dissecting and operating on the dead, must have acquired it by making experiments on the living bodies of the poor. There is no other means by which he can possibly have gained the necessary information. Every such

surgeon who rises to eminence, must have risen to it through the suffering which he has inflicted, and the death which he has brought upon hundreds of the poor. The effect of the entire abolition of the practice of dissecting the dead, would be, to convert poor-houses and public hospitals into so many schools where the surgeon, by practising on the poor, would learn to operate on the rich with safety and dexterity. This would be the certain and inevitable result: and this, indeed, would be to treat them with real indignity, and horrible injustice; and proves, how possible it is to show an apparent consideration for the poor, and yet practically to treat them in the most injurious and cruel manner."

In one passage, the reviewer seems to labor under some misapprehension relative to the provision which the state of New-York has made for the promotion and support of anatomical and physiological science. He supposes that this state has in no way provided for the schools of anatomy and surgery. A reference to the laws on this subject may, on many accounts, not be unnecessary. By an Act, passed April 3, 1801, by the Legislature of New-York, exhumation for the purpose of dissection is made a public offence, and the offender is liable to fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the court. An Act, passed March 19, 1813, provides that the bodies of all persons executed, and of all persons dying in the State Prison, may be delivered up for the purpose of dissection; the former at the discretion of the Court, the latter at the discretion of the inspectors of the prison. Again, by an act passed March 30, 1820, the bodies of all persons dying in the State Prison at Auburn, shall be delivered to the agent of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the western district, unless the body shall be claimed within twenty-four hours by the friends of the deceased.

Whether this provision is sufficiently ample for the purposes of successfully cultivating anatomical knowledge, is quite another question, and may admit of a reasonable doubt. For ourselves, we are convinced that it is not; and if so, every friend of the poor will be happy to see any arrangements by which the necessity of experimenting on their living bodies may be effectually avoided. We are not among those who apprehend any violent opposition to an extension of anatomical facilities. On the contrary, we profess an entire confidence in the good sense and discretion of our poorest fellow-citizens, and we should think that we grossly insulted them, if we showed by our suspicions that we held them incapable of comprehending their true rights and best interests.

From the doctrines set forth in the fifth article, we beg leave nearly altogether to dissent. That public institutions avowedly provided for the relief of the poor, in which the funds

appropriated to their relief are collected from the pockets of those who never see and never think of the objects of their charitable contributions, are pregnant with the most pernicious influence on society, and only promotive of the evil they awkwardly attempt to arrest, we are compelled to acknowledge, whatever be our wishes to the contrary. But that the well regulated and discreet indulgence of charitable feelings, whenever those feelings are excited, is forbidden by the true interests of humanity, is a doctrine which we candidly confess we can neither understand nor believe. We are aware that some writers have indiscriminately condemned all charitable donations whatsoever, on the ground that whatever is given to a mendicant or pauper is taken from the pockets of some other, to whom it would have gone, in return for some equivalent received. It is not a little surprising that this sophism, glaring as it is, is seriously urged in opposition to almsgiving in an admirable paper on the causes and cure of pauperism in the *Edinburgh Review*, for March, 1817. It is easy to prove that the author of the article in question has fallen into error; and as it may not be improper to show that an able and sensible writer may sometimes be guilty of extraordinary oversights in matters of argument, we shall here take the liberty to insert the whole passage to which we allude, with a notice of the fallacy which vitiates the inference.

"Indeed," says the reviewer, "without entering into the theory of population at all, it seems pretty evident, that should I retrench my own enjoyments, and give the produce of all this economy to the poor, I should only give to one set of human beings what I am withholding from another. The sum now expended in the relief of poverty, was formerly expended in payments for the articles of my own accommodation,—in the shape of support to those who supplied these articles,—or of remuneration to those who had vested their capital, or bestowed their industry, upon the preparation of them. And thus it appears, that wherever a great mass of wealth is directed to the maintenance of the poor, this is done by a great withdrawal of wealth from its former channels of distribution; by a great impoverishment of those who were formerly upheld by this wealth in the exercise of their callings; and, in fact, by the creation of poor in one quarter, just as you divert money away from those who were industriously earning the price of your articles of consumption, to the relief of poverty already exercising in some other quarter. And hence it may be seen, how, if all the men of wealth in the country were to reduce themselves to the mere necessities of life, they would just dismiss from their service a mighty train of dependent artificers and workmen; they would just, without forwarding by a single inch the cause of human enjoyment, exchange an industrious for a beggarly population."

Now, although we are convinced that most of our readers will detect the mistake into which the reviewer has fallen be-

fore we get through with what we have to say in reply, yet, as we have seen before now as bad reasoning as this impose upon sensible people, we shall venture, at the risk of seeming dull or superfluous, to point out the flaw in the foregoing argument.

It is not enough to reply to this position, that when A gives alms to B, the number of distributors of wealth is increased; for it may be said in answer to this, that as A would have given to C in exchange for some enjoyment, the same sum which he has given to B, C would have become as much a distributor as B, and the number of course is not increased. But the proper reply to the argument against the humanity of almsgiving seems to us to be this—that it is an error to distinguish in political economy between what is called a gift, and what is called wages, or hire, or compensation. The amount of enjoyment which is actually gained to society in every exchange, is measured by the difference between the sum of human enjoyments before, and the same sum after the exchange. Thus, in a case in which no third person is affected by an interchange of values between A and B, the exchange gives a gain to society, equal to the difference between the sum of the pleasurable emotions of A and B before, and the same sum after the exchange. Now let us suppose that A instead of giving a certain sum to B in exchange for a horse, a watch or an instrument of music, gives this same sum to C in exchange for his gratitude, or the pleasurable emotions which an unrestrained charitable act is calculated to produce. If we do not take into the estimate the remote good or evil consequences of these exchanges, the only way to compare their effects upon the happiness of society is to calculate what actual addition each has made to this happiness. When A for example, gives to B one hundred dollars for a horse, it will generally happen (if no fraud nor force has intervened in the exchange,) that A and B have each gained some slight addition to their enjoyments. It is not probable that either A or B can have gained much, (though this may sometimes happen,) because the tendency of mutual competition between the sellers and the purchasers of horses will be towards such a disposition of the price of horses, that the gains of A and B will be as small as the means of subsistence will allow. On the other hand, it cannot happen that either A or B can lose by the exchange unless where one of them is cheated, deluded, or compelled into the barter. In the second case, where A gives B one hundred dollars in exchange for thanks or blessings, it very often happens that B gains greatly by the exchange, and if the

gift have been a willing one, it proves that A has also gained in giving and receiving what he did. A beggar may be considered in the light of the producer of an immaterial product, with quite as much propriety as a dancer, singer, or theatrical performer. The dancer furnishes a product to the consumer, in the shape of graceful movements, which inspire agreeable emotions; and the beggar has done the same, in the form of certain moral capabilities to move and gratify the finest feelings of our nature. In the first consequences, therefore, of that exchange which is called an act of charity, the addition to the sum of human pleasures is sometimes very great indeed, not only on the part of the receiver, but also on the part of the giver of all voluntary alms. We have only mentioned, as a value received in exchange for a charitable donation, the gratification of the donor's feelings; but it is obvious we might have added other values which are not unfrequently received; viz. the escape from vexatious importunities, from the sense of shame which attends the rejection of a needy man's petition, and from the censure of society which always attaches to the man who habitually refuses to relieve the distresses of the indigent; the anticipation of the mendicant's good word to others in praise of our liberality; the hope that the generous act we have performed may be known of men, and be an honor and a profit to us; the gratification of a curiosity to witness the proofs of thankfulness or submission in the mendicant; the satisfaction of the pride we feel in being able to impress the beggar with a high opinion of our wealth or generosity, and many other considerations which occasionally enter into the aggregate of moral values which we purchase with our charitable gifts. It cannot then be said with any sort of propriety that the charitable man receives nothing in exchange for what he gives. If his recompense is the happiness he enjoys in communicating happiness, the recompense is frequently the highest and the purest he can possibly receive; and is no less real and effective than any other value recognised as such by political economists. If his compensation is some pleasure which less virtuous interests afford, then it may be said of him still more emphatically, 'Verily he has his reward.'

How far this augmentation of human happiness may afterwards be affected by the evils which even private charity sometimes gives occasion to, we are not at present ready to discuss. That these evils have been overrated, we feel confident; particularly with respect to what regards the alleged stimulus given to population. The calculations of the poor man, when discussing with himself the propriety of marrying,

are certainly not affected by the *mode* in which the means of subsistence which he possesses were obtained ; except inasmuch as he must necessarily look up to the succour of the charitable as a very precarious and discreditable support. Population will be therefore only increased (in case of almsgiving) in population to the added means which the humane have thus provided ; and we really cannot see why it should not be permitted to increase in this proportion, as well when the additional subsistence has been in exchange for the equivalents of charity, as when it has been given in return for more physical and palpable productions.

The desire of administering relief, even when no object of compassion is before us, is as natural a desire, and one which as imperiously requires its appropriate gratification, as any other instinct or appetite whatever. The ardent longings and strong tendencies of love are not more incident to human nature, than the sympathies of pity, and the sweetnesses of charity. There exists, we are convinced, in almost every bosom, a yearning for an object of compassion, and an opportunity of exercising and employing the tenderer and gentler affections of the heart, 'Pity is akin to love' in a sense not intended by the poet. Each searches for an object and a resting place, and each derives from a temperate indulgence of its wishes, the highest and the holiest of pleasures. But the very essence of the joy which attends upon the exercise of charity, resides in its voluntary character. Touch it with the finger of constraint, and it changes into absolute indifference, and soon into downright aversion. The law may compel us to relieve, but it can never force us to pity the distressed ; and in extorting the duties of beneficence, the very violence extinguishes the recompense ; that recompense we mean, which constitutes at once the value and reward of well-directed charity—the pleasure of communicating pleasure, by a voluntary effort of our own.

Our defence, it will be seen, has been confined to private charity alone. When that charity is wrested from the wealthy by main force (whether by the strong arm of the beggar, or by the violence of law, it matters not a jot,) there is an end of that mutual satisfaction which results only from a voluntary bargain, and which constitutes the only test of the actual increase of positive enjoyments. It may sometimes happen, that the increased pleasures of the indigent may more than balance the lost pleasures of the rich man who is compelled against his will to contribute to the succour of the poor ; but this again

must be affected by the injury which the man of property sustains from the violent appropriation of his fortune to what is perhaps falsely deemed the interest of the state, and also by the unreasonable expectation held out by the large promises of public charities and poor laws.

In our view of this subject, then, the beggar is a producer, the producer of an immaterial product, but no less a producer than the painter and the poet. When charity is not compulsory, there takes place between the pauper and the almsgiver, a virtual exchange of what are called *values* in political economy; in settling the terms of which exchange, the charitable person acts frequently with as much deliberation as if he were purchasing a picture or a poem. Mendicity is, in this sense, a trade; a disgraceful trade no doubt, but no less a trade than selling whiskey or tobacco. It is regulated, too, like all other trades, by the proportion between the supply and the demand for the products which it furnishes. For example, let *S* represent the least sum of human goods, or rather the greatest privation of comforts and conveniences, which he who is willing to beg, is ready and able to endure rather than put an end to his existence. Now if the sums distributed in charity are such as to enable paupers to enjoy a share of comfort, in the least degree greater than *S*, the consequence will be, that those whose sufferings are equal to *S* (and many such are always to be found in the lower walks of life) will prefer the business of begging, as long as that business furnishes them a quantity of enjoyment greater than *S*. In this state of things, there may be said, with great propriety, to be a demand for beggars; and this demand will last until the accession of new mendicants have supplied sufficient means of satisfying the commiserative dispositions and almsgiving propensities of the charitable. If a farther supply of what may well be called the food of generous feelings be thrown into the market, then the products of the beggar, that is to say, the means he has of gratifying charitable tastes, will exceed the amount required by the compassionate; and of course, the profits of the beggar will be reduced by competition below *S*, and some will be excluded from the trade, or they must die.

Now, we confess we do not see how the support which is voluntarily given to the trade of begging, can possibly stimulate population, more than the support given to the producers of any product, material or immaterial, whatever. The beggar will not marry with less discretion than the shoeblick or the barber. He will calculate with equal care, the possible chances of supporting, in the sort of life to which he has been accus-

toned, a family of ordinary size. He will marry very often with heedlessness and precipitancy, but so will the taylor and the shoemaker. He is engaged in a pursuit which checks and stifles, it is true, that proud sense of independence, upon which we are accustomed to set so high a price, without reflecting that there scarcely is a trade or occupation in society which does not frequently require us to forego the lofty claims of even honorable pride. Nor is there any reason to believe that if the trade of begging were left, as all trades should be, to the unimpelled and unimpeded influence of private compromise and contract, there would result an undue increase of poverty and pauperism. The business of begging will never be a very tempting one. The mendicant is obliged to submit to the deepest degradations to which humanity is subject, and must part with much that even beggars surrender with reluctance. He must endure to be driven with contempt from the portals of the rich man, and to be spurned and insulted by the poorest of the poor, and the meanest of the mean. But in spite of all these natural discouragements to beggary, misfortune in ten thousand various shapes will frequently depress the poor man to the difficult alternative of starving, stealing, asking charity, or blowing out his brains. To the state of beggary some must come at last, and no human institutions promise to prevent this inevitable tendency of some part of the species to indigence and want. The objections, then, to private charity are reduced to the loss of those fine feelings that distinguish the man of honour from the pauper. In every other point of view, the trade of begging stands precisely on the footing on which other trades are now acknowledged universally to stand; viz. as a highly improper object of legislative interference, and as a business to be left to the sole management of the parties who are interested, or in any way concerned, in the transactions.

But when legislative bounties are extorted from the taxed to be given to the pauper or the mendicant, the case is very different indeed. The moral value to which we have alluded—the gratification of charitable feelings—which constitutes a full equivalent for private and voluntary eleemosynary expenditures, are utterly and absolutely lost, when the strong arm of law interposes to compel the contributor to furnish his proportion to the poor-fund, without granting him the smallest consideration in return. The quantity of want and mendicity in the state is no longer proportioned to the desire in the community to relieve it; but will exceed it in proportion to the extent of the provision which is made for its extinction. There is another very objectionable feature in *public* charitable insti-

tutions : we mean the arbitrary and illimitable encouragement which they furnish to mendicity. When charity and penury are left to regulate themselves, what we have called the demand for objects of compassion will be necessarily limited by the very constitution of society. The supply of mendicants will then be limited by the limits of the demand, according to a principle in political economy too familiar to repeat. But when an arbitrary fund is provided for the poor who are engaged in the business of begging, there is nothing which restricts the indefinite augmentation of this fund, except the wisdom of our legislators ; and how wise they are, may easily be inferred from the notorious fact, that there is scarcely one of them who does not gravely urge as proof of the necessity of more relief, the very increase of pauperism, which, in fact, the last relief, (without his knowledge) has produced. This legislative *naïveté* reminds of a worthy Irish clergyman who animated, it is said (we have forgotten where,) with a very laudable desire to prevent certain wicked books from infecting the minds of his parishioners, purchased at considerable expense all the copies he could lay his hands on, and burnt whole hecatombs of volumes with the greatest satisfaction and delight. To his utter astonishment, he found more of the obnoxious books the next year than he had at first. The mystery puzzled him exceedingly ; but the remedy (as our statesmen say) was obvious. He ruined himself in a few years in endeavouring to exhaust the stock by buying with redoubled energy : and soon died in want, utterly unable to understand how the more he burned the books, there should the more remain to burn.

Thus it is with many of our lawmakers. They go on, year after year, multiplying and extending the causes of the evil they endeavor to prevent, and then wonder, in the simple honesty of their hearts, why pauperism should increase precisely in proportion to the employment of what is meant to be its cure.

It is not only to the weakness of the arguments in this essay to which we have objections. The whole article is written in a style of cold-blooded speculation, which the author has mistaken for the calmness of philosophical discussion. It is a very great error to suppose, with the disciples of Godwin, that out of the complicated action and reaction of political forces, the best system which results is that into which the passions and affections enter the least as constituent elements. Those feelings which the author of this article has stigmatised as *sentimental*, will ever continue to modify the character of

all political institutions whatsoever. The error of those writers whom the Westminster Reviewers have denominated sentimental, consists in this ; that not content with contemplating the affections as objects of great interest and value in politico-economical speculations, they have gone so far as to allow some share of these affections to quit their place among the *objects*, and take their seat among the *agents* or conductors of discussion. The sentimentalist admits passion not only as a witness, but also as a judge, while the ultra-rationalist drives her from the bar as well as from the bench. The truth, however, finds its way before the jury of the public, while the wrangling advocates stand canvassing the law ; and if this jury but consist of intelligent and educated men, and are, moreover, as they ought to be, really 'good and true,' we feel no apprehension for the justice of the verdict.

DIGRESSIONS. PART I. No. II.

I.

It is not quite so easy after all
 To furnish monthly forth, a given quantity
 Of rhyme ; there are so many things to call
 One's mind another way, that when they want it, he
 Has hands so full, or what is much the worse, has
 His head so empty, that he can't write verses.

II.

So if I am particularly dull,
 Or too digressive in this poem, you must
 Reflect that 'tis because my *hands* are full.
 As for the head there's no need to distrust,
 But that it will some fitting mode contrive
 To keep its progeny of verse alive.

III.

I give this my advice precautionary,
 That, as my muse and you may chance to differ
 In diverse ways, as these digressions vary,
 You may all reasonable freedom give her ;
 For tho' the way she gets on may be sinuous,
 'Tis but the waving line of grace continuous.

IV.

If I had time, I'd show you in a minute,
 That No. I, altho' it seemed erratic,
 Had a design quite systematic in it.
 And wrought up with precision mathematic ;
 But this, I must leave to your own discernment,
 And turn to prevent matters of concernment.

V.

I had promised you a hero—at this writing
 I shall fulfil this promise; but just now,
 Matters preliminary want inditing;
 Some previous special things which you should know,
 Require elucidation—then we'll on
 Together in the tale we have begun.

VI.

As my design is moral, and my aim
 Truth, absolute, eternal and sublime;
 Not satire, meanly sedulous of blame,
 Scourging the man, yet careless of the crime;
 I shall discourse a little of this fashion,
 And show you how it merits detestation.

VII.

I mean the silly custom people have
 Of fixing on one person what was meant
 For general application; to a knave
 'Twere well enough, but men are not content
 With stigmatising knaves and fools—they strike
 The guilty and the innocent alike.

VIII.

Alas! that it should be so—that the best
 And purest aspirations of the heart
 Should never in their proper channels seat;
 But still diverted by capricious art,
 Pollute the springs of comfort and of joy,
 And where they else would fertilise, destroy.

IX.

That e'en the thirst for knowledge—the desire
 Of grasping, in the infinitude of thought,
 All wisdom, with which ocean, earth, air, fire,
 And heaven and time and space are deeply fraught,
 Should change its spear Ithuriel, for a sting
 To goad and vex each mean and petty thing.

XII.

That e'en the love of virtue, the sublime
 And lofty sense of honor, in whose view
 Are hideous all the various shapes of crime,
 Should never stay its course tho' mercy sue;
 But harsh and stubborn on its pathway go,
 With wrath promiscuous, levelling friend and foe.

XIII.

But so it is—and since the law of life
 Is thus ordained for us, it is in vain
 To waste our thoughts with care, our days with strife,
 Teaching the immortal spirit to complain;
 Hopelessly yearning for a better state
 And murmuring 'gainst the pitiless law of fate.

XIV.

"I'm sure I can't by weeping o'er it, mend it,
 And so I leave complaining, and return
 To what I was discoursing of, and end it ;
 Besides, I have no time to spare to mourn ;
 Not now at least ;—a reason quite as good,
 Is that I could not say more if I would.

XV.

Then back again—I said this impudent,
 Vexatious custom, was quite in the fashion,
 And whether used by way of argument,
 Or only for impertinent information,
 'Tis ev'ry way exceeding disagreeable,
 As I to show you presently shall be able.

XVI.

It puts one in an awkward situation,
 Especially an author who has set
 His own slight fancies into circulation,
 And put no mark on them, and would forget
 But for some friend's superfluous assistance,
 That trifles such as those have had existence.

XVII.

No matter how he tries to wrap himself
 In innocence as with a cloak, 'tis vain
 To assert his meaning—some suspicious elf,
 Finds in each comma, satire speaking plain ;
 In each parenthesis, a dire prognostic
 Of something very keen, severe and caustic.

XVIII.

And so in his excessive wisdom, seeing
 Sarcasms, which enter in no candid mind—
 Malicious meanings, in no sense agreeing
 With those solutions charity would find—
 Fixes them on his own faults, or another's,
 Which they no more concern than my grandmother's.

XIX.

I could adduce, by way of illustration,
 A dozen or two examples of this way,
 In which an author suffers mutilation,
 Made by some wise ones over-wise to say
 Things from his real sense, removed as far
 As *Canis Major* from the polar star.

XX.

But as I think it would be wearing out
 Your time, and (worse) your patience without profit,
 One instance will suffice beyond all doubt,
 To show this practice, and the manner of it ;
 And how the idle, stupid and malicious
 Can make the fairest meaning seem suspicious.

XXI.

I will suppose a case, which though not fact,
 Will answer just as well (with light restriction
 For circumstances,) as the truth exact,
 Not being false exactly, but mere fiction ;
 In other words, truth in poetic grace,
 Freed from the servile laws of time and place.

XXII.

This species of poetic fiction may
 Be likened to those general equations
 Which solve in mathematics by one way
 All cases, changing merely their notations ;
 And thus the case which I propose, shall be
 Of ev'ry other case, the master key.

XXIII.

It will be recollected, I began
 A tale in my first number, but had time
 Only to say I'd chosen a young man
 To be the hero of this tale sublime ;
 I gave no names of family or quality,
 For I abhor to deal in personality.

XXIV.

Nay more, I most expressly stipulated,
 That all conjecture must be stayed awhile,
 Until the very man was nominated,
 And all things should be done in proper style ;
Id est—if any real man there were
 Which was in proper season to appear.

XXV.

One would have thought that this was quite enough
 To save me from ungenerous suspicion ;
 That none would utter imprecations rough,
 Or be quite angry on mere supposition ;
 That all would read the number ere they blamed it,
 And some wait for the next ere they condemned it.

XXVI.

Alas ! for the poor author, how mistaken,
 (I speak in the third person of myself,)
 If he expects this way to save his bacon ;
 Why were the number laid upon the shelf
 Unread, unopened, some one would be finding
 Hints in the cover, satire in the binding.

XXVII.

At ev'ry corner an officious friend,
 (And friends on such occasions multiply
 In Proteus forms increasing without end)
 Fastens upon him perseveringly ;
 All fire and flash and eagerness to show him
 How well he spies the meaning of his poem.

XXVIII.

(I stop awhile to mention, that last night
 He of "the Statesman," who is by the bye
 A clever fellow, always in the right,
 Speaks of this poem very civilly,
 In terms I would have chose, had I the choosing—
 "It is," says he, "to say the least, amusing.")

XXIX,

I thank him for his notice; 'tis the word
 I would have had him say, and he has said it,
 And here, in this parenthesis, accord
 My thanks to him and all else who have read it,
 And promise to increase my thanks as they
 Increase their praise of what I shall convey.)

XXX.

* * * * *

XXXI.

"Sir," says his friend, "here in the last Atlantic
 I find a poem of yours—and some folks say,
 Although our friendship may not be romantic,
 You should have charity enough to pay
 In other ways the kindness I have shown
 Than making me the butt of all the town."

XXXII.

Then testily subjoining—"but perhaps
 You've such a multitude of friends that so
 You triumph by some keen satiric raps,
 You care not if you let an old one go;
 But I'm not one to put up with such scorning,
 Our intercourse is ended—sir, good morning."

XXXIII.

"But stop a moment—Tom, or George, or Ned,
 Or whosoe'er's the inquirer—what the devil
 Puts such a foolish notion in your head?
 How could you think I would be so uncivil?
 Sure those who tell you so must mean to flout you;
 There's not a word in the whole piece about you."

XXXIV.

"Indeed—why Mr. X. or Z. or A.
 Told me that he was audibly informed
 You had a furious satire un-er way
 In which the city should be fiercely stormed,
 And I among the rest get such a handling
 As a young kitten in a mastiff's dandling."

XXXV.

* * * * *

XXXVI.

And this is all—at least that I shall tell
 Of this sage colloquy ; but it's sufficient,
 So I apply it to my story well ;
 So if the reader will find fault—that he shan't
 Have any reason to complain, but that
 All this is quite appropriate and pat.

XXXVIII.

Now all this means, that as I in my next,
 Shall lay some matters narrative before ye,
 You must take the plain reading of my text,
 Nor put malicious readings on my story,
 Nor dream, in any thing I shall convey,
 I mean a whit more than the thing I say.

XXXVIII.

I shall discourse of folks and things in general ;
 And no one must presume it's my intention,
 Because I faithfully describe, as men are all,
 Each person it shall be my will to mention
 That I particularly do refer
 To any special person, him or her.

XXXIX.

I mentioned stanza No. XXVIII,
 That I had chosen a young man to be
 The hero of my tale, and bade you wait
 A month or two until I should agree
 Upon the proper name and designation,
 Christian and patronymic appellation.

XL.

Ralph the unlucky, I shall call the wight,
 For those who know his history call him so,
 Ralph by his sire in baptism was he hight.
 How he was named the unlucky you may know
 By listening patiently a while, while I
 Shall tell you of his luckless destiny.

XLI.

This stanza furnishes my number second,
 And yet my tale not fairly opened is,
 But never mind—I beg it may be reckoned
 That I am only flourishing in this,
 That in my next I shall be very wise,
 Compendious, narrative and quite concise.

The Memorial of the Subscribers, Merchants, Traders and other Citizens of New-York, to Congress, petitioning for a Tax on all Sales by Auction, except on certain Articles therein specified.

This Memorial was presented to Congress at their last session, and referred for consideration to the committee on manufactures, who reported a bill favorable to the views of the petitioners. The memorialists set forth in their petition that the purpose of their application for this tax is to extinguish sales by auction; and there is no doubt that if the bill passes, the end will be effected, and auctions virtually prohibited.

The acting upon this bill by Congress is, we will venture to say, one of the most extraordinary proceedings which has been attempted by that body since the adoption of the federal constitution; and one which imperatively calls for notice and reprehension.*

We assert, and we are prepared to show, that the Congress of the United States have no constitutional powers to legislate upon this bill for the purposes above-mentioned. We do not ask our readers to accept assertions for facts, or declamation for demonstration; but we do ask and invite the attention of all of those who are interested (and all are interested.) while we proceed to lay before them the most incontestible evidence of the truth of our assertions.

As the several states which compose the union were originally sovereign and independent of each other, it followed that on entering into any compact whatever, they reserved to themselves all those rights and privileges which were not expressly surrendered by the terms of the compact; and this reservation formed one of the articles in the original confederation between the colonies in 1781. The federal constitution, which superseded

* To avoid any misapprehension, we may as well state, at once, that we are decidedly opposed to the present vicious system of monopoly, license and tax of auctions. As a monopoly, the system is unjust; as a source of revenue, it is inequitable and oppressive. No reason can be assigned why this particular branch of trade should be subject to monopoly, while other branches are unshackled; nor why commodities, which are confessedly sold lower in the auction rooms than elsewhere, should be subject to a farther deduction of a state tax. A large proportion of the sales, which are effected by means of auctions, except those mentioned in the memorial, consists of property disposed of from the necessities of the owners. Taxes, in these cases, are particularly distressing, being paid wholly by the person who can least afford it, namely, the seller. Having thus hinted at our opinions, we shall leave the discussion of the expediency of the present measure for some future occasion.

the Articles of Confederation, omitted the clause, but a judicious caution on the part of the states required it to be immediately replaced. Accordingly we find it there provided,

“That the powers not delegated to the United States, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.” Art. 10, Amend. Con.

Thus it appears that Congress have no authority whatever beyond that delegated to them by the constitution. If we inquire under what provision of that instrument the right is given to tax sales by auction, we shall be referred to the following clause of the eighth section of the first article.

“The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to pay the Debts and provide for the common Defence and general Welfare of the United States; but all Duties, Imposts and Excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.*

The terms here used are so very obvious, plain and simple, that the first rules of construction must be violated to wrest them from their meaning; which evidently is, to invest Congress with the power to lay and collect taxes in order to provide, or make provision for the common defence and general welfare by such appropriation of the proceeds as their discretion may dictate. But as a very different construction has been lately countenanced in Congress, and one which, if true, gives to that body illimitable power, it is of the last importance that we ascertain the real intention of the people when they ratified the constitution. We say, of the last importance, for it is a maxim approved by the wisdom and experience of all ages, that the people are free, only when the powers of government are clearly defined in their operation, and limited in their extent.

This article of the constitution then, may be construed to mean, that Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, for the purpose of applying the proceeds to

*By a most culpable negligence, this single sentence has been printed in different works, with every possible variety of punctuation. In the old edition of the laws of the United States, in the laws of Connecticut, in the *Federalist*, and in the journals of Congress, printed 1787, there is a comma after the word ‘excises,’ in the second line. In *Ingersoll’s Digest*, in the last edition of the laws of the United States, and in the laws of New-York, a semicolon is used, and in the Debates of the convention on the constitution, a colon is used, and the next words, “to pay the debts,” actually begin a new paragraph with a capital. The above is an exact transcript of the original instrument on file in the Department of State at Washington.

provide for the common defence and general welfare of the people of the United States.

Or it may mean, that Congress shall have power to lay (and collect) such taxes, duties, imposts and excises as they shall believe to be for the general advantage, although such taxes of necessity extinguish themselves; because, being equivalent to a prohibition of the source whence they are derived, they obviously can never be paid into the treasury.

Or, finally, it may mean that congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises at their own will and pleasure, without any restriction—that congress also shall have the power to pay the debts, &c.

If the first of these constructions is correct, congress have no power granted to them to pass any laws but such as are necessary to procure funds to meet the expenses of the union; consequently they cannot pass a prohibitory law, at least, under this clause of the constitution. If either of the other constructions is the true one, congress may have this power.

To decide this point satisfactorily, it will be proper to refer to the state of the nation, and of its financial concerns, during the existence of the Articles of confederation, to the debates of congress, and, in a word, to a full history of this portion of our constitution. And we are satisfied that no unprejudiced person will rise from the perusal of these facts, but with the fullest conviction that the states never intended to delegate, and never, in fact, did delegate to congress the power of imposing taxes for any other purpose than that of revenue, which revenue must be applied to the purpose of defraying expenses incurred for the general welfare.

By the articles of confederation proposed in 1777, and finally adopted in 1781, the colonies bound themselves together for their common defence; and congress was not, by this instrument, intrusted with the powers of taxation at all. The state legislatures charged themselves with providing for the national expenses, as appears by the eighth article which follows.

“ All charges of war, and all other expenses that shall be incurred for the common defence, or general welfare, and allowed by the United States in congress assembled, shall be defrayed out of a common treasury, which shall be supplied by the several states in proportion to the value of all land within each state, granted to, or surveyed for, any person as such land and buildings and improvements thereon shall be estimated, according to such mode as the United States in congress assembled shall, from time to time, direct and appoint. The taxes for paying that proportion shall be laid and levied by the

authority and direction of the legislatures of the several states within the time agreed upon by the United States in congress assembled." 8th article of confederation.

By this article, the states pointedly and clearly reserved to themselves the right of taxation ; and although congress were invested with the power of emitting bills of credit, and borrowing money, they had no means of meeting their engagements but through the states.

The apportionment of their quotas to the different states was a constant and fruitful source of vexation. Some of them were unwilling, and some unable to meet the national demands, until public faith became, at last, a butt of ridicule. A reference to the journals of congress and archives of the department of state will show the real and excessive distresses of the nation. In February, 1781, congress passed a resolution declaring it indispensably necessary that they should be invested with the power of levying, for the use of the United States, a duty of five per cent. *ad valorem*, upon all goods, wares and merchandise of foreign growth and manufacture which may be imported into the said United States ; to which resolution was added the following :—

" That the moneys arising from the said duties be appropriated to the discharge of the principal and interest of the debts already contracted, on the faith of the United States for supporting the present war."

" That the said duties be continued until the said debts shall be fully and finally discharged." Deb. Cong. Feb. 5th, 1781.

Several of the states passed acts allowing the above duties to be imposed ; but Rhode Island made such cogent objections to the proposition, that a committee consisting of Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Madison and Mr. Fitzsimmons, was appointed to draft an answer to that state. This answer bears internal evidence of being the production of Hamilton's powerful pen. In justification of the proposition for granting to the United States the power of levying an impost, it was urged to be a matter of necessity, and that repeated experiments had shown that the revenue to be raised within the states was altogether inadequate to the public wants. A deputation of three of the members was sent to Rhode Island for the purpose of making farther efforts to procure the compliance of that state. Notwithstanding all this, either Rhode Island was not convinced, or opposition started up elsewhere, and most of the other states which had passed acts favorable to the views of congress, took

the alarm and repealed them. The next year the necessities of the nation again forced the subject before congress, and the following resolution was passed :

“ Resolved by nine States, That it be recommended to the several states as indispensably necessary to the restoration of public credit, and to the punctual and honorable discharge of the public debts, to invest the United States in congress assembled, with the power to levy for the use of the United States the following duties upon goods imported into the said states from any foreign port, island, or plantation.”

[Here follows a list of the duties proposed.]

“ Provided, That none of the said duties shall be applied to any other purpose than the discharge of the interest or principal of the debts contracted upon the faith of the United States for supporting the war agreeably to a resolution of the 16th of December last, nor be continued for a longer term than twenty-five years.” It was also resolved, *“ that none of the preceding resolutions shall take effect until all of them shall be acceded to by every state.”* &c. Res. of Cong. 18 April, 1783.

On the questions being taken, both of the members from Rhode Island and one from New-York opposed the resolution.

A committee was again appointed to address the states ; but in vain : the act met with the fate of its predecessors, and was rejected by six states out of the thirteen. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina passed acts enabling congress to carry their resolutions into effect. Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Delaware only complied in part, while Maryland, New-York and Georgia never passed any act at all on the subject.

In February, 1786, three years after the resolution laying an impost had passed the house, and while the states had not made any farther concessions than have been just mentioned, a committee, to whom were referred the several reports concerning the system of general revenue, recommended by congress in 1783, made their report. In the course of it they say,

“ Thus circumstanced, after the most solemn deliberation, and under the fullest conviction that the public embarrassments are such as above represented, and that they are daily increasing, the committee are of opinion that it has become the duty of congress to declare most explicitly that the crisis has arrived

when the people of these United States, by whose will and for whose benefit the federal government was instituted, must decide whether they will support their rank as a nation, by maintaining the public faith at home and abroad, or whether, for want of a timely exertion in establishing a general revenue, and thereby giving strength to the confederacy, they will hazard not only the existence of the union, but of those great and invaluable privileges for which they have so arduously and honorable contended."

This report was accepted, and a resolution was passed recommending to the states which had not assented to the requisitions of congress respecting the impost system, an immediate compliance with it. On the 4th of May, in the same year, the state of New-York passed an act on the subject, the title of which is remarkable, and clearly shows the spirit and intention of the law :

"An act for giving and granting to the United States in congress assembled certain imposts and duties on foreign goods imported into this state *for the special purpose* of paying the principal and interest of the debt contracted in the prosecution of the late war with Great Britain."

The provisions of this law, (not, however, that part relating to the special purpose of the application of the receipts) were not found to comply with that recommended by congress, and the legislature were requested to alter it. But no alteration ever was made.

Early in the year 1787, it was determined to call a convention of the states for the purpose of revising the articles of confederation which were found to be too defective to answer any longer the purposes intended. We have not room here to insert the interesting debates which ensued. A very brief outline of those parts connected with the subject before us, however, is necessary. Mr. Charles Pinckney submitted to the convention, on the twenty-ninth day of May, the original draft of our constitution, which soon after superseded the confederation.

The first paragraph of the sixth article was as follows :

"The legislature of the United States shall have the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises."

Mr. Pinckney's draft was referred to a committee of five, who on the 6th of August following, reported this article, without any other than a numerical alteration from the sixth to the

seventh. On the 22d of the same month a committee to whom this article among others was again referred, reported that in their opinion the following clause should be added to it: "*For payment of debts and necessary expenses of the United States; provided, that no law for raising any branch of revenue except what may be specially appropriated for the payment of interest on debts or loans shall continue in force for more than years.*"

After undergoing two more changes in two days, it was again referred to another committee who reported it in the following form:

"The United States shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States."

From this form it again underwent a change, but it was finally submitted for the ratification of the states in its present shape. Acts were accordingly passed calling conventions in the different states for the purpose of accepting or rejecting this constitution. We shall add some farther extracts from the proceedings of these bodies, as showing what ideas were entertained by them of the true extent of the powers of taxation granted by them to congress.

Massachusetts, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New-York, North Carolina and Rhode Island annexed the following amendments, either recommending or insisting on their adoption. These acts evidently contemplate a system of taxation as a means of defraying common expenses, and as a means to be used for no other purpose whatever.

State of Massachusetts.—"That Congress do not lay direct taxes, but when the money arising from the impost and excise are insufficient for the public exigencies; nor then until Congress shall have first made a requisition upon the states to assess, levy and pay their respective proportions of such requisition," &c.

State of South Carolina.—"That the general government of the United States ought never to impose direct taxes, but where the moneys arising from the duties, impost and excise, are insufficient for the public exigencies, nor then until Congress shall have made a requisition upon the states, to assess, levy and pay their respective proportions of such requisitions." &c.

State of New-Hampshire.—"That Congress do not lay direct taxes but when the moneys arising from impost, excise, and their other resources, are insufficient for the public exigencies;

nor then until Congress shall have first made a requisition upon the states," &c.

State of Virginia.—When Congress shall lay direct taxes or excises, they shall immediately inform the executive power of each state of the quota of such state, according to the census herein directed, which is proposed to be thereby raised; and if the legislature of any state shall pass a law which shall be effectual for raising such quota at the time required by Congress; the taxes and excises laid by Congress shall not be collected in such state."

State of New-York.—"That the Congress will not lay direct taxes within this state; but when the moneys arising from the impost and excise shall be insufficient for the public exigencies, nor then until Congress shall first have made a requisition upon this state to assess," &c.

State of North Carolina.—"When Congress shall lay direct taxes or excises they shall immediately inform the executive power of each state of the quota of such state according to the census herein directed, which is proposed to be thereby raised, and if the legislature of any state shall pass a law which shall be effectual for raising such quota at the time required by Congress, the taxes and excises laid by Congress shall not be collected in such state."

State of Rhode Island.—"In cases of direct taxes, Congress shall first make requisition on the several states to assess," &c.

We now bring our extracts to a close, with the full belief that enough, and more than enough, has been produced to satisfy every unprejudiced mind of the true intent and meaning of the grant of powers of taxation to the United States.

Let it be borne in mind that throughout our revolutionary war, the United States, in their aggregate capacity, were under the necessity of incurring debts without sufficient funds to meet the payment of them; that these United States constantly represented to the people the national exigencies, and the necessity of investing the nation, in its corporate capacity, with powers to levy taxes or imposts, for the purpose, and as it was uniformly expressed, for the sole purpose of defraying the expenses and paying the debts of the nation; that the people as constantly refused, for six successive years, to listen to any suggestion on the subject, until at length they were assured that the affairs of the United States were arrived at that crisis, beyond which it was impossible, under existing circumstances, for the union to continue; that public credit was at its lowest ebb; and that the only means to preserve the national character and national existence was to empower Congress to levy taxes for the payment of these debts, for which the public credit had

been solemnly pledged. Under these circumstances, and in this situation of affairs the constitution of the United States was adopted. We do not hear of any other inducement offered ; we insist that there was not any other ; and we challenge the production of any proof of any other inducement for this same people to grant to the national legislature the powers of taxation, than that so repeatedly and urgently set forth in Congress, namely, the absolute necessity of enabling them to supply themselves with the means of paying the debts and providing for the common defence and general welfare. Is it not an outrage upon our understanding, upon common sense, to tell us that a whole people who even at the hazard of again being reduced under British domination, refused this license to Congress, should afterwards, and within the same year, grant the same Congress greater powers than they had ever asked or ever thought of! powers of determining whether a given method of honestly exchanging commodities between man and man, private individuals, and American citizens within the United States, is agreeable to their views of propriety or policy. If the constitution had explicitly required such a grant, does any one believe that the people would have knowingly consented to it? But it may be said that this means is resorted to, not for the sake of interference between American citizens in their mutual dealings, but in order to close this vent to British and other foreign commodities. This same principle, without extending it an iota beyond such a construction, empowers Congress to destroy the judicial system in order to prevent the foreign owner from supporting his legal rights in a Court of justice, or to lay a tax of ninety-nine per cent. on the rents of ware-houses to prevent the storing of British fabrics.

It is true that Congress are constituted the sole judges of what is for the general welfare or not—they may, if they think fit, provide for the common defence and public welfare by giving Mr. Henry 40,000 dollars for state secrets, or by building castles to be converted into gardens, or by constructing steam frigates, to be used afterwards for hospitals,—for the obvious meaning of the constitution is that of all these things, Congress shall be the sole and absolute judges. But the meaning of the constitution is equally obvious, that Congress shall have no power whatever directly or indirectly, to interfere between two American citizens, one of whom has money and the other cloth, and say to the first, it is contrary to the general welfare for you to offer your money for the cloth, and we shall take effectual measures to prevent it. But perhaps it will be contended, that it is of no great consequence

whether Congress have the right very clearly invested in them, as long as their acts are governed by a sound discretion. That for example in the present case the long list of petitioners is a proof that auctions are pernicious, and that a system which so many deprecate must be an evil. We have already admitted that auctions under certain circumstances are an evil, but we are not prepared to admit that the number of petitioners is a proof of the evil. There is no doubt that almost every house owner in the city of New-York might be prevailed upon to petition Congress to impose a tax of ten per cent. upon all farther building in cities where the houses exceeded a certain number. They could represent, plausibly enough, that the farther increase of houses is a serious evil; that houses do not now pay an adequate rent for the capital expended; that there are already more than are occupied, &c. &c. A much greater list of grievances might be enumerated against printing; and some Jack Cades may arise and procure thousands of petitioners for a tax of ten, twenty, or fifty per cent. to be laid on the sale of books and newspapers. If the number of yards of signatures is to influence the deliberations of Congress, it is no sketch of fancy that supposes the possibility of these things. Much has been urged too on the ground that on these points Congress will exercise a sound discretion. If we suppose that the members of Congress are men of the greatest and most disinterested virtue and integrity, we suppose quite as much as is true. Of the whole number of representatives we may safely say that the greater part are indifferent as to the fate of the auction bill; and this is as good an example as any. Men who are ignorant of a subject, or indifferent about it, will undoubtedly be influenced by those who are not ignorant and indifferent; and these are precisely the persons most interested, and consequently least likely to exercise a soundness of discretion. Witness the late discussions on the Tariff. Can we reasonably expect them to exercise a virtue which we seem to despise, by voluntarily yielding the solitary check we now possess over them?

It may be farther objected to us, that Congress may constitutionally lay a tax in order to pay the debts, &c., of the United States, and that, if it should operate as prohibitory, it is an accidental result of the law for which they are not responsible. But we insist that the law is to be judged by its effects; and if these are in any way unconstitutional, the law must be so likewise. The late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Gibbons v. Ogden*, on the question of Steamboats, is a case precisely in point. Besides the

same construction would justify almost any prohibition whatsoever. Once sanction this principle—give to Congress the right of prohibition, and the freedom of the people subsists only by the frail and precarious tenure of a legislator's wisdom, or a statesman's caprice.

CANZONE.

I.

And must it then be so, dear native land!
 That thou—of all the nations thou alone—
 Unjust Athena's malison must feel?
 And is it true, Hyperion! has thy hand
 A curse upon thy western temples thrown,
 That suppliant myriads should unheeded kneel?
 Oh! why shouldst thou reveal,
 God of the far-spied dart, and golden lyre!
 Unequal Pythius, thy mysterious fire
 To him who sees thee in the orient sky;
 And with averted eye,
 And scornful lip, to us, who dwell beneath
 Thy evening arch remote, to us deny,
 (Sire of the silver bow, and sounding sheath!)
 The steed, the hoof-struck fount, the hill, the laurel wreath!

II.

My own, my native land! it cannot be
 That thou, so beautiful, the abiding scorn
 Must feel of Helicon's injurious Nine!
 For thou art fair, dear clime, and thou art free!
 And never bent the admiring eyes of Morn
 On woods and waters lovelier than thine.
 Nor can a worthier shrine
 On Latian plains be reared, or Delphi's hills,
 Than here mid thousand music-breathing rills
 Sweeter than Aganippe, or the tide
 That flows on Cirrha's side,
 Famed Castaly, or Arethusa's fount
 Or that bright wave (ah! why to us denied?)
 Which, at the wing'd steed's touch (so bards recount)
 Burst the green sward, and flowed sweet murmuring down the mount!

III.

Why is it thus, that thou hast never poured
 Here as in other worlds, on Fancy's view
 Scenes of the olden or the future time?
 Why is it thus? Art thou not here adored
 With hearts as loyal, and with lips as true
 And knees as low as in thy chosen clime?
 Wilt thou the brows of crime,
 Where better seemed the brand of good men's scorn,
 With the high honours of the bays adorn;
 And not a scattered leaf of laurel shed
 Upon the bending head

Of him who worships thee with purer heart,
And touches thy steep path with chaster tread,
Than they to whom alone thou dost impart
Sweet lessons of thy lore and heaven-descended art?

IV.

And ye, bright queens of song! symphonious Nine!
Ye virgin-daughters of Olympian Jove,
Sweet quiristers to Pæan's golden strings!
To ye we rear with pious hands, a shrine
In many a verdant vale and shadowy grove,
By winding streams, cool grot and crystal springs,
Where arching laurel flings
Mysterious shade and grateful airs around;
Where footstep scarce is seen, nor ruder sound
Than Procne's song, or voice of warbling bird
To ye unknown, is heard—
Swift-tittering wren, or garrulous jay, or thrush
Scarce heeding when the wind-swung boughs are stirred—
Or plash of pebbly brook, with bubbling gush
Forcing melodious way, through tangled briar and bush.

V.

Then leave Europa's shores, celestial maids!
And hither speed, across the Mighty Sea.
As ye were wont, your ever-western flight.
For thus, 'tis said, ye left your native shades,
What time the voice of hateful Tyranny
Startled your anxious ears on Arne's height.
When first, with pale affright,
The Macedon ye saw with bloodstained brand
And haughty stride, stalk victor through the land,
Your sweet abodes ye left with many a sigh,
And sought a new home nigh
Slow Mincius, and on young Ausonia's plain,
Taught her free sons immortal melody—
Till at the clanking of the Roman's chain,
Ye urged your angry flight to Albion's far domain.

VI.

Come, eldest of the Nine, with laurel crown—
Bright queen of story! with the dazzling scroll
And trump and shrill-toned pipe, and plectre, come!
And teach us to rehearse the high renown
Of him who bade reluctant War to roll
The peal of Vengeance on the doubling drum;
Changing the grateful hum
Of peaceful cities to dread Battle's roar,
Till foiled and quelled the Despot shunned the shore,
Leaving his sceptre in the Hero's hand;
Then with near presence stand,
And build the story how the Chief surveyed
With careless eye the Empire of the land,
Broke, unseduced, the Tyrant's yielded blade,
And Conquest's glittering prize on Freedom's altar laid.

VII.

And thou ! sweet queen of soothing words, descend
 Calliope ! from Heaven, with ivy wreath
 Thy careless golden locks entwined among.
 To us someshare of thy loved influence lend,
 And bid the bard's dream rest our lids beneath,
 Prompting to lofty rhyme the obedient tongue !
 For else may not be sung
 In numbers meet another Hero's praise—
 He who disdained to live luxurious days,
 But at fast-fainting Freedom's desperate cry,
 Raised his indignant eye,
 And from his angry brow the myrtle tore,
 And crossed the sea, and sought a stranger-sky,
 And bathed his champion-blade in Thraldom's gore,
 Then crowned with deathless Fame, left freed Hesperia's shore:

Go forth ! my friendless song ! all reckless, go
 Forth on the waves of time, and if perchance
 Thy pages meet the glance
 Of him, the sole one here around whose lyre
 Floats the near flood of unembodied fire ;
 Tell him his country, from Monadnoc's snow
 To the far Gulf where southern ardors glow,
 Calls on him to awake the slumbering string
 Of his high harp, that we no more may be
 A scorn among the nations, and that he
 May boldly soar upon the upward wing,
 And back to Earth again, empyreal riches bring.

O. P. Q.

The Book of the Church. By Robert Southey, Esq. L. L. D.
 2 vols. 8vo. London. John Murray. 1824.

Those of our readers who have already heard of this publication, without being able to obtain a sight of its contents, have doubtless been puzzled, in no inconsiderable degree, to determine, from the title of the work, its precise subject and design. Mr. Southey's object, in these very interesting volumes, is one which we should suppose would procure him the thanks of a very large portion of the British public, and of those on this side the Atlantic who are well disposed to the diffusion of religious information. It is to trace the history of the Romish Church in Britain, from the first introduction of Christianity into that country—the gradual progress of religious light—the reformation—and the happy establishment of the Church of England, on the ruins of defeated Catholicism. The narrative is continued down to the period of the revolution

in 1688 ; and the express purpose of the author is to put into the hands of the younger portion of the British community, a compendious narrative of their established religion. To the young of our own country, however, we conceive the design to present no less either of interest or of instruction. Whatever be the distinctions prevailing among us of religious opinion, all protestants must view with equal concern the record of a church which took so distinguished a part in the deliverance of the world from the bondage of mental and spiritual despotism ; which defended the truth with the learning, and sealed it with the martyrdom of her sons. It is on this account that we could wish to see a new edition of this able historical sketch issue from one of the presses of our own country.

That there is, among the younger class of the community, a lamentable deficiency of knowledge as to the world's religious history, is a complaint which we have often heard made by those whose professional intercourse gave them facilities of information. And the remark has probably been confirmed by the experience of many of our readers. Advert, in the course of conversation, to any one of those great events which stand conspicuous upon the ecclesiastical records—and what is the extent of acquaintance with these subject most generally manifested ? We allude in particular, in these remarks, to the female part of society ; and that too, among the ranks of the well educated and accomplished. Of that religion to which they owe all their happiness in this world, and their hopes of happiness in another, they are as little informed as to the rise, the progress, and the remarkable periods, as if the great drama had been acted upon some other planet, in which mankind had neither part nor interest. Now we do think that something is to be said in palliation of such a state of things. For those who wish to obtain a competent acquaintance with the annals of the church of Christ, in an easy and interesting form, there are few works in circulation. There has been no medium preserved between the dry, chronological outline, intended for the library of the professional student, and the unsatisfactory substitute of abridgment. What has been all along wanted, is a collection of histories of detached portions of the christian church, arranged in a familiar style, diversified with anecdotes of private character, and made to combine the purpose of entertainment with that of solid instruction. And such precisely is the work which Mr. Southey has presented to the public. In our opinion, if there be one among the various talents with which this distinguished writer is gifted, which entitles him more than

another to admiration, it is his power as a biographer and historian. Along with the main narrative, he has the rare faculty of scattering lively individual delineations. His style is rich and various; flowing rapidly and vigorously on, in an uninterrupted stream. His memoir of Lord Nelson—the only one that will go down to posterity, and his account of Wesley and Methodism—which, whatever may be said of its religious views and opinions, pictures off the great subject to the very life, and leaves us under the impression of the greatness and the goodness of that extraordinary man, would alone place him among the first biographers, if we had no other instances to prove his claim to such distinction. The work before us possesses all the qualities for which he is so remarkable. It assembles together the principal facts; places them in an inviting position, and gives to the subject all those attractions which strong feeling, and pathos, and personal portraits, can lend to it. Take as samples of the author's manner, the following selections from different parts of his work, for our room is too scanty for many extracts. We have chosen descriptions of individual character, because they can most properly be detached from the main body of the narrative.

Our first specimen is his account of the famous Hildebrand:

“The pretensions of the Roman Church had at this time been carried to their highest pitch by Gregory VII., one of those restless spirits who obtain an opprobrious renown in history, for disturbing the age in which they live. The Romanists themselves acknowledge now the inordinate ambition of this haughty pontiff, who may be deemed the founder of the papal dominion; but during many centuries, he was held up as an object of admiration to the Christian world, and still holds his place as a saint in the Romish Calendar. His sanctity, the legends of that church relate, was pre-figured in childhood, by sparks proceeding from his garments, and by a lambent light which appeared to issue from his head. He himself affirmed, that in a dream, there went forth fire from his mouth, and set the world in flames; and his enemies, who verified him as a sorcerer, admitted, that such a vision was appropriate to one who was indeed a firebrand. Another of his dreams was, that he saw St. Paul clearing out dung from his church, wherein cattle had taken shelter, and calling upon him to assist him in the work; and certain persons who were keeping vigils in St. Peter's Church, beheld, in a waking vision, St. Peter and Hildebrand laboring at the same task. By such artifices his reputation for sanctity was established among the people, while he obtained promotion for his activity and talents; till at length, rather by intrigue and popular outcry, than by canonical election, he was chosen Pope. Hitherto, the Popes had recognized the supremacy of the Emperors, by notifying to them their election before they were consecrated, and having that ceremony performed in the presence of an imperial envoy. Hildebrand conformed to this, being conscious that his elevation was informal, and glad to have it thus ratified. The use he made of the power which he had thus obtained, was to throw off all dependence upon the temporal authority, and establish a system, whereby Rome should again become the mistress of the world. A grand

er scheme never was devised by human ambition ; and wild as it may appear, it was at that time, in many point so beneficial, that the most upright men might conscientiously have laboured to advance it. Whether the desire of benefitting mankind had any place among the early impulses of Hildebrand, may well be doubted, upon the most impartial consideration of his conduct ; but in preparing the way for an intolerable tyranny, and for the worst of all abuses, he began by reforming abuses, and vindicating legal rights." Vol. I. pp. 126—8.

We pass over the long intermediate space between this beginning of papal supremacy, and the brighter days of its overthrow. Of Sir Thomas More, the inveterate opponent of Henry the Eighth, as it respected his rebellion against the Roman Pontiff, Mr. Southey thus draws the character.

" Sir Thomas More is represented by the Protestant martyrologists, as a cruel persecutor ; by Catholics as a blessed martyr. Like some of his contemporaries, he was both. But the character of this illustrious man deserves a fairer estimate than has been given it, either by his adorers or his enemies." * * * " The Protestants who by his orders, and some of them actually in his sight, were flogged and racked, to make them declare with whom they were connected, and where was the secret deposit of their forbidden books, imputed the cruelty of the laws to his personal inhumanity. In this they were as unjust to him, as he was in imputing moral criminality to them, for he was one of those unworldly dispositions which are ever more willing to endure evil than to inflict it. It is because this was so certainly his temper and his principle, that his decided intolerance has left a stain upon his memory : what in his contemporaries was only consistent with themselves and the times, appearing monstrous in him, who in other points was advanced so far beyond his age. But by this very superiority it may partly be explained. He perceived, in some some of the crude and perilous opinions which were now promulgated, consequences to which the Reformers, in the ardor and impatience of their sincerity, were blind : he saw that they tended to the subversion, not of existing institutions alone, but of civil society itself : the atrocious phrenzy of the Anabaptists in Germany confirmed him in this apprehension ; and the possibility of re-edifying the Church upon its old foundations, and giving it a moral strength which should resist all danger, entered not into his mind, because he was contented with it as it stood, and in the strength of his attachment to its better principles, loved some of its errors, and excused others. Herein he was unlike his friend Erasmus, whom he resembled equally in extent of erudition, and in sportiveness of wit. But More was characteristically devout : the imaginative part of Catholicism had its full effect upon him ; its splendid ceremonials, its magnificent edifices, its alliance with painting, music, and sculpture, (the latter arts then rapidly advancing to their highest point of excellence,) its observances, so skilfully interwoven with the business, the festivities, and the ordinary economy of life,—in these things he delighted,—and all these the Reformers were for sweeping away. But the impelling motive for his conduct was his assent to the tenet, that belief in the doctrines of the Church was essential to salvation. For upon that tenet, whether it be held by Papist or Protestant, toleration becomes, what it has so often been called—soul murder : persecution is, in the strictest sense, a duty ; and it is an act of religious charity to burn heretics alive, for the purpose of deterring others from damnation. The tenet is proved to be false by its intolerable consequences,—and no strong-

er example can be given of its injurious effect upon the heart, than that it should have made Sir Thomas More a persecutor." Vol. II. pp. 24—8.

One more extract shall suffice :—It is taken from the conclusion of the author's narrative of the martyrdom of Cranmer; that man, as Bishop Burnet has so accurately said of him, "raised of God for great services, and well fitted for them."

"Ely, who was afterwards president of St. John's, still continued urging him to repentance." * * * "Once more he called upon him to stand to his recantation. Cranmer stretched forth his right arm, and re-plied, "This is the hand that wrote it, and therefore it shall suffer punishment first"

"True to this, as soon as the flame rose, he held his hand out to meet it, and retained it there steadfastly, so that all the people saw it sensibly burning before the fire reached any other part of his body; and often he repeated, with a loud and firm voice, "This hand hath offended! this unworthy right hand!" Never did martyr endure the fire with more invincible resolution; no cry was heard from him, save the exclamation of the protomartyr Stephen, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' He stood immovable at the stake to which he was bound, his countenance raised, looking to heaven, and anticipating that rest into which he was about to enter; and thus, 'in the greatness of the flame,' he yielded up his spirit. The fire did its work soon, and his heart was found unconsumed amid the ashes." * * * "A patient and willing holocaust; triumphant, not over his persecutors alone, but over himself, over the mind as well as the body, over fear, and weakness, and death" Vol. II. pp. 240—2.

Enough of the work has probably been now laid before our readers, to afford them a general idea of the method pursued by the author. The student of ecclesiastical history will find little in these pages that is new, excepting, indeed, that novelty which genius throws around every subject that it touches. As little should he think of coming to such a source as the present, for those details stated at length, and with all their accompanying evidences, which are essential to a safe and satisfactory investigation. But when we recommend a book like that now before us, it is only with a view to the purpose for which it was intended. We conceive it to have contributed something towards filling up the gap in church history of a lighter kind; and to have furnished a most beautiful model for works of a similar description, for the benefit of the younger members of our community. It is on this account that we cannot join in the unqualified condemnation we have at times heard, from the circumstance of Mr. Southey's having omitted constant reference to the authorities upon which his narrative is founded. Such an addition, in the way of continued notes, would only have been a heavy appendage to the history, without any beneficial purpose to the class of readers to which it is chiefly addressed. It was not written to fulfil the office of a textbook, but to lie upon the parlor-table. The encumbrance,

therefore, would have been out of place ; and we think, both good taste and sound judgment have been displayed in its omission. We must however upon this point say, that a list, immediately after the table of contents, of the principal sources to which the author had access in the course of his composition, would have been extremely useful in showing what has been written upon the subject of his work. The occasional references interspersed through the body of the narrative are too few for this purpose ; and in respect of a thing so needful and important, the reader is almost as much in the dark at the conclusion, as he was at the beginning of the book.

One word upon the views contained in one most important portion of this history. It is not our place to take up arms either for one or the other side, in matters of religious controversy ; but to animadvert upon what is manifestly erroneous representation, without doubt comes fairly within our province. We allude to the author's estimate of Archbishop Laud and of puritanism. Mr. Southey's inveterate dislike to any thing that clashes with the established order of things, is sufficiently well known both in his own country and in this. So far as this principle is manifested in a strong and conscientious attachment to the church of his land, and to all its forms and rites and institutions, we have certainly no right to quarrel with him ; and those on this side the water who are within the pale of a communion essentially the same with that of England, if they are consistent, will from their hearts applaud such a spirit. But we are certain that, upon the present occasion, the writer's prejudices have warped him ; and if it should be the desire of any of our young and inexperienced readers to obtain a correct unbiassed view of things, as they stood in those turbulent times, we should advise them to come cautiously to the book before us. The conflict then waged between the two parties is a subject which, of all others, calls for a candid, impartial, and conceding temper. We shall not say which way our own inclinations on the subject of this struggle lean : but without expressing any opinion, we will grant, for the sake of argument, all that has been asserted of the puritans, their leveling fury, their stern and rigid fanaticism ; and, to the farthest number, the accumulated instances handed down to us of their deep hypocrisy. But let us, after this, ask, whether such an admission in the least warrants a view of their character, which like that Mr. Southey has given us, passes over all their better features ; involves their motives of action in one indiscriminate and sweeping condemnation ; and, worse than all, never bestows one eulogy upon those qualities of inward, spiritual religion,

wunch raised them, as a body, so far above their opponents ? 'Tis certainly can be no just exhibition of the truth. Hide no faults, but, if redeeming virtues are to be found, bring them forward in company. The disposition of our author to hold up these men to odium and reproach, has betrayed him into much that is deserving of censure ; and, among other things, into an attempt to carry triumphantly through all investigation the character of the Primate Laud. and to exalt him at the expense of his enemies. With all the allowances to be made for the spirit of his time, who can take a calm, deliberate survey of the whole course of this unhappy prelate, and then pronounce that he was without a stain ? We lament that partialities (perhaps excusable, for who among us is found free from them.) should have driven such a writer so heedlessly into extremes.

In the present state of our country, it is difficult to form any certain calculation as to the success attending a republication of works like the present. But it would really seem, counting from the want now existing of such a species of history, and of many more of a like character, as if there was much probability of an extensive circulation, if given to the community in some less costly form than that of the London edition. Taking the book as a whole, we declare it, without hesitation, to be among the most engaging that have ever fallen under our eye. No fictitious narratives that have issued from the press have surpassed, in effect, the records our author has given us of some of the martyrdoms, first under Henry the Eighth, and afterwards under the bloody regime of the infamous Mary. No representations of human character have more deeply absorbed our attention, than the relation of the long controversy between the artful and ambitious Becket, and his deceived and offended monarch. A history embracing a field so wide, so diversified, so crowded with events, coming from the hand of one versed by long and habitual exercise in this style of composition, and with a mind enriched with such extensive stores for illustration, offers a prospect of amusement as well as profit, which, if we are not mistaken, would excite public attention and curiosity to no inconsiderable extent.

A SKETCH.

They knew it was their destiny to sever—
And yet they loved with that intensity,
That deep devouring passion, which may never
Seek in this selfish world for happiness.

Yet they had learned to suffer, and could see
Their dearest pleasures daily vanishing.
But fate had still one arrow left to sting
Their hearts to madness—they could calmly bear
To lose each earthly joy, so they might share
Each other's sorrow, but the hour was nigh
When they must part—in life to linger on,
And struggle with their breaking hearts alone,
Or yield at once to wretchedness and die.

She had been beautiful, but now that worst
Most fatal sickness—sorrow—long had preyed
Upon her beauty; fond affection nursed
In loneliness and tears, too soon will fade
The bloom on woman's cheek—yet she would hide
Her sufferings from him, and whene'er he sighed
In sad foreboding, she would gayly smile,
And with kind cheerful words his grief beguile,
Tho' her own heart was agonized the while.
Oh! man, ungrateful man can never know
The force of woman's love—how deep, how strong
Is her enduring tenderness. In woe
She is the firmest friend—when the world's wrong
Weighs on the heart, her hand is ever near
To soothe the pang, and wipe the starting tear.
In joy's bright hour her playfulness may gain
A homage that proud man denies in vain;
But 'tis in sorrow, danger and distress
That woman shines in all her loveliness;
In calm forgetfulness of self she braves
The world's worst storms—the sole reward she craves,
To know that she has turned aside one dart—
Meant for *his* breast—to rankle in *her* heart.

The hour had come when they must separate,
Torn heart from heart by the stern hand of fate.
No common mark of vulgar grief was there,
No bursting sob, no bitter scalding tear;
His brow was wrung with passions fierce and wild,
His pallid lip was writhed in agony,
And his eye shone with madness, as he smiled
In bitterness—she clung to his embrace.
As though she would in that last joy efface
The blighting thought; that all the past could give
No food on which a transient hope might live.

Days passed away, but she was now as one
Not of this world—she felt herself alone—
Estranged from all existence—joy could bring
No flower, upon her desert path to fling.
And thus she suffered, till an icy chill
Came o'er her heart, and even his name no more
Could rouse the feeling it was wont, before
This fearful change; but he the loved one still
Dwelt on her image, till the gloomy shroud
Of madness wrapt his brain—he shunned the crowd

Of the world's votaries, and found his home
 Among the rocks and caves—he loved to roam
 In desert places where man feared to tread;
 And then he thought of her as of the dead,
 And he would woe her spirit to descend
 With smiling brow, and gentle words, and lend
 Some portion of its bliss to him, who gave
 Himself to be deep passion's veriest slave.

At length he wandered to the place where they
 Were wont to meet in youthful pleasure's day.
 It was a lonely spot—the moon's pale beams
 Could scarcely pierce the gloom, yet her sweet light
 Shone faintly through the trees, like the bright dreams
 That visit even the maniac's darkest night.
 Within the grave he saw a form reclined—
 Her snow white arms around a tree were twined,
 And her thick tresses o'er her fair brow fell,
 And hid the face that he had loved too well.
 She saw him not—strange feelings thrilled his frame—
 She murmured faintly, and at length the name—
 His name burst from her lips—the sudden shock
 Did the sealed fount of memory unlock;
 With one wild shriek he pressed her to his breast,
 She turned—she knew him, and her head found rest
 On its accustomed pillow—the quick gush
 Of feeling overcame her, and the blush
 Soon faded from her pallid cheek—one kiss,
 One long long kiss of love, and her embrace
 Grew fainter—as he gazed upon her face,
 He saw it with the hue of death o'erspread—
 One look of tenderness and—she was dead.

They sought her in the grove and there she lay,
 Pale, cold as marble, and beside her, they
 Found him she loved—it was a mournful token
 Of passionate love—their gentle hearts had broken !

LEGENDS OF MY GRANDFATHER.

"That's your Grandpapa's knock," said my mother to my youngest brother William, "run, and open the door for him, Billy. Billy needed not his mother's orders. Anticipated walnuts were so inseparably associated with his grandfather's visit, that his affectionate attentions required no other stimulus. Billy soon returned, hanging to the old gentleman's skirts with a sort of suspensory attitude of entreaty, and looking up into his eyes, as Carlo does at mine when he implores my more particularly inviting mutton-bones. The old gentleman paid his fees of entrance with a smile, and then stretched out

his arms to meet the kind embraces of his grand-children. I think I see, this moment, his patriarchal form before me, erect as an old tower, and as venerable—his free firm step, undebted for its steadiness to his cane, which he held in his hand with a grasp of most visible and independent vigor—his fine grey eye, beaming from beneath his greyer eyebrows,—and every thing betokening that freedom from the grosser infirmities of age which saves the human ruin from the otherwise inseparable attribute of meanness, that seems destined to accompany it. "Harry, my boy," said my grandfather to me, as soon as Billy had shoved forward the old arm chair, religiously reserved for the old gentleman, "Harry, why don't you come to see me, you young dog? Do you think I'm only seventy years of age, that you make me take this long walk every Saturday to see you? Oh! it was n't so a half a century ago, when Governor Clarke was—"

"Oh, grandpapa," said Billy, "don't you recollect? you promised, a good while ago, to tell us a long story about the Negroes and the Catholics that were once agoing to burn the city down, and—" "Who told you that the Catholics were in the plot, you young rogue you?" said the old gentleman, with a look that made Billy's walnut drop unkernelled from his lip. "Listen to me, boys, and I will tell you something about that Negro-plot that no one else can tell you."—My grandsire told the story, and I will tell it too; but not in the old gentleman's simple unaffected language, for that is not in good repute among this many-worded generation.

Charles Delancey's father died a bankrupt, when Charles was scarcely eleven years of age. Thus left a destitute and friendless orphan, (for his mother had died in childbed.) he was thrown upon the precarious support of a very distant relative, who was willing to afford him the mere necessities of life in consideration of his domestic services, which were but little removed above the level of those of the ordinary servant. Charles felt the degradation deeply; for young as he was at the time of his father's death, his habits and his tastes were already determined to a desire of those indefinite comforts and conveniences, the memory of which never ceases to operate upon the conduct of the man who has once had the opportunity to enjoy them. Independently of this, nature or accident had conferred upon him the dangerous gift of ardent feelings and impetuous and almost ungovernable passions. Under proper discipline, these would have contributed to his happiness. but left thus destitute of all control except the interested authority of his employer, it is no wonder that his strong and violent

appetites sought irregularly for opportunities of secret gratification. At the age of twenty, he was restrained from the commission of those excesses to which a love of pleasure necessarily leads, by the precarious barrier of generous but uncultivated sentiments. His evenings, when his master no longer required his presence to assist him in the concerns of his avocations, were spent in idleness and riot; and although he was never guilty of a downright violation of another person's rights, although he would have shuddered at the thoughts of intentionally injuring a fellow-creature, yet his indiscretion carried him to the freest indulgence in those vices which seem to the unreflecting to limit their own injurious consequences to the offender without affecting the rights or the interests of others. In this state of things, his employer died, and Charles would have run headlong into irretrievable disgrace and ruin, had it not been for the generous kindness of a friend, who interposed, at this critical moment, to rescue him from the imminent perils which awaited him.

John Ury was a nonjuring clergyman, who had been obliged to leave his native country. (England.) in consequence of a bold and resolute defence of the political and religious opinions of the sect to which he belonged. He had been about two years in New-York before he met with Charles Delancey; and if any man was qualified to save that generous-hearted but misguided youth from the dangerous error of his ways, it was certainly this virtuous philanthropist. To a mind largely furnished with the choicest stores of ancient and modern learning, John Ury united the rarer qualifications of the most intrepid and romantic generosity, wherever he believed that the welfare of his fellow-creatures required the sacrifice of his time, his health, or any of his worldly interests. This spirit of self-devotion had already manifested itself by several acts, which appeared to those around him, as so many wayward and capricious eccentricities; so little were they capable of comprehending the motives which he allowed to regulate his conduct. Ury had seen with great regret the waste of talent and the wreck of generous feelings, to which Charles's careless dissipation and unregulated habits were irresistibly propelling him; and felt a strong desire, if possible, to reclaim him from his dangerous propensities. There was a sort of refined selfishness, perhaps, in this benevolent design; for Charles had many high and honourable qualities, which endeared him closely to his friend, and made his intercourse and intimacy almost indispensable. Ury's fortune was extremely limited, but he insisted upon dividing it with his friend, until some

means should be found of putting him in the way of earning an honest and a decent livelihood. No prospect of this kind had yet presented itself; and Charles continued to live with his friend Ury, whose noble and uncalculating friendship served to mitigate and soothe the mortifications of dependence.

There were many eccentricities in the conduct, and many paradoxes in the opinions of his friend, which Charles had hitherto frequently observed without endeavouring to seek their explanation. He perceived, however, not long after his establishment in Ury's house, a visible alteration in his benefactor's general deportment. He saw that he left the house and returned at very unusual hours; sometimes not until after midnight; and he remarked that his friend's countenance began to exhibit a strange expression of solicitude, of that sort which most stimulates curiosity and inquiry. Delancey was the more surprised at this, because his friend's confidence had hitherto never been qualified with the smallest symptom of reserve, and because he knew Ury too well to believe that guilt had any share in his mysterious demeanor.

It was about this time, (in the year 1741,) that the very frequent conflagrations in the city of New-York had begun to excite the suspicion of the police; and many of the inhabitants had already given credit to the story that the Negroes had entered into a deliberate conspiracy to destroy the whole city by fire. Delancey paid little or no attention to these reports; for he had unfortunately contracted a violent passion for a girl whom he had met in one of his evening rambles through the streets of the city; and who, led by some caprice, refused to give him any intimation of her name or place of residence. That she was a girl of questionable character, was evident enough from the facility with which she agreed to join him at an appointed time and place. She met him by appointment almost every evening, near the Long bridge, at the south-west end of the town, and consented to walk with him up the Broadway as far as to the English church and back again; but all his entreaties to induce her to disclose her name or lodgings were utterly unavailing. Delancey endeavored to conquer a passion so disgraceful and so fruitless; but he was held in hopeless captivity by a weakness which the defects of his education had created, or at least confirmed. The girl was uncommonly beautiful; and to him there was a charm in the spirit and freedom of her conversation that so fascinated and infatuated him as to make him overlook her gross indelicacy in thus consenting to clandestine assignations. A man of purer morals would have been shocked at the forward petulance of

her deportment; but Delancey had unfortunately even lost that nice perception of propriety and love of character that serve, in no small measure, to protect the thoughtless and the rash from profligate excesses. He thought of nothing but the beauty of this wanton, whose seductions had already so bewildered him, that he had seriously begun to think of offering her his hand. It was unfortunate for him, that Ury was at this moment too absorbed in his own thoughts to take notice of his friend's aberrations. They appeared indeed to have forgot each other; and scarcely met except at meals, where neither seemed disposed to interrupt each other's silent speculations. Charles, in the mean time, made every attempt to discover the place of residence of his mysterious mistress; but as she strictly enjoined upon him not to follow her when they separated, he found it for a long time impossible to satisfy his curiosity. Once he attempted to follow her, at a cautious distance, but she discovered his intention, and threatened solemnly never to meet him again, if he ever ventured a second time to trace her to her lodgings. Unable, however, to restrain his growing curiosity, he followed her the next night, at a still more circumspective distance; but after pursuing her retreating figure around fort Garden, Benson's brew-house, Stevens's tan-pits, and so back to the old Dutch church-yard, he lost sight of her entirely. At last one night, he determined to summon all his ingenuity to effect his purpose. It had just begun to rain; but he knew that this would not prevent the girl from being true to her appointment. Having disguised himself in a dress very different from that which he usually wore; he took a station at some distance from the place of rendezvous, near enough to see the *incognita* when she approached; but so couched himself behind an old building that she could not possibly see him. She came at the appointed hour, and after walking about a long time, with much impatience, she finally left the spot. He now pursued her cautiously; and although she appeared to observe him once or twice, his disguise effectually prevented her suspicions. Instead of going the round-about way home which she had generally gone, she now turned directly down Beaver-street into the Broadstreet, and disappeared, not far from the Jew's Alley. Delancey could not tell exactly where she vanished, but thought it was at a gate which led into the yard of Hughson's tavern. This tavern was in very bad repute; it had been for some time past a noted place of resort for all the idle blacks of that part of the town; and Hughson began to be suspected by the city magistrates as a receiver of stolen goods, and a harbinger of thieves. Could the object of

his pursuit be so vile a woman as to herd with such notorious vagabonds? Impossible. She most probably lived in the adjoining house, the appearance of which better corresponded with his wishes and anticipations. But what was he to do? Irregular as his habits had been, he shrunk from entering a house so notoriously infamous. Besides, if he should conquer his aversion, with what face could he inquire about a woman whom he did not even know by name. Whilst he was meditating what to do, he thought he heard her voice, among others, in the back room of the second story of the tavern. There was an alley which separated Hughson's house from the neighbouring one; and a window opening into this alley from the room where he thought he heard the voices. This window, from which the light of a candle proceeded, was the only one not closed; and it was not more than twenty feet above the ground. Delancey determined to scale the side of the house; and entering the alley, he contrived, by mounting first upon a shed, and supporting himself upon some projecting timbers of the adjoining building, to reach the window, though not without considerable difficulty. The darkness of the night skreened him, he well knew, from all observation from within; and his extreme curiosity drowned all those compunctious visitings of conscience, which would have prevented him, at any other time, from the violation of even a tavern-keeper's secrecy. He looked into the room, in fearful expectation to see there the beautiful, but (as he was now convinced) the abandoned creature, whom he had gradually permitted to gain over him so dangerous an empire. Instead of this, he saw a spectacle which astonished him beyond measure. Thirty stout black fellows, of different ages, were seated round a circle described upon the floor; and Hughson the tavern-keeper stood in the centre, administering to each of the gang an oath accompanied with strange formalities and fantastic ceremonies. Hughson's daughter was assisting in the solemnities, if such they could be called, and his wife was preparing a sort of supper in one corner of the room. Delancey now recollected the stories that were abroad about the Negro Plot, and was convinced that he had become, without intending it, a witness of their execrable rites. Struck with terror at the sight, he was preparing to descend with all possible precipitancy, when the sound of voices, high in dispute, on the staircase that led up to the room, arrested his attention. Above the rest was heard a firm strong voice, which he recognised with a fearful thrilling of the heart. The effect upon the party within the room seemed still greater.

than upon himself. The blacks started from their seats; and Hughson and his daughter looked upon each other with signs of evident embarrassment and vexation. There was a loud beating now against the door, and Ury's voice was heard again, sternly demanding instant admittance. The blacks looked towards Hughson, who attempted in vain to conceal his chagrin. "What does that d—d meddling priest mean," he cried, biting his lip, and stifling his voice, "by interrupting us to night? If he comes in, he'll spoil sport again, as he's done already more than once. Let the old fox take care, or he'll find a bloodhound that shall match him." The volley of execrations which accompanied this effusion were cut short by a second assault upon the door, and Ury's voice was heard exclaiming, "open the door instantly, or, if ye hesitate a moment, I'll denounce ye to the police!" With slow step and manifest reluctance, Hughson at length drew back the bolt, and Ury, with a stern undaunted air, walked into the very centre of the room. The conspirators seemed dismayed at his unwelcome entrance; and he evidently exercised a strange inexplicable influence over all of them. Even Hughson himself, whose hard unyielding features gave token of a firm and stubborn spirit, shrunk aside as Ury passed him, and did not dare to raise his eyes even to look upon his back. The blacks pressed close against the wall, while the priest stood boldly up before them, and addressed them with the harsh tone of a man accustomed to obedience, and secure of his authority. "Ye poor deluded creatures, and is this then your return for my indulgence? Is it thus ye keep your word with me? And do ye think that I will long endure this wickedness and folly? Shame on ye all! to be so cheated and cajoled by that arch-monster there! Have I not told ye, he will sell your necks for a half-gallon of Jamaica rum? And do ye then believe that I am not in earnest when I tell ye, that unless ye change your doings, half of ye shall certainly be hung in chains, or what ye more deserve, burnt at the stake? I have borne three times your fooleries and your mummeries. I bear with them no more. As sure as there's a God in Heaven, so sure as ye dare meet again, I give your names with all my proofs that day to the police. Think not I fear your vengeance. I am stronger than ye all, for I have placed the documents of your guilt where they lie ready to be opened, if any violence is done to me. He who murders *me*, betrays and hangs or burns ye all! Remember that! As for you John Hughson, who are the cause of all this mischief, see to yourself more nearly. I hold your

life and death at my disposal ; provoke me not again, or you repent too late." The rebuke of him who is too strong to be resisted, is all powerful. Hughson quailed before the anger of the priest ; and the blacks silently and sullenly obeyed the orders of Ury, who commanded them to begone without an instant's hesitation to their homes. The priest then renewed his menaces to Hughson, and left the room, warning him again, that he had papers and proofs of the designs of the conspirators, which he had ordered to be opened in case of his death. Hughson stood a moment, a statue of disappointed malice. Then venting some share of his vexation in a volley of frightful execrations, he called hastily and angrily for Mary Burton ; and on her not entering immediately, he passed quickly into an adjoining room, followed by his wife and daughter.

Delancey now descended and hastened home, and found the priest pacing up and down his room in manifest agitation. Charles immediately confessed to his friend that he had been a witness to the scene at Hughson's tavern. Ury seemed at first displeased, and somewhat grieved at this discovery. He looked fixedly in Delancey's face, as he asked him, whether he had honor and steadiness enough to be the depositary of a dangerous but important trust. Charles made the most vehement protestations of fidelity ; and Ury then delivered into his hands a sealed packet, enjoining with great solemnity, the utmost care and circumspection. " It contains," he said, " convincing proofs of Hughson's criminal designs, and a full exposure of all the plans of this detestable conspiracy. The blacks are dupes of that enormous villain, or I should not hesitate to denounce the whole gang at once to the police. You may think, that there is little mercy to the citizens, in this lenity to these fools ; but I have a hold upon them that I am confident will soon break up their plot. They dare not stir a step, for they know me too well to suppose that I would hesitate to put my threats into execution. In a few days, I shall protect them from the influence of Hughson by a manœuvre which it is not necessary for you to know. In the mean time, keep this packet always close and safe about your person. If any of these idiot-ruffians are so mad as to attempt my life, give up the documents to the civil authorities at once. You doubtless think I ought to do so now, but why should I,—if I feel sure of saving these deluded wretches, without the smallest risk to any of my fellow-creatures ?" In spite, however, of all his professions of security, Ury spoke with so much hesitation, and in a tone of such manifest despondency, that his friend felt very strangely and fearfully affected. He had some strong

misgivings that Ury had grossly overrated his influence over the blacks, and it is certain that if Delancey had but seriously reflected for a moment, he would have necessarily perceived this was one of those dangerous miscalculations of which benevolent enthusiasts are very often guilty. He took the packet, however, and promised faithfully to follow the instructions of his friend. After a silence of some minutes, during which Ury seemed absorbed in deep and painful meditation, he repeated his injunctions with still greater solemnity; and then added, "there is but one among them all, of whom I have any serious apprehensions. Mary Burton is my bitter enemy. I have exasperated her by an offence which no woman was ever known to pardon. I have aroused in her dark and unforgiving bosom, by a deed which well deserved her everlasting gratitude, a spirit of deadly and implacable revenge. Over her I have no control whatever, for she will sacrifice every thing to accomplish my dishonor and my destruction. She has it unfortunately in her power to make me appear a partner in this plot; which indeed many will regard me as a madman in attempting to suppress, without the aid or interference of municipal force. In answer to Charles's inquiry who this Mary Burton was, the priest replied with evident unwillingness to dwell upon the subject, that she was a relation of the Hughsons, who had lived with them for some years past, and who was suspected of abetting them in most of their iniquities. Delancey would have urged his friend to a description of her person, for he had already begun to suspect that his anonymous mistress was no more nor less than Mary Burton; but he felt unwilling to pursue a subject the continuance of which was so obviously irksome to his friend.

Nothing more was said by Ury for several weeks respecting the conspiracy, and Charles began to think that Hughson and his accomplices had indeed abandoned a design, the execution of which would certainly involve them all in inevitable ruin. In fact, the circumstances of the plot no longer occupied his attention; and except when he laid aside the packet every evening, he scarcely gave the thing a thought. In proportion as the effect of the discovery he had made passed away from his memory, the image of his mistress returned with all its original influence to his mind. He refused to believe that so beautiful a creature could be nothing more than the tool of such a monster as the villain Hughson, and he was convinced that she dwelt in some other house in the vicinity. He spent several days in reconnoitring the neighbourhood, without success. He saw no one who in the least resembled the unknown. He

endeavoured to obtain from the neighbors a description of the person of Mary Burton ; but few of them had ever seen her, and the account of her given by those few did not in his opinion coincide with the appearance of the stranger. Unable to get a sight of the object of his search by day, he again resumed his evening rambles, in hopes of meeting her at night. He went regularly every evening to the old place of appointment ; but in vain. At last, when his impatience and curiosity had become stimulated to the utmost, a note was one day thrown into his window, containing these few words : " I am near Wolver Hollow, at a friend's house. Come to me, and all the mystery shall be explained.—Amy Roosevelt." This was doubtless sent by the unknown. Delancey did not hesitate. The idea, that this was Mary Burton, he had for some time treated with contempt, and at all events no danger could result from his visiting the stranger, whoever she might be, at a farm-house, at a distance from the city. Early the next morning he set off for Wolver Hollow without mentioning to Ury any part of his intentions. He was unwilling to encounter the reproaches of his friend, the more, perhaps, because he knew that he deserved them. On entering the tavern at the Hollow, he found a letter there, directed to himself, which contained an accurate description of the road which led to the farm-house of which he was in search. It was situated about six miles from Wolver Hollow in a lonely and sequestered valley, on the northern side of the hills that run from the western towards the eastern extremity of Long Island. Amy received him with a witching smile that banished the last remains of his suspicion. To leave no room, however, for deception, he determined to ask her frankly, if her name was not Mary Burton, and to watch her countenance as she replied. She answered his enquiry with such perfect self-possession that Delancey no longer entertained the slightest doubt. If he had, her exquisite beauty and her charming sprightliness would assuredly have lulled more reasonable suspicions. To tell the truth, Delancey was so completely mastered by his senses, so thoroughly blinded by his pernicious passion, that he ceased even to feel any desire to learn the truth. It was enough for him that her face and her form were more beautiful than he had ever beheld before ; that her eye and her lip, her voice and her step were so many sources of resistless fascination :—he cared little for her name or her history. Why need I dwell on the effects of the witcheries of youth and artful beauty upon a young man of Delancey's temperament and uncalculating disposition ?—Three

weeks and more (during which Amy, on some pretext had left him for two days) were now elapsed, and Charles had not once thought of his friend.

The road from the farm-house to the nearest village was very seldom travelled, and the severity of the weather (for winter had set in) had completed the entire seclusion of their retreat. He was sitting one day by the side of the beautiful Amy, when a countryman stopped at the door and inquired for Charles Delancey. Startled at this inquiry, he went out, and received from the hands of the man a letter, which he immediately perceived to be from Ury. He opened it, in the presence of Amy, with a trembling presentiment of some disaster. It was dated a fortnight back, and contained but this. "Return, my friend, instantly. My life, my honor is in danger. The conspiracy, as I ought to have foreseen, has been detected; the blind fury of the citizens is directed against the Catholics, and I am charged with being a chief instigator of the plot. God and you alone know my innocence. Haste then, Charles, for your testimony and the packet are enough to save your friend from perhaps the scaffold or the stake!" Struck with horror at this disclosure, Charles stood an instant motionless, and then searched convulsively in his bosom for the packet. It was not there! The fearful truth flashed upon his mind. This *was* Mary Burton, and *she* must have destroyed it. With the violence of desperation he seized her by the arm, and threatened her with instant death if she did not tell what she had done with it. The girl laughed impudently in his face. "Kill me, poor dupe, if you are so disposed, for be assured, I have not left the packet where it will be found after I am dead. But now, thank God, it is too late, Ury is hanged and I am revenged." So saying, she laughed again with an expression of fiendish malignity; while Delancey shuddering at the thoughts of the reality of her declaration, seized his hat and rushed out of the house into the road. As no horse could be procured nearer than Wolver Hollow, there was no other alternative than for him to run there with all possible speed. At Wolver Hollow he learned that *that* was the very day fixed for Ury's death; that all the horses in the place had been already secured by those who had gone the day before to New-York to witness the execution; and the landlord was beginning to relate to Delancey with great *sangfroid* the particulars of the trial—how the rascally priest begged a week's respite, in order, as he said, to send for a witness, his dear friend, whose evidence he said would save his life—when Delancey, unable to repress any longer his impatience, which now amounted to perfect agony, set off on foot, although the snow was many inches deep. No

language can express the dreadful complication of miseries which he endured. The torments of remorse gave way, for a time, to feelings of bitter vengeance against the wretch who had deceived him; and both were swallowed up in one absorbing sense of fearful apprehension for the fate of his unhappy friend. He could not drive from his imagination the picture of the priest entreating a week's respite to wait for the arrival of a witness who was not to arrive until too late. He cursed his folly in having omitted to leave behind him some clue by which he might be found without delay. He cursed his mad and wicked infatuation in yielding to the artifices of a vile abandoned woman, and deplored the fatal indiscretion of having kept from Ury a knowledge of his weakness, or rather (as he now regarded it) his unpardonable profligacy.

The delay which the deep snow occasioned, working on his agitated feeling, threw him into a state of feverish excitement; and when he reached Flushing, he was so exhausted with the weight of physical and moral suffering, that he flung himself upon a bench in the bar-room to repose a few moments, while a horse was preparing for him. With breathless agitation and suspense he listened to the conversation of the idlers who had gathered round the door. "At two o'clock," said one of them, "the old rogue will be strung up." Delancey shuddered. He did not know the hour. He would have given the world to know, but he could not—durst not ask. He felt that deadly sickness which accompanies suspense, when deep and desperate interests are at stake. The tavern clock was clicking by his side, but he trembled at the thoughts of looking up at it. He listened to the conversation of the countrymen again, hoping to overhear the information that he had not the courage to inquire for. One of the men looked up at the clock. Delancey watched his eyes and lips with indescribable anxiety. "One hour more," cried the man, "and the old fellow swings!" Delancey groaned and sunk upon the floor.—At that moment the horse was brought, and Charles felt at the intelligence his hopes revive within him. He rose with sudden vigor, sprang upon the saddle and galloped off, pushing his horse at once to his utmost speed. The jaded animal gave out and fell, when still two miles from Brooklyn. Exhausted as he was, Delancey ran the rest of the way with the swiftness of despair. He reached Brooklyn only to endure another cruel disappointment. The river was nearly stopped with broken ice, over which it was impossible to drag a boat. He cried aloud in his desperation, and offered immense sums to some people who stood near him, if they would contrive to put him across the ferry. "Oh you need

not be in any hurry," said a tall stout boatman, with a loud and brutal laugh, "you can't get there in time to see him kick, for that will be in less than twenty minutes!" "Oh God! Oh God!" replied Delancey, "do not speak to me that way! I'm his friend, and I can save him, if I can only get across the river!" They stared at him, but offered no assistance. Delancey rushed down upon the ice, and reached the middle of the river at the repeated hazard of his life. There was an interval of twenty or thirty yards of water. Without shrinking from the danger, he plunged in, swam, and reached the opposite brink of the floating ice. The masses were small and sunk beneath his weight. The water was excessively cold, and after struggling some time he began at last to feel its numbing influence. He shouted loud and long for help, but his voice at length grew hoarse, and then faint, and then failed altogether. Again, he made a desperate attempt to climb upon the ice; but the faithless fragments slipped from his grasp or sunk beneath his knee. With horrible distinctness, there was stamped upon his brain, the picture of his friend and benefactor—dying—dying an ignominious death—dying because he had left him to indulge a lawless passion. He made another violent struggle to get footing on the ice, but exhausted with the effort he fell senseless back into the water. The suffocating element passed over him, and he was drowned.—His innocent friend was strangled at the stake.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. Number XCII. September.—When this Magazine first made its appearance, the current of caprice set so strongly in its favor, that we were for some time swept along by the crowd of its admirers. It was so delightful to find ourselves among a multitude of happy readers, all asking 'is n't it fine?' and all answering 'Oh it's very fine.' In a little while, however, we began to grow exceedingly fatigued with this unmeaning interchange of approbation, and at last it even occurred to us, that it was not so very fine after all. We think we should have come to this conclusion sooner than we did, if the contributors themselves had not, to a man, declared that it was an admira-

ble Magazine, and had, moreover, a most prodigious circulation; that the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews would soon be totally eclipsed by its splendors; and that every other star in the firmament of letters would be quenched at the rising of this luminary, and just twinkle in the intervals of its return. We awaited, with implicit faith, the foretold extinction of these outdazzled constellations, and more than consoled ourselves with the reflection that all the lights and lamps of science would be put out only to be united in one blaze of irresistible effulgence. But we gradually began to believe that we had been cheated by an enormous humbug. For in spite of all its prophets, the great Sun made its month-

ly revolutions without extinguishing a single star. To be sure Christopher North, Timothy Tickler and Morgan O'Doherty, bawled out to us in the coarsest of Gaelic to see how nothing else was to be seen, but the fact was too palpable—there was the Edinburgh and the Quarterly and innumerable others, shining obstinately forth with undiminished heads.'

To speak seriously, we do think that the quantity of real talent exhibited in the pages of this blustering Magazine, makes a most ridiculous Tom Thumb figure when standing by the side of its gigantic and measureless pretensions. But this is not the worst. If the absence of powerful writing and original speculations were supplied by pretty trifling and ingenious wit, we might even pardon its folly and its flippancy for the sake of its amusing buffoonery. But the fact is that, in the latter numbers more especially, there is not, from the first page to the last, one redeeming beauty to save them from the imputation of utter heartlessness and profligacy. We appeal directly to those whose duties have compelled them to wade through these volumes, whether they rise from their perusal, improved by the acquisition of one serious feeling, one virtuous sentiment, one solitary generous emotion. That man's heart must indeed be cold that is not chilled at the eternal repetition of unfeeling sneers and ungenerous sarcasms, directed against every thing that calls for the sympathies of the philanthropist. There is a tone of cold-blooded *persiflage* pervading the last volumes of this work, which we do not think has ever, until now, dared the scorn of the generous and the good. The sufferings of the Greeks, the wrongs of the Catholics, and the miseries of the poor, are made, with unprincipled effrontery, the objects of their ridicule. The follies and the vices of mankind no longer act upon the languid palate of their patrons. The obsequious caterers are obliged to stimulate satiety by

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furnishing forth a feast in which insulted worth and suffering freedom are the delicacies that are offered to the admirers of this journal.

That it may not be said, however, our remarks are mere assertions without proofs, we will briefly glance over the contents of the last number. The first article is a foul-mouthed and bigoted attack upon the Catholic religion, which is intended to alarm the British government into rigorous persistence in its present system of intolerance. The assertion that the toleration of Catholicism is incompatible with liberty, is a false and impudent slander, and the writer knows it; for he dares not even allude to the example of America, where the greatest political and religious freedom exist, united in perfect harmony and goodwill.—The next article is as sound in literature as the first is in religion. Botta's American War is pronounced "cold and meagre, alike destitute of interest and information." That it should not be very interesting to an Ultra-tory, we easily comprehend, but how it should be destitute of information is more than we can believe; for it at least informs this stickler for legitimacy how an insulted people may shake off their chains and spurn their tyrants from their shores. We are, moreover, gravely told that Botta's adoption of an affected and long obsolete phraseology, is a proof of the historian's—guess, gentle reader—true grandeur of mind and loftiness of soul! What would this wise noodle then have said, if Robertson or Hume had written in the almost unintelligible language of Holinshed or Hall. 'The emasculated and worn-out tongue of the Italians of this day!' Bah! It is possible that a writer so egregiously ignorant as to swallow the silly prejudices of the vulgar for so much gospel, should undertake to tell his readers that the language of Filangieri, Gioia, Beccaria, Veri, Romagnosi, Alfieri, Foscolo, Parini, Racchetti, Paolini, and a host of others, is a worn-out and emasculated language? After ha-

ving uttered this absurdity our man has the amazing modesty to acknowledge that he is an 'extremely bad judge on this point.' The confession was superfluous.

The next article is a billingsgate abuse of the tragedian Kean. Now, although we ourselves were never very percipient of the powers of this great histrionic humbug, yet we should despise ourselves if we could ever condescend to make the meanness of his birth the object of most tedious and laborious ridicule.

Then follows some poetry.—

Mr. Mullion's letter to Baron Cornwall is an admirable specimen of impudence and ignorance harmoniously amalgamated. A most desperate attempt is made to raise a laugh at some passages in Mr. Proctor's Review of Shelley's poetry in the last Edinburgh. The most successful joke is the following. Proctor says of Shelley (after having given him high praise for his poetic genius) that "the fumes of his vanity rolled volumes of smoke, mixed with sparkles of fire, from the cloudy tabernacle of his thought." Mr. Mullion should have recognized the source of this allusion. Instead of doing so, he caricatures this passage in the following style: 'Henceforward when I call my boy after dinner, it shall be thus: Ho, flunk'ey of mine, bring me my cloudy tabernacle, that I may roll a volume of smoke.' And this is wit! The reader need scarcely be told that Mr. Mullion's abuse of Shelley arises entirely from the circumstance that this gentleman was an enemy to legitimacy.

Mr. Timothy Tickler's letter is next in order. It is enough for us to say that the Tales of a Traveller are here seriously reviewed as the results of three years of literary labor!

The next thing of Neal's. The contribution to the journal must have sadly fallen off when a man who could not find a reader in America, goes to England, and ranks first quill among the journal-writers. Neal

swears that there are only three original American writers, and these are Neal, Brown and Paulding! After twaddling about the laws of nature, flowers, pyramids and diamonds, and 'such small ware,' through seven long columns, Neal gives a *catalogue raisonné* of American writers.

John Quincy Adams (whose election Neal says nobody doubts) is abundantly lauded for all sorts of perfections. Neal has unaccountably omitted a notice of the Fourth of July oration.

Paul Allen is put down as a man who might have been. (had it not been for the causes that prevented it) the first writer of the age.—We also are of this opinion.

'William Cullen Bryant is no poet,' says Neal in this thing of his. 'He is a poet,' says the same Neal in his Randolph. Neal thought that what was said in his novels was as good as not said at all. 'Let him not lay that unction to his soul.' We have achieved the reading of Pandolph, and contemplate undertaking Seventy-six, Logan, Errata, and peradventure, Keep Cool; for we are informed that much of the learning of Neal's things in Blackwood is transferred bodily from these printed common-place-books of his. We shall discourse Neal again on New year's day.

The next articles are 'Chapters on Church-yards,' and the 'Man-of-Wars-Man.' They are thrust together with most admirable taste. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and a drunken jack tar quietly reposing in the same truckle-bed together, would not be a more edifying spectacle. As for the 'Man-of-Wars-Man,' we can't tell what it is throughout, for we could not succeed in reading it, or in getting any body else to read it. Something, however, was to be done; so, we rolled up our sleeve, held our nose, thrust our hand down into the middle of the puddle, and plucked up the following specimens of filth:

"Why old Flushylists, here is one,

forsooth, that swears he can't and won't turn himself up, until he cleans out his coppers; and this here fine fancy man of the cabin is another, and he says as how he can't let go his pots and gimcracks for a minute without completely spoiling the captain's dinner!—'Damn your custards, and kickshaws to boot, you pie-making lubber!' cried the Boat-swain—'D'ye hear there, dirty Dick of the coppers? come this way my cleanly beauty—by the hookey, you're used to the game, you know—jump up there, my fine greasy fellow, d'ye hear me, old ship, jump and bear a hand.'—But, come, let us be after taking our bodies below, Ned, for you see it's all over now, and we may palaver here long enough without knowing any thing of the matter at all at all. Besides I'm most savagely hungry, and mean to tuck into me as much as will keep me from starving for the first twelve hours to come—do you the same darling; and don't let your small guts be cursing you for a niggard ere you once more get hold of the bread-bag.'

If our readers could possibly have stomachs to go on after this, and if some of them were not females, we would present them with a specimen of Morgan O'Dogherty's *Maxims*. Suffice it to say, that they consist of slang vulgarisms raked up by the worthy baronet from the vilest grog-shops and brothels of 'auld Reekie.'

After the monthly list of new publications, comes the *Price Current* for September 11th. This is decidedly the best thing in the book. It gives some useful information. (a little too late, however,) and being merely a list of prices, there is no room for cant, twaddle or obscenity.

V. V.

United States Literary Gazette. Cummings, Hiltiard & Co. Boston, 1824.—There is much taste as well as talent displayed in the pages of this unpretending little journal. The articles are arranged under the four

heads of Reviews, Miscellany, Poetry, and Intelligence. The Reviews are, of necessity, very limited in length, consisting, for the most part, of short notices of the designs, and brief critiques on the merits of recent publications. They are generally written in good taste and with due discrimination; and the conductor exhibits as much judgment in the choice of contributions, as his contributors have shown in their selections from the authors they review. We cannot help desiring however to see a still greater proportion of native publications among the subjects of their criticism; for the time, we think, has come, when notices of foreign writings should occupy a secondary place among the literary speculations of our journalists.

Under the head of Miscellanies, we find a variety of articles, belonging to the lighter sorts of literature. Short essays on the more inviting subjects in morals or in letters—sprightly and well-written speculations upon such topics as are suited to the purposes of the *Gazette*—and now and then some Tale, in which, as far as possible, brevity and interest are united.

The principal attraction of this Journal at least, in our opinion, consists in the extremely beautiful and highly finished pieces from the pen of William Cullen Bryant, to be found under the head of Poetry.

It is delightful to us to see the tales and traditions of our fathers acquire, as they gradually recede into the depths and the darkness of antiquity, that dimness of outline and softness and mellowness of tint without which they will offer but unpromising subjects for poetical delineation. We feel deeply indebted to the bard of Green-River for the aid which his poetry is lending to the influence of time, in hastening the empire of the Muses over the scenes and events of our matter-of-fact history. It is the province, and it ought to be the pride of the true poet, to spread around the cold realities of life, the warmth and the motion, the odor (so to speak)

and the influence, the winning graces, and the hallowing associations that belong to the genuine *materiel* of song. It is an error very much to be deprecated, to suppose that the physical and moral features of the new world are too cold, too rigid, and too accommodating to be moulded or transformed to the airy forms and magic attributes of the bright essences of the imaginary world. Nor is it true, that there is reason to believe that with the gradual improvement of society, and the increased exercise of the more masculine and useful faculties, the imaginative powers will be neglected and debilitated in proportion. The imagination is an attribute essential to our nature. Modifications, and improvements in civil institutions may give a different impulse and direction to the faculties which furnish the taste-delighting products of the mind, and may thus change the character and course of the imitative arts; but no disposition of society which does not change our very nature, can destroy the sensibility of taste to its appropriate food and stimulus; for that faculty can never be extinguished by the highest cultivation of the others.

The difficulties which oppose, just at this moment, the rapid growth of poetical literature in America, are undoubtedly very serious. Perhaps one of the greatest is the circumstance that our taste is formed from models which are framed out of materials to which we ourselves cannot easily gain access. The prevailing taste in Britain is for the sensual and romantic. This taste, with English writers, being generated by the pre-

sence and the influence of legendary fictions and associations, can easily obtain the indulgence it requires. But our taste, resembling that of England, in consequence of our study of English models, and not in consequence of the same operating causes, is deprived of the means, while it feels the desire of imitation. This is obviously an obstacle, only to be surmounted in one of these two ways: either by a fortunate exertion of imitative talent (a talent of no very elevated order) or by gradually determining the taste of our own countrymen to the study of such modes of beauty as the materials we possess will enable us to equal. Without pretending to assert that Pervigil or Bryant have succeeded in presenting new objects of poetical contemplation, or new sources of imaginative gratification, we do think they have done much towards effecting a purpose so desirable. The latter poet in particular, has directed, in his poetical creations, the full force of his fine talent to the employment of such scenery, such imagery, and such associations, as lie within the reach of his own readers; and for this he deserves, and will eventually receive the sincere thanks of every genuine American. For ourselves we are unfeignedly thankful for what he has already done; and he will not, we are sure, deem us too exacting, if we ask him to accomplish by a strong concentration of his powers what he is slowly and not certainly effecting by a series of divided efforts; for these are inevitably weakened and distracted by their separate insufficiency of force, and diversity of application.

H.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Mineralogy.—Masses of native or pure metallic iron have been lately discovered near Bogota, in South America. They were found on a hill of secondary sandstone in masses of different sizes, from a few

pounds to several hundred weight. They are generally supposed to be of meteoric formation, and an analysis gave the same substances with those found in iron, known positively to have descended from the at-

mosphere. The largest of the above masses weighed about fifteen hundred weight. One of the largest masses known, may be seen in the rooms of the Lyceum of Natural History of this city. It weighs 3000lbs. and is the property of Col. G. Gibbs, a gentleman distinguished for his zeal in the cause of science.

Botany.—Dr Horsefield has examined at some length the history of the *Bohon Upas*, or poison tree of Java. In 1780, Foersch, a surgeon in the Dutch East India Company's service, published the first account of this tree, and the many absurdities and falsehoods with which he adorned his story, have hitherto passed currently in the scientific world. Poets have made frequent allusion to this wonderful tree.* Party orators have liberally compared their opponents to this poisonous production of nature, and it is has even been made the subject of a drama. Devoided of all the falsehoods and exaggerations with which its history has been enveloped, the following appear from the experiments of Dr. Horsefield to be the real facts. A tree called by the natives *Antshar*, grows on the eastern part of the island to the height of 70 or 80 feet. Its trunk exudes a milky juice, from which an active poison is prepared. There is also a creeping shrub called *Tshetik*, which produces an equally powerful poison. They are both inhabitants of the forest, and may be safely cut and handled with impunity. The juice is used by the natives to poison their arrows, and they destroyed great numbers of the Dutch soldiers before a remedy was discovered. This remedy is the root of the *Crinum Asiaticum*, which, if timely applied, counteracts, by its emetic effects, the force of the *Upas*. Several kinds of poison are prepared from these two plants, one of which is so powerful as to kill a strong healthy man in fifteen minutes.

M. Auguste St. Hilaire has commenced the publication of his Flora

of Brazil. He has added three new species to the genus *Cinchona* and described another plant which grows in great abundance and possesses properties equal if not superior to the Peruvian Bark. It belongs to the genus *Strychnos*, which hitherto has been found to embrace those plants only highly deleterious to man. Among these we may particularize the *nux vomica* or poison nut. M. St. Hilaire during a six years residence in that country made a collection of more than 7000 species of plants, 2000 of birds, 130 of quadrupeds and 16000 of insects. He will be aided in the publication of his costly works by the liberality of the French government.

Zoology.—The English naturalists are beginning to turn their attention to this hitherto neglected department of Natural History. The works of Mr. Horsefield and Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles illustrating the Zoology of Sumatra and Java are spoken of in terms of great commendation.

The preservation and reproduction of the common leech has been made the subject of a memoir by Mr. Noble of Versailles.

It is well known that this useful little animal dies speedily when preserved in the usual mode, in glass vessels. Mr. Noble succeeded in preserving them completely, by covering the bottom of the vessel with clay, of the consistence of soft paste, and placing a stout piece of linen over the top. The water should be changed at least once a week, and if possible without disturbing the soft bottom. The same paper contains several curious facts connected with the reproduction of these animals. They deposit in the soft clay an oval body, about the size of a hazel nut, from which at the end of twenty-five days the young are seen to issue. By taking proper precautions Mr. Noble was enabled to raise as many leeches as his business required. Our medical brethren in this country

* "Chained at his root two acion demons dwell."—*Darwin*.

might profit by these hints, and dispense, in future, with the necessity of importing annually so many thousands of these expensive but useful animals.

Arts.—To enlogize the Steam Engine has become common place. Its value to England may be estimated from calculations which show that the Steam Engines there, represent the power of 320,000 horses, equal to 1,920,000 men, which being in fact managed by 36,000 men, add actually to the power of the population of England 1,884,000 men.

Medical remains found at Pompeii.—M. Choulanet has published in a work entitled "*De locis Pompeianis ad rem medicam facientibus*," an account of the different objects relating to the medical art which have been discovered at Pompeii. M. Choulanet describes successively the temple of Esculapius, the amulets, surgical instruments, pharmaceutical apparatus, &c., found in the midst of the ruins. Amongst the surgical instruments were some nearly resembling those made use of at the present day; as for instance, elevators for the operation of trepanning, lancets, spatulas catheters, instruments for the application of the actual canter, &c. There has not been found one single building which could be regarded as a school of surgery or anatomical museum.

Value of Literary property in Scotland forty years ago.—Cullen was paid 1200*l.* for a new edition of his "*First Lines*," and Smellie received 1050*l.* for the first edition of his *Philosophy of Natural History* in one 4to. volume. We have few instances in our country of authors be-

ing paid so well for mere professional works. It has been stated, however, that Robert T. Paine, of Boston, received, for a short poem of a few hundred lines, entitled "*The Invention of Letters*," \$1400; and it is within our own knowledge that \$5000 have been offered and refused for the first edition of a small work not exceeding 400 pages, which was not many years since printed in this city.

Trade, &c.—England during the last year manufactured 600,000 bales of Cotton, France 200,000, and all the rest of Europe collectively 60000, making a total of 860,000. About 100,000 bales of the cotton manufactured by England is made into yarn, and re-exported in that state for the use of the manufacturers in the North of Europe. The great and surprising extension of the cotton plant in the United States here may be understood from the following facts:—In 1792, the total quantity exported amounted to 140,000 lbs., in 1824 it was estimated that 160,000,000 lbs. were raised within the United States.

Physiology.—Autenreich of Tübingen has recently published the result of his observations on the egg of the common fowl. It is well known to housewives that when an egg is held up to the light, one of the ends appears to, and in fact is, filled with air. Those with the air-cell exactly at the apex of the larger end all produced males, and those with the air-cells not on but near the apex, all produced females. Many thousand eggs were hatched to verify these observations, and the results completely satisfied Autenreich of their accuracy.

DOMESTIC.

Zoology.—The appearance of a white bear in the western part of the State of New-York, has given rise to many speculations which have been gravely passed from one newspaper to another throughout the Union. According to these papers,

the animal in question is a polar bear, which has been driven from his usual haunts by the approach of a hard winter; consequently we are to expect an unusual proportion of cold weather. These fearful prognostics are however without any

foundation. The animal is nothing more than a white variety of the common brown bear of this country.

Professor Say of Philadelphia has recently published a work, entitled *Entomology of the United States*, which has been pronounced by competent judges to be one of the most finished specimens of typography that has issued recently from the American press. The engravings are highly beautiful, and the price of the volume, considering the value of the descriptions and the elegance of the embellishments, is such as to enable every naturalist to possess this interesting work.

Mr. Charles Bonaparte, (Prince de Cassino,) of Point Breeze, is at present occupied with a continuation of the celebrated ornithology of Wilson. It will be comprized in about four volumes quarto, and from the well known qualifications of the author, and the zeal and talent he has already displayed on similar subjects, it is expected that this work will nearly complete the ornithology of the United States.

Mr. W. Cooper read a few months since, before the Lyceum of this city, a memoir on the fossil bones of the huge *Megatherium*, discovered near Savannah. (Geo.) This interesting memoir has excited much attention

from the naturalists of Europe, and when it has received the English *imprimatur*, will no doubt be read with interest by our own countrymen.

Mineralogy.—Mr. H. R. Schoolcraft lately exhibited to the Lyceum of Natural History in this city, a specimen of native silver from the shores of Lake Ontario. It is found in a boulder or 'etched rock, so that no possible information can be obtained respecting its original situation.

Mr. Frederick Cozzens of this city has recently returned from a mineralogical expedition thro' the western country as far as Detroit. This enterprizing gentleman has made a large collection, and will no doubt contribute largely to increase the knowledge of the mineral riches of the country.

Arts.—Our ingenious townsman, Mr. Jennings has lately completed a working model of a steam engine which bids fair to supersede those now in use. His model is of a one horse power, and requires but fifteen cents worth of fuel to work it for twenty-four hours. He is now employed upon a large engine of a similar construction. D.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN PRESS.

Lempriere's Universal Biography: containing a critical and historical account of the lives, characters, and labors of eminent persons in all ages and countries, together with selections of foreign biography, from Watkins's Dictionary, recently published, and about eight hundred original articles of American Biography. By Eleazar Lord Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. will be published in January.—*F. & R. Lockwood.*

Essays on the distinguishing traits of the Christian Character. By Gardiner Spring D. D.—*F. & R. Lockwood.*

Irving's Catechisms of Astronomy and Chemistry, revised and corrected by John Griscom, Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the New York Institution, &c. *F. & R. Lockwood.*

Caius Gracchus, a Tragedy in five acts by Sheridan Knowles, Esq. *E. M. Murden.*

An introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Scriptures, by Thomas Hartwell Horne. M. A. 4 vols. 8vo. From the London Edition of 1823. *E. Littell. Philadelphia.*

The Human Heart, a novel, from

the London Edition. *J. & J. Harper.*

The First part of the History of New York, by Messrs. Yates & Moulton. *A. T. Goodrich.*

American Entomology, or Description of the Insects of North America, by Professor Say, of the Pennsylvania University. It will be completed in 5 vols. 8 vo. illustrated with coloured plates drawn by the Professor; price \$5 the volume.

A New Newspaper will be issued in the city of Hartford, the first week in January next, entitled the Connecticut Observer, published weekly, to be edited by Horace Hooker, Esq. devoted chiefly to Theological subjects.

Sir Astley Cooper's Treatise on Fractures and dislocations. 8vo. with plates. *H. C. Carey & I. Lea.*

Dewees on the Diseases of Children. 8 vo *H. C. Carey & I. Lea.*

Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. *H. C. Carey & I. Lea.*

Weems' Life of Marion. *H. C. Carey & I. Lea.*

Chitty's Pleadings, with notes by E. D. Ingraham Esq. 3 vols. *H. C. Carey & I. Lea.*

Sergeant & Lurtens Reports, vols. 3d and 9th. *H. C. Carey & I. Lea.*

Barton's Medical Botany, 2d edition 2 vols. 4to. *H. C. Carey & I. Lea.*

Johnson on the Liver. 1 vol. 8vo. *H. C. Carey & I. Lea.*

Lempriere's Classical Dictionary. 1 vol. 8vo. republishing by the trade.

Armstrong on Typhus Fevers. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Cook's Oracle. 1 vol. 12mo. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

The Pioneers, a novel in 2 vols. 2d edition. *Collins & Hannay.*

Schrevelii Lexicon. (Stereotype edition.) *Collins & Hannay.*

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life. 1 vol. 18mo. *Solomon King.*

A Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By John H. Hobart D. D. Bishop of the P. E. Church in New-York. Third edition 12mo. *T. & J. Swords.*

A Familiar and Easy Guide to the understanding of the Church Catechism. 18mo. *T. & J. Swords.*

Roper's Husband and Wife. *S. Gould & Son.*

Espinasse's new edition of Nisi Prius, with very important notes and references, to recent American decisions. *S. Gould & Son.*

The Hudson River Port Folio. *H. I. Megarey.* This work will consist of 20 views, being the most worthy of notice, from the source of the river to New-York; 16 of these views are now published, and the other four, which will complete the work, will be published this winter. They are engraved and coloured in a most capital style, so as to give the best possible representation of first rate drawings.

The Book of the Church, by Robert Southey. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

Wolfe's Journal of a Mission in the Holy Land. *E. Bliss and E. White.*

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

Tales of an American Landlord. In two volumes, 12mo. New-York, 1824.

We had prepared for this number an ill-natured critique on this novel; but so great is our aversion to find fault, that we scarcely regret our want of room has obliged us to exclude it from our columns.

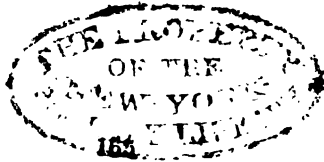
A Peep at the Pilgrims in Sixteen Hundred and Thirty-Six. In two volumes. Boston, 1824.

A review of this novel has been received, but we are compelled to defer its insertion until our next.

Report on a Plan for extending and more perfectly establishing the Mechanic and Scientific Institution of New-York. New-York, 1824

We shall offer a few remarks in our January number on the subject of this interesting Report.

*. We are obliged to exclude the List of new publications, and republications for want of room.



Report of the Joint Committee on the Chemical Bank. Albany. 1824.

Documents accompanying the Report of the Joint Committee on the Chemical Bank. Albany. 1824.

Without alluding to the effect of the investigation on the character of those concerned in procuring the charter of the Chemical Bank, all will admit that sufficient has been developed to authorize an inquiry into the means of effectually preventing the recurrence of transactions disgraceful to the reputation of our state. When we are informed by a joint committee of the Senate and Assembly, that "men holding judicial stations, and others claiming rank in society, congregate at the seat of government, for the purpose of letting themselves out for such rewards as may be extorted from the fears or the hopes of applicants to the legislature;" and when we learn, from the same source, "that the votes of members of the legislature are actually bribed by the lobby" —

The reader will please to correct the following typographical errors in the article entitled *Restrictions on Banking*.

Page 166, line 22, for "*Geneva*," read "*Genoa*."

— 167, line 23, for "*law*," read "*Law*."

— —, line 29, for "*corporated*," read "*incorporated*."

— 176, line 9, for "*1821*," read "*1822*."

— 179, line 2, supply marks of quotation before "*therefore*."

[*The Binder will place the above Errata to face the first page (165) of this Number.*]

General provisions have been made for giving a corporate character to manufacturing establishments. It may be well to examine whether there is any thing in the nature of Banks, Insurance Companies which requires the principles of monopoly, exploded with regard to other branches of commerce, to be retained with respect to them.

By a reference to the most distinguished moneyed institutions of the world, it will be found, that wherever special privileges have been granted, it has been in consequence of the use which has been made of the bank as an engine of state. The first bank established by public authority was that of Venice. It is traced to the twelfth century, though the details of its organization were not definitively settled till 1587: Daru says that

"this bank was a *dépôt* which opened a credit with the depositors, in order to facilitate payments and transfers; that is to say, instead of paying in actual money, payments were made by orders on the Bank. The credits upon this establishment were payable at sight, and it always justified public confidence."* The same historian informs us that the creation of this institution had the effect of establishing a standard by which the value of current coin was regulated. Previously to this, there were many private banks in the state, principally belonging to the nobles. A law was passed interdicting commerce to the patricians, and the state assumed to itself the monopoly of banking, and became the guarantee of deposit. These were said to amount, at the end of the 18th century, to fourteen or fifteen millions of ducats. As the government had thus the use of a large capital, without paying interest for it, and was entitled in some instances, in case of the death of a depositor without children, to ten per cent. of the amount of his deposit, and in others to his whole stock in the bank, the state could not fail to realize a large profit from this public establishment. A bank of exchange and deposit was founded in 1401 at Barcelona by the magistrates of the city. The *Chamber of St. George* at Geneva was governed by eight protectors, annually elected by the creditors and stockholders. In this bank, which was definitively established under the above name in the beginning of the fifteenth century, the government exercised an influence, and it was useful for state purposes; but the proprietors of deposits seem to have possessed a power not granted to those of Venice. The Bank of Amsterdam has been among the most famous of these institutions. Its origin is imputed to the existence of clipt coin, to which small states are particularly exposed, and the object of its establishment was to obtain money that would always be of the same standard value. "Before 1609, the great quantity of clipt and worn foreign coin which the extensive trade of Amsterdam brought from all parts of Europe, reduced the value of its currency about nine per cent. below that of good money fresh from the mint."† Payments were made by transfers upon the books of the bank. It was established under the guaranty of the city in 1609, and preserved its credit till 1672, when Lewis XIV. penetrated as far as Utrecht. On this occasion the money in the bank was restored to the depositors. When, however, in 1794 the French army took possession of Amsterdam, it was found that the deposits had

* *Histoire de Venise*, liv. xix. sect. 19.

† *Smith's Wealth of Nations*, Vol. I. p. 337.

not been so religiously guarded as during the preceding century. Between ten and eleven millions of florins had been lent to the city and province, and to the India Company. The Burgomasters had charge of the deposit, and on retiring from office, it was their duty to deliver it to their successors. The Italian banks, although originally established for reasons similar to those which gave rise to that of Amsterdam, dealt largely in exchange; and before the discovery of a passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and the consequent downfall of the commerce of Venice and Genoa, notes having the signature of their banks, appear to have had universal circulation. The Bank of England was incorporated in 1694. Its first capital was paid into the exchequer, and an interest for it allowed to the bank. As early as 1746 the permanent debt due to the bank from the government amounted to £11,686,800. It is in the constant habit of making advances in anticipation of the annual taxes, receives and circulates exchequer bills, and is, in all respects, a most powerful engine of state. Without the aid of such an establishment, England could scarcely have kept her thousand ships at sea during the bloody wars growing out of the French revolution, whilst she was supporting by her subsidies the armies of half of Europe. In France the extraordinary projects of law were sanctioned by the government of Louis XV. in consequence of the aid which the administration expected to derive from his banking schemes.

The establishment of the Bank of North America, which is the oldest institution of the kind in this country, was a financial measure of Mr. Morris. It was corporated in 1781, and beside the support of the old congress, it received the sanction of some of the local legislatures, and particularly of that of New-York. It was productive of great benefit at a period of almost national bankruptcy. The old Bank of the United States was incorporated as a means of enabling the federal government to carry into effect the powers delegated to it. Both that institution and the present bank were supported on national grounds, and in the late case of *Osborn. v. U. S. Bank*, (9 Wheaton, 860.) the Chief Justice observes, that "the bank is not considered as a private corporation, whose principal object is individual trade and individual profit, but as a public corporation, created for public and national purposes. That the mere business of banking is, in its own nature, a private business, and may be carried on by individuals or companies, having no political connexion with the government, is admitted; but the bank is not such an individual or company. It was

not created for its own sake, or for private purposes. It has never been supposed that congress could create such a corporation. The whole opinion of the court, in the case of *McCulloch v. The State of Maryland*, is founded on and sustained by the idea that the bank is an instrument, which is *necessary and proper for carrying into effect the powers vested in the government of the United States.*" The good effects of a large specie-paying bank, as it respects the transmission of government funds to the distant parts of our extensive confederacy—in establishing a uniform currency—in affording to the treasury a safe place of deposit—and in supplying any temporary wants of the state, are too well impressed on the minds of all to require any farther arguments to support the national character of the United States Bank.

In the early part of our state legislation incorporations were regarded with some dread, and we accordingly find that, for a long period, insurance business was transacted by individual underwriters, while the number of banks was confined in this state to two or three. As an inducement for granting the privilege of conducting banking by associations, where the stockholders' responsibility was limited to their interest in the capital, considerable sums were paid to the state under the name of a *bonus*. In a short time, however, it was found that the exigencies of the people did not render necessary an increase of these institutions, or that the legislature apprehended their effects upon the currency of the state. It was then considered expedient to procure indirectly, what could not be openly asked for with a reasonable prospect of success. Few would think of looking into "an Act for supplying the city of New-York with pure and wholesome water," passed 2d April, 1799, for the charter of a bank. The bill contains sundry provisions with regard to the purchase of mill seats, and the constructing of dams and aqueducts. The sole clause which relates in any manner to the real object of the association, is the following: "it shall and may be lawful for the said company to employ all such surplus capital as may belong or accrue to the said company in the purchase of public or other stocks, or in any other moneyed transaction or operation not incompatible with the constitution of this state, or of the United States, for the sole benefit of the said company." These are the words which give to the Manhattan Company their banking privileges. Verily the ingenuity of counsel was employed to some effect.

The zeal existing in favor of manufactures during the late war was resorted to, in order to procure privileges only conferred on the favorites of legislation. The throw-

ing open to public use a machine for manufacturing cards, originally purchased from the Messrs. Wetmore, by the Phoenix Bank, appears to be the *public reason* for dispensing, by the act of February 21, 1817, with the requisitions of the act of incorporation, as to the employment of a certain portion of the capital for manufacturing purposes; which was the ostensible ground of conferring banking privileges in 1812. To pursue this subject in all its details would require an examination of the various acts for banks passed during the last twenty-five years. Bridges, canals, &c. appear in large letters in the bills of incorporation. The legislative assent once obtained, the engraver, not the *architect* or *engineer* is put in requisition. At other times, the legislature was told of the tears of 80,000 men, women, and children, who were most unreasonably compelled to walk from Chatham-square to Wall-street, sinking under the weight of their bags of gold, before they could find an appropriate place of deposit. A stranger reading the preamble of these laws, without a knowledge of the case, would really be induced to believe that our fellow citizens are the most disinterested people in the world. They, it would appear, have made sacrifices for the public good that would have done honor to the best ages of Greece or Rome.

It is true that, in one case, the *disinterested zeal* of the grantees did not avail; and notwithstanding the legislature declared, in the case of the Utica Insurance Company, that they "*should be liberally encouraged*," the ingenuity of the bar in vain attempted, in opposition to all legal construction, to adduce the preamble to maintain what the body of the act no where asserted. This case is, however, a solitary instance of the application of a *quo warranto*.

For some time the charters purported to have in view a public benefit, to be accomplished by legislative aid, and the names of individuals were scrupulously omitted as the objects of state bounty. In the case of the North River Bank, in 1821, the legislature soared above all petty considerations and local feelings, and directed, as a condition precedent to the Company's commencing business, that \$100,000, for ten years, should be loaned to J. S., R. S., and S. S., "for completing the embankment and cultivation of their meadows." The meadows are situated in New-Jersey. The new corporation preferred paying a considerable sum to these gentlemen, amounting to more than half the proposed loan, in order to be released from the obligation imposed by the charter.

It appears that while the friends of the tariff were employed on the floor of Congress in showing the terrific effects of that

phantom of the imagination, *the balance of trade*, Mr. Morrison was demonstrating to our legislature the anti-American character of that policy, which exposed us to be killed or cured by foreign medicines. In vain was it asserted that many articles of great utility in pharmacy are not indigenous. The Chemical Manufactory, the bank applicant assured the legislature would produce them all. The *true American policy* required the passage of the law, and banking privileges were accorded to a company on condition of their purchasing, at such a price as the commissioners named in the bill might direct, "the real and personal property of John C. Morrison, in the village of Greenwich, in the city of New-York, appertaining to, and being part of the said Chemical Manufactory." How often has it been adduced against monarchs, as a heinous offence, that they have conferred upon favorite courtiers monopolies of branches of industry. The excuse which history offers, is generally the ignorance of the age. At this enlightened period, arbitrary as are many of the sovereigns of Europe, is there one who would dare to outrage the good sense of mankind, by granting an apothecary, however successful he may have been in the manufacture of glauber salts, a right to discount bills and issue banker's notes, while the regular dealer in exchange is prohibited, under severe penalties, from engaging in a business properly appertaining to his employment? It was reserved for the enlightened legislature of the first state in the American confederacy to adopt a course truly worthy of the middle ages.

Great as were the advantages of conducting business by associations, where the joint capital was alone responsible for the obligations of the company, the grantees of these favored institutions were not yet satisfied. In England, where the bank is so important to the financial operations of the state, as to be considered almost a department of the government, it has never been thought expedient, in order to protect it from the competition of individuals, to do more than to enact by 6 Ann., st. 2. c. 12. confirmed by 15 Geo. II. c. 13. s. 5. "that during the continuance of the Bank of England, it should not be lawful for any corporation erected, or to be erected, (other than the said Bank.) or for any other persons in partnership exceeding the number of *six persons*, to take up money on their bills or notes." By a previous act (8 & 9 W. & M.) parliament had restrained themselves from establishing any rival corporate institution during the continuance of the bank's privilege. Subject to the restrictions of the act of 6 Ann., banking is open to all who are willing to engage in it, and in the country from which we derive our laws, it has never been considered a royal franchise. The claims, however,

of our chartered bodies were conceived to be greater than even those of which the Bank of England could boast. The act passed in April 1804, revised in 1813, provides that "no person unauthorized by law shall subscribe to or become a member of any association, institution or company, or proprietor of any bank or fund for the purpose of issuing notes, receiving deposits, making discounts, or transacting any other business which incorporated banks may or do transact by virtue of their respective acts of incorporation." In consequence of the decision in *Bristol v. Barker*, 14 Johns. 205. that the restraining law did not extend "to an individual, who may, alone and on his own credit and account, carry on banking operations," the act of April 21st, 1818, was passed, by which it was enacted, that "it shall not be lawful for any person, association of persons or body corporate, to keep any office of deposit for the purpose of discounting promissory notes, or for carrying on any kind of banking business or operations, which incorporated banks are authorized by law to carry on or issue any bills or promissory notes as private bankers, unless thereunto specially authorized by law."

When bank charters were first granted, it was supposed that all citizens residing in the district, for whose benefit the bank was said to be established, had an equal right to participate in this franchise. The nature of our political institutions forbade the idea that a favored few should be marked out, by a legislative act, as those by whom alone the emoluments of a lucrative branch of business should be enjoyed. Had banks been *public institutions*, and not *private monopolies*, this would unquestionably have been the case. In the act establishing the Bank of the United States, "a public corporation created for public and national purposes," ample provision was made to enable all citizens throughout the union to participate in its advantages. In case more than the proposed capital was subscribed, the commissioners were directed to "deduct the amount of such excess from the largest subscriptions, in such manner as that no subscription shall be reduced in amount while any one remains larger." (Act of April 10th 1816.) In our bank incorporations, so far is the same rule from being observed, that when it was charged in a bill in equity, that the commissioners for receiving subscriptions for the Catskill Bank had "assigned the 6000 shares prescribed by the act, among *themselves*, their *relations* and *favorites*, &c." the chancellor decided, (1 Johns. C. R. 20.) that the law "gave an undefined discretion, and would be utterly senseless upon the construction that the apportionment was intended to be to each sub-

scriber in a ratio to the amount of his subscription." It is perfectly obvious, that as long as the stock of banks bears a premium in the market, a powerful inducement is held out to persons of little or no capital, to be named *commissioners* or *directors* of new institutions, where, as in the case which came under judicial cognisance, they may appropriate to *themselves*, *relations* and *favorites*, the whole stock, to be subsequently sold out by brokers, and the advance realized by the favored subscribers. Accordingly, we find that for many years past, great exertions have been made to procure legislative acts for banks ; and in one case which occurred, some years since, the then executive of the state was so satisfied of the employment of undue means, that he conceived himself authorized to have recourse to the prerogative granted by the old constitution of proroguing the legislature. The evil attracted the attention of the convention of 1821, and by art. 7. sec. 9. of the new constitution, it was provided that "the assent of two thirds of the members elected to each branch of the legislature, shall be requisite to every bill appropriating the public moneys or property, for local or private purposes, or creating, continuing, altering or renewing any body corporate or politic." This restriction rather tended to increase than to diminish the evil. If charters required greater exertions to be procured, they were more valuable when once obtained ; and the nearer banking and insurance business approached to a strict monopoly, the greater was the advance which directors or commissioners gained upon their shares. The intended directors were enabled to give larger sums to their agents, and as the respectability of an employment is too often measured by the pecuniary gain, "men holding judicial stations" did not consider it unworthy of their rank to undertake to sell legislative votes. As also in our system of government, elections are frequent, it often happens that the members of the *lobby* and of the *assembly* change places. The same person who one year has a seat on the floor is not unfrequently seen the next in the halls and avenues of the Capitol, engaged in soliciting his successor or former associates to support an incorporation, on the ground that "*he is interested in its passage.*" That direct bribes are ever received by members of the legislature, we will not positively assert. That, however, bar room politicians, who too frequently direct the incipient measures in relation to elections, and who are hired to go to Albany as agents, exercise an unmerited influence over the candidates whom they have supported, or whom they promise hereafter to advocate, cannot be denied. We have also good reason to believe, that *members* of

the legislature sometimes do not consider it a violation of their oath of office to share with the commissioners or directors in the original distribution of stock, and to take the advance from the brokers without making any payments, or incurring the risk to which other subscribers are subjected. When corruption is once introduced, it is no easy task to trace its ramifications. Few measures indeed can be carried through without *logrolling*, to borrow a word from our western brethren. Corruption, introduced by applications for bank charters, has prevented the passage of many acts demanded by public considerations; and, it is said that the rejection of the electoral law, and the granting of the Chemical Bank charter were more intimately connected than their dissimilar character would induce one not conversant with Albany legislation to suppose. Ours is emphatically a government of opinion; how important is it then that our citizens should have confidence in the purity of their rulers! What more effectual means to destroy their influence than to expose them to the corruption of those who would stoop to every artifice to accomplish their money making schemes? Have we not too much reason to fear that a seat in our legislative councils, instead of being the aim of honorable ambition, is often aspired after for the purpose of accomplishing some mercenary object? The evil does not stop with the legislature itself. The moral character of the whole community is tainted. Men who would indignantly shrink from a proposal to accept a bribe to influence them in a public act, do not hesitate to place means in the hands of agents, with a full knowledge that corrupt influence must be exerted to accomplish the object they have in view.

Though we are not the advocates of too rigid an economy, it is worthy of consideration that legislating on moneyed institutions occupies a large portion of every session. The direct expense to the state amounts to several thousand dollars annually. All business of a public nature might be transacted in less than a month; and many, who are deterred from accepting seats in the legislature, by a winter's residence at Albany, and their unwillingness to incur the importunities of hungry applicants, would contribute their talents to the public service, if that body should cease to be the mere dispenser of incorporating acts. Constituted as our legislature is, what possible knowledge can a large majority have of the wants of a commercial community? Is it not preposterous to suppose, to say nothing of the members from Erie and Cattaraugus, that the representatives of even the neighbouring counties know any thing of the demand for bank capital in the city of New-York?

Most of the remarks, as to the procuring of Bank charters, will apply to those for Insurance Companies, though the latter have been more liberally granted, and of course less valued. From the circumstance of our banks loaning for short periods, they are not well adapted to the accommodation of those who are engaged in permanent improvements. Loans, by such persons, are generally obtained from companies incorporated to insure against fire, and are usually secured by bond and mortgage. Such institutions are well calculated for these purposes; they perform many of the functions of a bank, but issuing no bills which they may be called upon to redeem, their debtors, as long as the security remains good, are under no apprehensions of being compelled to repay their loans. Though the principal profit of these establishments results from lending money, and not from insurance, it appears that they have recently followed the example of the bank grantees, and procured from our legislature, at the last session, an act compelling "agents of Fire Insurance Companies, not incorporated by law of this state," to pay ten per cent., on the amount of all premiums received, into the treasury of the state.

In this state no restriction has yet been imposed on marine insurance by individuals or unauthorized associations, though this business is almost uniformly transacted by incorporated companies. On occasion of the incorporation of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company and London Assurance Company, (6 Geo. 1 c. 18.) underwriting by any other society or partnership was prohibited. This business is however still carried on to a great extent by individuals in England. The underwriters at Lloyd's are famous throughout the world. At the last session of Parliament, at the time of incorporating a new company with a very large capital, the restrictions on insurances by unauthorized partnerships and associations were removed.

It is confidently believed that sufficient has been stated to show that banking establishments, as existing among us, present none of those arguments in their behalf, which have secured special privileges for the Bank of the United States and for the great foreign establishments, to which we have heretofore referred. The manner in which the charters have been in general obtained, most conclusively prove that the grantees are entitled to no particular consideration. It is not, however, necessary to discuss the question, whether the innocent holders of stock fraudulently created are to be punished for the acts of those from whom they have *bona fide* acquired their interest. The legislature have, in no manner,

pledged themselves not to create similar institutions. Charters to an indefinite number may be granted. Nothing can be gained, therefore, to the existing companies by the continuance of the present system, should the legislature proceed as they did during the last session; whilst, under any new arrangement, the institutions already created could not fail to derive considerable advantages from their established character, and from the peculiar provisions of their respective charters.

As one of most effectual means of deterring applicants for bank charters, the repeal of the laws restraining individuals and unauthorized associations from pursuing that employment, has been proposed. From our habits of conducting business, and from the small number of individuals possessing great capitals, we have reason to believe that the relief to the legislature would be but partial. Joint stock associations are particularly adapted to the purposes for which we have employed them. These corporations are not in themselves objectionable; they are only to be deprecated when they assume the character of monopolies, or when the means, necessary to obtain them, lead to acts involving criminality. May not moneyed institutions be created without the constant interposition of the legislature?

Corporations were much favored among the Romans, though not applied to the furtherance of trade, in the same manner as with us. They, "by the civil law, seem to have been created by the mere act and voluntary association of their members."* The civil law does not however treat of them as joint stock companies; and limited partnership seems to have been unknown to it. In England the *commandite*, or limited partnership, does not exist, and no *joint stock companies* are there formed by general law. *Anonymous societies*, or joint stock companies, were not established by the old commercial ordinances of France, but were strongly recommended by the enlightened compilers of the present "Code de Commerce." In the exposition presented to the legislative body they observe that "Anonymous partnerships, or those by shares have likewise engaged the attention of the framers of the code. They afford the means of encouraging great enterprises, of drawing from abroad capital into France; of associating mediocrity, and even poverty itself, with the advantages of great speculations; of adding to the public credit, and to the circulating medium in commerce."† The regulations, in reference to partnerships, occupies a conspicuous place in the code; and as many of the provisions, in relation to *anonymous societies*, have

* 1 Bl. Com. 472.

† Rodman's Comm. Code of France, 13.

been adopted in the charters of our corporations, we submit to the public as the *basis* of a general law, the articles referred to.

"Art. 19. The law recognizes three kinds of partnerships, to wit : Partnerships under a collective name. Commandite, or limited partnership. Anonymous partnership." The first kind is that which ordinarily takes place among merchants, where all are responsible to the full extent of their property. The provisions with relation to the second are similar to those established by act of 1821, in relation to limited partnerships in this state, except that the restriction, specially imposed in our law, as to banking and insurance, is not to be found in the French code. "Art. 29. The *anonymous partnership* does not exist under a social name or firm. It is not designated by the name of any of the associates. Art. 30. It is distinguished by the designation of the object of the association. Art. 31. It is managed by agents or directors, who are either stockholders or not, with or without salary, and removable from office at a certain period. Art. 32. The directors are responsible only for the execution of the trust committed to them. They do not contract, in virtue of their administration, any personal obligation, nor become jointly and severally responsible for the engagements of the association. Art. 33. The associates or stockholders are liable only to the extent of their interest; that is, to the amount of their shares in the association. Art. 34. The capital stock of the anonymous partnership is divided into shares, and even into parts of shares, of an equal value. Art. 35. The shares in the association may be evidenced by certificates in favor of the bearer. In this case, they are transferred by the mere delivery of the certificate. Art. 36. The right to shares may be established by an entry on the books of the association. In this case a transfer is effected by a declaration entered on the register, and signed by the person who makes the transfer, or his attorney duly authorized. Art. 40. Anonymous partnerships cannot be formed but by instruments of writing publicly attested. Art. 45. The act of the government authorizing an anonymous partnership must be posted up, &c."

The "*Manuel du droit Français*," by M. Pailliet, contains a clear and perspicuous account of the manner in which those associations are formed in France. "Speculations," says the commentator, "are free in France. The government never grants a special privilege of carrying on such or such a branch of commerce. All individuals are at liberty to engage in a general partnership, or as *commanditaires*, where the acting partners are generally responsible, and the others only to the

amount of their interest. The code admits a third kind of partnership, where all the concerned are *commanditaires*, or where no one is responsible except to the amount of his interest in the capital stock, where the managers are mere trustees; and where, finally, that which constitutes an essential difference between partnerships *en commandite*, and anonymous partnerships, the stockholders may be managers without being personally responsible, except for the due execution of their trust. As the law has provided for the security of trade, by regulations establishing the responsibility of those who carry on business in their own names, or in the collective name of a partnership, binding them for the whole debts contracted; as it has taken precautions against the admission of *commanditaires* affecting the guaranty due to the public, it ought to establish special regulations with regard to associations, where the personal responsibility of ordinary partnerships does not exist. It has reserved to itself the right of certifying that such an association is not a snare held out to credulity; that the object of the association is lawful and real; that it is not a vain project, without stability; but an association with funds competent to its object; that there are actual stockholders, and not fictitious associates, whose names are used solely to induce others to bind themselves; that the capital announced really exists; or that the payment of it is secured; that the regulations of the association offer to the stockholders a *garantie morale*, and, in every case, the means of inspection and the exercise of those rights over the employment of their property, which justly belong to them. The act of the royal authority which authorizes and approves of the association, *has no other object but to certify to the public that this verification has been regularly made.* And this verification is the guaranty substituted for that which ordinary partnerships offer, and of which the anonymous partnership is not susceptible. The government grants nothing, and it only authorises, on account of the nature of the association, that which an ordinary partnership, or *en commandite*, or any merchant, may do without authorization.”*

With respect to the formalities requisite to procure the assent of the executive government, they are contained in the decision of the minister of the interior, of the date of 31st Dec. 1808. These of course are matters of detail, and must in every country depend on the nature of the government. The act of the legislature of New-York, of 22d March, 1811, relative to incorporations for manufacturing purposes, which

* Manuel du Droit François, p. 975.

was originally of temporary duration, but which has been extended by various subsequent acts to the present time, might, with few alterations, be made applicable to all *joint stock companies*. Indeed, the granting of corporate powers, by general law, is of ancient date among us. So early as 1784, the act with respect to religious societies was passed. Had no general provisions existed on this subject, can any one inform us how many special laws the legislature would have been called on to enact in relation to the incorporation of churches?

Many who are perfectly willing to adopt general provisions as to other institutions, fear the effect of an increased facility of obtaining banking privileges. Their objections are specious, and were they well founded would be more applicable to private banking than to associations incorporated by general law. Time will not permit us to examine what is actually the offence prohibited by our restraining statutes. We are nowhere informed in what specifically consists the *franchise of banking*, unless we adopt the definition of a judge of a neighboring state, cited in a late case (2 Cowen, 710.) by Savage, Ch. J. In the *Maine Bank v. Butts*, (9 Mass. Rep. 54.) Sewall, Justice, says, "that expression, (*banking principles*,) if it has any peculiar meaning, is an authority to deduct the interest at the commencement of loans, or to make loans upon discounts, instead of the ordinary forms of security for an accruing interest." Can any man perceive any sensible difference in the nature of the two transactions? If there is none, why is the one operation a penal offence, and the other perfectly lawful? Many of the Insurance Companies have been prohibited, in express terms, from *discounting notes*; consequently, when they lend on personal security, they do not withhold the *discount* at the time of making the negotiation, but receive a higher rate of interest when the note is payable. That the restraining laws would, if construed with rigor, go to interdict every kind of business in which credit is employed, we have the authority of the Chamber of Commerce of this city, sanctioned by a legislative act, for supposing. Accordingly, on the memorial of the Chamber of Commerce, the same session that the first act as to unauthorized associations was passed, it was enacted "that nothing in the said bill contained shall be deemed or construed to prevent any person, association, or company, from transacting and pursuing any business other than such as Companies or Banks, incorporated for the express purpose of banking, usually do or transact." This act is really a good commentary upon attempts at legislative regulations of trade. We have the authority of our Supreme Court (19 Johns. 7.) for saying when

the restraining statutes apply, they affect the *security*, and not the *debt*; and, therefore, whenever money has been lent, it may be recovered though the security itself is void." We will not, however, inquire farther what business banks pursue that is peculiar to them, though had we not exceeded the limits usually assigned to our articles, we might present to our readers decisions of our courts of justice sanctioning the *issuing of negotiable notes, discounting notes, and receiving deposits*, not only by individuals, but by corporations established for purposes other than those of Banking, though these acts are declared to be by Mr. Justice Spencer "the principal attributes of a bank." *Vide* 15 Johns. 358. 1 Cowen, 542. 2 Cowen, 676.

But giving to banking its popular meaning, we would ask, is there any thing in the nature of this employment, which requires restrictions not demanded in other pursuits? The principles of banking occupy so large a space in the science of political economy, that we must content ourselves with a brief notice of this part of our subject. To those who have directed their attention to that branch of learning which cannot but be esteemed essential to the lawgiver, no arguments are requisite to show that our merchants want not the aid of an *immaculate* and *enlightened* legislature, to determine for them when they have occasion for an increase of bank capital, any more than they stand in need of an act of congress to decide for them whether they shall continue to import foreign cloth, or make their purchases of the domestic manufacturer.

Rendering free the business of banking, is generally objected to from an apprehension that it may engender a vicious currency. The fact is, a *bank note* is like any other promissory note. It will preserve its nominal value, if the maker be at the place where it circulates and ready to redeem it whenever it is presented for payment. While rival institutions are permitted, and especially while the Bank of the United States with its immense capital is in operation, we have little reason to fear that bank notes not redeemable in specie will acquire a credit in the market, or that the currency will be degraded by an extravagant increase of paper money. The amount of the issues whether banking be conducted by incorporated companies, voluntary associations, or individuals, must depend upon the means of redemption, which, when gold and silver are the standards of value, must consist either of specie or of funds capable of being immediately converted into specie. How often do banks curtail their discounts in order to prevent demands upon them, which may exceed their disposable means? Whenever there is a pecuniary pressure, the expe-

rience of our citizens teaches them that this is to be expected. The diminution of accommodations by the Bank of England, immediately preceding the suspension of specie payments, is a memorable example of the effect of a demand for coin even upon the first commercial establishment of the world. Banks, indeed, are fully sensible, that their principal profits are derived from deposits, and not from circulation. Hence the reason of their uniformly preferring those customers who are in the habit of having large balances, to those who offer for discount notes even of the most unexceptionable character.

It is true, that the establishment of banking institutions has frequently given rise to speculation. To attempt, however, to regulate over-trading by legislative enactment, would be at once a violation of the freedom of commerce, and a measure impracticable in execution. The law might, with as much propriety, fix the amount of goods to be imported by a merchant, as to determine the extent of the bank accommodations which he shall receive. As to obtaining money on loans, it is procured in the cities, as well from Insurance Companies and similar moneyed institutions, as from banks. But the repeal of the present restrictive system would be of the first importance as a preventive to speculation on the part of the agriculturist. Were it left optional with a capitalist to employ his money wherever his own interest dictated, he would not resort to a place where the business of trade did not require the facilities of banking. Restrained, however, by the legislature, the bank can establish its office only where they allow the privilege. Business from the commercial towns is not obtained in the interior except when there is a scarcity of money in the city, and the paper then discounted is rather of an inferior character. The farmer, however, hearing of the facilities of getting money, has recourse to the institution, engages in extensive improvements, and his returns not being at the end of 60 or 90 days, he is obliged after repeated *renewals* to permit his farm to be sold to meet his engagements. To incorporated banks, prematurely brought into existence by the grant of a legislative *franchise*, are we to attribute the vicious currency of the Western States, and no inconsiderable portion of that distress which inordinate speculation spread a few years since among the agriculturists of every portion of the union. The banks established along the Jersey shore, which promise ere long to be as numerous as the customhouses between France and Germany, are another blessed result of our restraining system.

The general authorization of banking does not preclude regulation. The most important one is, "that of subjecting

the issuers of paper money to the obligation of paying their notes, either in gold or silver or bullion.”* This principle has the sanction of the acute reasoner whose words we have cited, and is generally found in our bank charters. It might also be advisable to prohibit the issue of notes below a given denomination, say 5 or 10 dollars. The bills are small that usually go into the hands of ignorant persons. In the receipt of those above the denomination mentioned, all are sufficiently attentive to the character of the maker. The proposed regulation would have the effect of causing silver to be used for all small sums. In France, the bank, which alone issues notes, is restricted to those of the value of 500 francs and upwards.

As a substitute for the personal responsibility of ordinary partnerships, a minimum capital might be established by law. Provisions similar to those in the recent bank charters, might be made for the purpose of ascertaining that the capital agreed on was actually paid in, and the institution might be prohibited from continuing business after its funds were reduced by failure or otherwise below a certain amount. The directors and officers of the *anonymous association* should be held personally responsible for any contravention of these regulations.

Joint stock companies thus formed would possess a responsibility in vain looked for in our present institutions, while no imposition would be practised on the community. A special act of incorporation is, in the eye of the ignorant man, a legislative endorsement of the notes of the bank, while on the proposed system, the capital of the *anonymous partnership* would be alone regarded.



Sarratt's Treatise on the Game of Chess. London. 1822.

As we doubt not that a majority of our readers are amateurs of the fascinating game of chess, we shall offer no apology for devoting to this topic a few pages of our Journal, more particularly as we shall endeavour to give the subject some interest, even in the eyes of those who are but little acquainted with it.

It seems a disputed point, between persons whose opinions and researches are entitled to equal respect, whether the game of chess is of Grecian, Persian, Hindoo or Chinese origin.

* Ricardo's Political Economy, 507.

The Hon. Daines Barrington insists on the latter; and Mr. Irwin mentions a Chinese manuscript, by which it would appear that the game was invented about two thousand years ago by King Hung Cochu, of China, for the amusement of his soldiers. On the other hand, Sir William Jones maintains that the Hindoos are entitled to the honor of the invention; as an evidence of which he tells us, that the Persians assert that the game was imported from the West of India in the sixth century of the Christian era. With all due deference to Sir William, this proves nothing more than that the Persians are not the inventors themselves. The Persians would have received the game through the medium of Hindostan, whether it originated there, or had been conveyed to that empire from China. The authors above named, and others who refer the game to Grecian or Hebrew origin, have attempted to substantiate their theories, by investigating the etymological origin of the word *chess*, as well as some of the terms appertaining to the game. Accordingly, we have all sorts of cacophonous and ambagatory derivations, some of which certainly border on the ridiculous. Thus, *Uscoches*, famous Turkish robbers; *seache*, which means *theft* in some language, we know not which; *sejag* and *scok*, two Hebrew words, with significations we know not what, are all gravely proposed by different writers as the root whence the plain English word chess is derived. We shall not stop to notice the learned writers who prove from Sophocles that the game was invented by Palamedes at the siege of Troy; nor the others equally learned who affirm that Adam and Eve got through the twelve hours by checkmating each other in the garden of Eden. We hold these two last theories to be no more than a commentator's phantasy. After all, it is of but little consequence whether the Chinese, or Hindoos, or Greeks, or Hebrews were the inventors. The most enthusiastic admirer of chess ought to be satisfied with knowing that it certainly was played in Asia as long ago as A. D. 576; and that in one portion of Hindostan the chessmen are called *Hastyaswarat-hapudatam*; which, from the apostrophe in the middle, we take to be the razee of some word of still more unconscionable length.

The names of the pieces in Asia are somewhat different from ours. The principal piece seems to have been always called by the same name, *the king*; which is natural enough, as almost all the governments of the east are monarchical. The next piece, which possessed greater locomotive powers than the king himself, but from the constitution of the game is of infinitely less value, is called by the Persians *Pherz*, or gene-

ral. This is a far more appropriate name than that of queen, which is said to have been bestowed upon the piece by the gallantry of European chess players. If we might hazard a conjecture, we should say that the title of queen has been adopted on account of the proximate locality of the king. Such changes grow up imperceptibly, just as the term *castle* has nearly superseded that of *rook*. The English name of *rook* is supposed to be derived from *rocca*, (citadel) the Italian name of the piece. This piece, in Russia and in India, is made in the form of a ship, but possesses the same powers as our *rook*. The knight sufficiently explains his own name. *Pawn* comes from the French *pion*, in Italian, *pedina*, or *pedone*; which is itself derived from a barbarous Latin word signifying foot soldier. As for the bishop, he seems to puzzle every one to trace his origin.

It is supposed that the game of chess was introduced into Europe by the crusaders. The first account we have of it in England is in 1474, during the reign of Edward IV., when Caxton published a treatise, entitled "The Game of Chess;" from which it appears that it was by no means an uncommon game there at that early period.

Damiano published a work on chess, at Rome, in 1524. This is the oldest work extant of any value. Many of the openings of games by him are still considered as incapable of any improvement; and his "remarkable situations," are sufficient proof of his extraordinary skill. He played several games blindfolded. After Damiano, Rui Lopez published another treatise on the same subject. He was followed by Jerome, Paoli Boi, Lionardo Salvio, Carrera, Greco, Stamma, the anonymous Modenese, Philidor and Sarratt. Most of these added considerably to the stock of information contained in the works of their predecessors.

We have thus sketched, as briefly as possible, an outline of the history of the game of chess, and there now remains for us only to give some account of the automaton chess player of which every body has heard something, and nobody appears to know much.

In the year 1769 a Mr. Wolfgang de Kempelin, a Hungarian by birth, constructed a piece of mechanism, in the form of a man, dressed in the Turkish costume, and seated at a table, with a chessboard upon it. Here this automaton, without any human agency, plays the game so skilfully, that, from the day of his creation to the present, he has never been beaten but three times, though often opposed to the best players in Europe.

The impossibility of mere mechanism's exercising volition and judgment, has produced a thousand conjectures as to the nature of the *primum mobile* of this machine. We ought to mention that the table, at which the figure is seated, is about three feet square and boxed up on all sides. This table, upon which the board is delineated, is attached to the figure, and the whole is placed on castors. When he is brought into the room he plays in any part of it at the option of the company. We shall take the liberty of copying a short description of an examination of the interior of the machine, from a writer who visited the automaton with the avowed intention of making, if possible, some discoveries.

"From a door in a canvas screen, the automaton and commode (the table) were wheeled out at the time appointed, and the figure was made to face the company. Then the interior chamber of the commode, (occupying about one-third of its dimensions,) was opened *before and behind*, when a taper was held by the proprietor, in such a situation as to throw a full light through the machinery, that occupied this part of it. He now closed and locked the doors of this chamber, opened the drawer and took out the men and cushion; after which, he opened the large chamber of the commode in front, and put the taper through the front door within it. About one eighth of this chamber was occupied by machinery; the rest was a perfect cavity lined with green baize. He now shut and locked these doors; then wheeled the commode round, opened and took up the drapery of the figure and exhibited the body, partly occupied by machinery and partly with imperfect imitations of the prominent parts to the shoulders. The drapery was then carefully pulled down, and the figure wheeled round again to front the spectators, before whom it played a masterly and successful game. The conviction of the writer and his friends present was, that the concealment of a small thin boy or dwarf was *barely possible*. The large chamber would contain him, and that chamber never was opened from behind, nor at the same time that the back of the figure was exposed."

In our opinion, this solution only relieves us from one improbability to involves us in another. For it is just as contrary to the nature of things to suppose that a small thin boy could be taught to beat the best chess players in Europe, as it is to suppose that intellectual powers could be communicated to mere machinery. Fifty years have now elapsed since the invention of this automaton, and is it not absurd to suppose the existence of a succession of 'small thin boys' or even dwarfs, who possess such admirable skill, and whom nobody ever saw; for it is not even pretended that any one has ever seen this boy or dwarf?

Passing over, then, all speculation on this mystery, without even a conjecture; which, at this distance, and with our limited knowledge would be idle and presumptuous, we will endeavor to give some account of the automaton's manner of

playing. He rests his right arm, which holds his pipe, on a cushion and plays with his left hand ; owing, as Mr. Kempelin says, to inadvertence in the construction. Formerly players were seated at the same table with the figure, but owing to occasional inattention, the pieces were not placed in the exact centre of the squares by the player, and in consequence the delicate mechanism of the fingers was considerably injured. At present, a separate board is provided, the proprietor officiating to note the player's moves on the automaton's board, and the automaton's moves on the player's board. The automaton never hesitates. The instant after his antagonist makes his move he makes his own. While a player is deliberating, the proprietor always walks the room. His countenance expresses the most intense thought ; but this may be a piece of deception on his part. In reply to a question put to him by a friend of ours as to the number of games he had ever lost, he said " Three—of these I was beaten two successively at Vienna the same evening, but I had a violent headache." It would seem from this reply, that he made no secret of his own agency in the game, but how he exercised it our ingenious informant was utterly unable to conjecture. The automaton gives the king's bishops pawn, and the move, and not content with this, moves his king's pawn only one square. These disadvantages, *we should suppose*, were overwhelming ; but notwithstanding these, he has always won or drawn the game, except in the three solitary instances abovementioned. We have seen a work which contained fifty games actually played by this figure, but it is difficult to appreciate the real excellence of his game in consequence of the indifferent play of his antagonists. But it is time to leave this wonder-making piece of mechanism to speak of other players.

Among the players of the last century, there is no doubt that Philidor was the best. His games, however, although the results of admirable foresight and circumspection, are by no means free from imperfections. In 1749 he published his " Analysis of Chess," in which he condemned the two following moves : *the playing of the king's knight to the bishop's third square* at the second move ; or instead of that, *the queen's bishop's pawn one square*. " Either of these moves," says Philidor, " is a very bad play for him who has the first move, as he loses the attack in consequence of it." Philidor also directs, when the king's pawn is attacked (in certain cases) to support it with the queen's pawn, and gives several games to prove his principles. These, however, have been since very skilfully analyzed by

Sarratt, the author of the work before us, and late President of the London Chess Club. In a volume published in 1808, Sarratt has satisfactorily demonstrated that these maxims of Philidor are incorrect.

As to the relative merits of Sarratt and Philidor as players, it seems difficult to decide. Perhaps the proper distinction would be that the former was the most brilliant, and the latter the most sagacious. With regard to the intrinsic value of their works to students, we have no hesitation in assigning the palm to Sarratt, for the following reasons. Philidor's games are tedious, often exceeding forty or fifty moves, while Sarratt's seldom exceed ten or a dozen; consequently, the same degree of attention is better rewarded. Philidor excels in the management of his pawns, Sarratt in that of his pieces, which of course affords greater opportunity for brilliant strokes than the pawn games can possibly do. Sarratt's game is decided generally in half a dozen moves, which enables the learner to retain them readily, and practice them constantly. On the whole, we may perhaps say, that Sarratt is the work best adapted to junior, and Philidor to senior players.

Having spoken thus in general terms favorably of Sarratt's work, we shall conclude by noticing a few of his defects.

In the first game* the author undertakes to demonstrate that the third move of the black is a bad one, and entails the loss of the game. Accordingly at the twelfth move the white has gained a piece and an advantageous situation. Here the game is left for the player to finish, with the remark, "the white will win the game whether the black exchange queens or not." This is true enough in the twelfth situation, but by retracing our steps to the tenth move we shall find, that if the black, instead of making the move directed in the book, checks with his rook, he will have, *at least*, as good a game as the white, and even better, taking the chance of ordinary play. This game has retained its place unchallenged in every edition of this work from 1808 until 1822. Again, when at the second move, the two king's pawns being played first, the king's knight attacks the pawn, Philidor directs the queen's pawn to move to its support, but Sarratt says this is bad play, and moves the queen's knight. This appears to be a good defence, though it must be acknowledged that the first player can, by attacking it with his king's bishop, force the doublings of a pawn; but we are not prepared to say that any advantage is gained by this. The attempt to show that Philidor's defence

* We number the games as they are placed in the edition of 1822.

with the queen's pawn is a vicious one, is not satisfactory ; the player is left at the tenth move in a complicated game which we suspect Professor Sarratt found himself unable to manage with effect.

In many of the games the loser is supposed to make two, and even three bad moves in the course of the same game ; this is a paltry expedient, totally beneath a great player.

Many of his "critical situations" are extremely ingenious, but others have nothing to recommend them. In the seventy-second, the white is told that by a scientific move he may draw the game ; now this scientific move is precisely the one that any player of common proficiency would make. The seventy-third could not be played wrong.

We close this article by extracting one of the remarkable situations of the pieces, as a specimen of this department of Sarratt's work, and as an exercise for the ingenuity of those who do not possess the book.

WHITE.**BLACK.**

King, at adverse King's Bishop's third square. King at his Rook's square.

Queen's Bishop, at adverse Queen's Bishop's fourth square. White pawn to checkmate in four moves.

King's Knight's pawn, at adverse Knight's fourth square.

DIGRESSIONS.**Part I. No. III.****I.**

Ralph Morris then—I've made choice of this name,
Not that I've any very special reason ;
Any dissyllable were quite the same ;
Indeed I was quite puzzled for a season
About the surname, nor could fix upon
A proper, unobjectionable one.

II.

I wanted one which should at the same time
Be euphonous and brief, and quite uncommon,
To which I might occasionally rhyme,
Without offence to either man or woman ;
With liquid consonants and open vowels,
That Pegasus might jog on without rowels.

III.

After some moments' serious cogitation,
 I could not think of one which would quite hit,
 So threw my pen down in determination
 To trust alone to chance to settle it.
 And so to end at once my mental lecture, I
 Referred myself forthwith to the Directory.

IV.

It lay before me on my desk, and glanced
 A sudden light upon my meditation—
 'Twas Longworth's for the present year that chanced
 To be my oracle on this occasion;
 I was so grateful when my eye fell on it,
 That I *instantly* penned the following sonnet.

SONNET.

O Longworth! prince supreme of all topographers,
 I thank thee for this precious book of thine,
 Whose various merits gloriously outshine,
 The puny works of half a score geographers.

Had I the art concise with which stenographers
 Condense whole pages to a single line,
 Perchance the happy lot might then be mine,
 To hold a worthy place 'mid thy biographers.

But who can worthily repeat thy fame?
 On thee a hundred thousand souls depend
 Daily for useful knowledge—and thy name

(Borrowers and all,) tumultuously commend,
 While thou undazzled by their praise goest on,
 And askest—but a dollar from each one.

V.

This done, I dived at once into the book,
 Opening hap-hazard in the midst of it;
 And the first name at which I chanced to look,
 (Which by good luck's a tolerable fit,)
 Popped in my verse—the name you see is Morris,
 Which I have given to my hero for his.

VI.

I recommend this method unto those
 Whose minds may similarly be divided;
 To take up the Directory and choose
 The first name that occurs to them as I did.
 And if they can be satisfied with any,
 'Twill be with these same *Sortes Longworthianæ*.

VII.

Ralph Morris then, my hero, at the time
 When I commence this story, is about
 In his thirtieth year—quite in his manhood's prime
 Meeting by sluggish years his measure out,
 Yet so much has been crowded in that span
 He might be almost deemed an aged man.

VIII.

For 'tis not by the regular slow growth
 Of the mere body that the soul keeps pace.
 Like feebleness indeed rests on them both
 At birth—an hour dissolves this close embrace
 Of kindred weakness and dependency.
 Leaving Life's single, strong, mysterious tie.

IX.

Each then pursues its own peculiar path,
 Each has its own peculiar joys and woes ;
 Its regular increase the body hath,
 Its morn and noon of life and evening close ;
 And cold and hunger, violence and war,
 Disease and death, each have their turn to mar.

X.

But who can measure the precise degree,
 Or trace the flashing path, by which the soul
 Leaps and expands into maturity ?
 No limits of mere time or space control,
 No laws of mere material growth confine
 Its grasping aim, its energy divine.

XI.

And Space to it is nothing—and the wide
 Illimitable universe supplies
 Scarce food enough for the exhaustless pride
 Of thought forever thirsting to be wise ;
 Yearning to circle in one vast embrace
 All mysteries of knowledge throughout space.

XII.

And Time to it is nothing—and the years
 That stamp their impress on the outward man,
 Bowing the form, dimming the eye with tears,
 And making the fresh young cheek pale and wan,
 Pass o'er, and leave no track or trace behind
 Upon the everlasting youth of mind.

XIII.

Action and suffering, Feeling and deep thought—
 These are the spirit's chroniclers of time ;
 By them a single moment may be fraught
 With more than years of agony and crime,
 One happy hour which fortune sometime gives,
 O'erpay the vulgar rapture of whole lives.

XIV.

Thus though the unbroken form may still be strung
 With youthful sinews—and forth from the eye
 The lightning of young Passion still be flung ;
 Deep in the soul—deep, still and secretly,
 Feeling intense and overpowering thought
 May sadder work than length of years have wrought.

XV.

Thus had it been with Morris—on his brow
Time yet had stamped no furrow, but stern care
Had traced with leaden fingers, sure and slow,
The lines of early melancholy there.
The tokens of a spirit young in years,
Yet old in disappointment, griefs and tears.

XVI.

Misfortune was his only heritage
From an unlucky sire—few years have passed,
And in the recollection of this age,
His fathers were among the highest; vast
Their wealth, and all the obsequious train wealth bears—
Influence and friends and office—all were theirs.

XVII.

But fortune changed, a dark Fatality
Of evil fell upon them and their race;
Creatures of a resistless destiny,
They saw the stranger seize, before their face,
Upon their son's inheritance, and scoff
At those who could not keep the spoiler off.

XVIII.

Wealth passed from them—they saw, yet had no power,
Spell-bound and helpless, to arrest or check
The merciless fate which daily, hour by hour,
Wasted their wide possessions to a wreck.
Friendship forsook—power fled—and vulgar hate
With persecution, filled the cup of fate.

XIX.

The minions that had fattened on them fled,
And in their hour of darkness knew them not.
The tempest found them with uncovered head—
They could no longer give, and were forgot.
Scattered, they wandered on the earth unknown
Each to his fate, in sorrow and alone.

XX.

Some, childless died—whole families were swept
By violence and sickness to the tomb;
Some lay down smilingly, and as they slept,
With closed eyes quietly passed to their doom;
And steel and poison urged their claim to slay,
And Winds and Waves and Lightnings had their prey.

XXI.

Thus of a populous family there survive
Ralph and his brother, two alone, to keep
What only by their sire was left, alive.
The spirit of proud thought which cannot sleep,
The mem'ry of what has been, and the high
Resolve to conquer fate, or failing, die.

XXII.

With single aim, yet by far different means
Each sought this self-same object to attain;
Ardent, aspiring, Ralph rushed to the scenes
Where glory beckons on Ambition's train;
Eager to blazon on the scrolls of fame,
In living characters, a deathless name.

XXIII.

Nature had moulded him of fierce extremes;
Impetuous passion and romantic thought
And high imagination's glorious dreams
With feeling's softer elements were wrought.
Prone to confide, and doubting not of truth—
Love—friendship—honor—were his dreams of youth.

XXIV.

He had no love for vulgar things—nor could
The eternal, dreary nothingness of all
The accommodating world pronounces good
Because 'tis sanctified by fashion, thrall
With customary fetters, or control
With Siren blandishments his free-born soul.

XXV.

His was the tropic climate of the heart—
All dazzling sunshine or a thunder-storm;
No lingering twilight marked the day depart,
But closing swift o'er the retiring form
Of rapture's sun, comes sorrow's shadowy cloud
Wreathing around the spirit like a shroud.

XXVI.

He had no sympathy with those whom pride
Has cased insensible in rigid steel;
Souls to the rugged Appenine allied
As rude in strength, and as untaught to feel
With might and pride surpassing nature's law,
Careless of kinder thought save those of awe.

XXVII.

His soul had nearer kindred to the flower
That opes its bosom to the summer sky,
Courting the gentle gale, the freshening shower,
And blushing as the zephyr whispers by—
But when the storm and whirlwind come, sinks down
Withered and blasted by the tempest's frown.

XXVIII.

Thus moulded, he went forth on his career,
Contending midst his peers, for the high aim—
The prize which had been from his earliest year
His all absorbing wish—a glorious name.
Years came and went, and found him struggling on—
I'll tell you all about it ere I'm done.

*Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, [ALEXANDER HAMILTON,] on the subject of Manufactures, made the fifth of December, 1791. Printed by order of the House of Representatives. Philadelphia. 1824.**

The partisans of that exclusive system of trade, the maxim of which is, that it is better to buy commodities dear at home than cheap abroad, have often declared that General Hamilton was an advocate of that theory, and appeal, in confirmation of their assertion, to his Report on Manufactures. Now, we cannot but express our admiration that no one has ever taken the trouble to refute these misrepresentations. In the absence of abler writers we shall assume to ourselves the task of defending the opinions of the illustrious Hamilton from these interested or ignorant aspersions. We have in this article two objects in view. The first is to show what opinions Hamilton entertained on the subject of manufactures, as far as can be gathered from his Report; and the second is to inquire how far the change of circumstances in this country, for the last thirty years, may have modified some of his hypotheses.

I. In order to arrive at a full understanding of the scope and tenor of Mr. Hamilton's arguments, it will be proper to recur for a moment to the state of the country and of political science in 1790, at the time this report was drawn up. We were just then emerging from a long, though ultimately successful struggle for liberty; still smarting under the privations arising from our impoverished resources, and the actual want of almost all the manufactured necessities of life; while a renewal of war was regarded as by no means an improbable occurrence, and one which required every provision which the wisdom and foresight of government could possibly supply. Besides this,

* We cannot refrain from expressing our unqualified reprehension of this spurious edition of Hamilton's report. It purports to be printed "by order of the House of Representatives," leaving the reader falsely to suppose that this order issued from the Congress of 1823—24. In the course of the report some hundred sentences and parts of sentences are printed in italics and capitals, and occasionally interspersed with pointers [] and notes of exclamation; none of which are to be found in the original report. To crown all, there is appended to the report, in this edition, a silly dialogue between a shop keeper and a farmer, too mean for criticism, apparently intended to form part of the report written by Alexander Hamilton. Do the gentlemen, who form the Board of Managers, of the above named Society, expect to find their account in such petty tricks as these? But we cannot believe that the gentlemen of that Board would descend to such artifices on any consideration whatever. We suspect that some impudent pretender has palmed off the work on the public as coming from the respectable Board of the Pennsylvania Society. These gentlemen, however, have been strangely remiss, in not exposing the fraud.

at the close of the revolutionary war, it was extremely natural for Americans to feel prejudiced not only against the English government, but also against the English system of trade, which had long oppressed us with a view to the benefit of the mother country; while, on the other hand, the countenance and support of France induced a prepossession in favor of her opinions and policy. While England was strenuously pursuing her complicated schemes of bounties and monopolies, France, under Turgot, had adopted the equally erroneous theory of the Economists, viz. that agriculture is the only possible road to national wealth. Dr. Franklin became infected with this doctrine while Minister at the Court of Versailles, and his influence also tended to spread it rapidly among the statesmen of America. No other theory at that period seems to have possessed any advocates whatever, and Adam Smith, if he was known at all, was regarded as a visionary theorist, whom no one noticed but to ridicule. We mention this fact the more particularly, as it appears to have escaped general observation that the main scope of General Hamilton's argument, while it deserves all the credit of originality, is in fact identically the same that Smith, Say, Ricardo, and others of that school have demonstrated to be correct. We are fully aware that in making this statement we are contradicting the general impression; but we think we shall be able to show presently, that this impression owes its origin to those who were more anxious to make it appear that Hamilton's opinions coincided with theirs, than that theirs were governed by Hamilton's.

We have already said that the most generally received theory in America was that of the French economists, and General Hamilton accordingly felt himself called upon to confute this system before he offered any other in its stead. Accordingly to this end he had devoted one fourth part of his whole report.

After demonstrating that capital employed in manufactures is in nature equally productive with that employed in agriculture, which the French economists deny, he concludes that it is politic to submit to a temporary advance in the price of commodities in order to secure a permanent reduction in their value; just as individuals frequently invest capital in a concern, which, although it yields no immediate profits, holds out a reasonable prospect of large and satisfactory returns at some future period. The substance of the whole report is found compressed into the following paragraph:

"But though it were true, that the immediate and certain effect of regulations, controlling the competition of foreign with domestic fabrics, was an increase of price, it is universally true, that the contrary is the ultimate effect with every successful manufacture. When a domestic manufacture

has attained to perfection, and has engaged in the prosecution of it a competent number of persons, it invariably becomes cheaper. Being free from the heavy charges which attend the importation of foreign commodities, it can be afforded, and accordingly seldom or never fails to be sold cheaper, in process of time, than the foreign articles, for which it is a substitute. The internal competition which takes place soon does away every thing like monopoly, and by degrees reduces the price of the article to the *minimum* of a reasonable profit of the capital employed. This accords with the reason of the thing and with experience. Whence it follows, that it is the interest of a community, with a view to eventual and permanent economy, to encourage the growth of manufactures. In a national view, a temporary enhancement of price must always be well compensated by a permanent reduction of it.*

Now it is evident that Mr. Hamilton contemplates and anticipates throughout, a reduction of prices the moment the manufacture is brought to perfection, and a competent number of hands and proper machinery employed; for which purpose he proposed a rate of duties averaging seven per cent. *ad valorem*. If he had been asked at the time of framing his report, whether after an experiment of thirty-three years with duties averaging thirty instead of seven per cent. he would still advocate a continuance and a farther increase of duties, he would probably refer the inquirer, for an answer, to that part of his report which treats of this point, (which, by the bye, the Philadelphia board have forgotten to print in italics.)

After observing that duties on foreign, and bounties on domestic manufactures amount virtually to the same thing, he says,

"The continuance of bounties on manufactures long established must almost always be of questionable policy; because a presumption would arise in every such case that there were natural and inherent impediments to success. But in new undertakings they are justifiable, as they are oftentimes necessary."

"This is" (to use their own words) "an eternal, an irrefutable answer" to the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the encouragement of American Manufactures, and to the whole host of other societies, instituted for the same disinterested purposes; for unless they can show that manufactures of thirty-three years standing are to be considered as *new undertakings*, or else that these same manufactures could long since have been afforded cheaper than imported fabrics not subject to a duty—unless they can demonstrate one of these two things, they must give up General Hamilton, who says expressly, that the *presumption* of any *inherent impedi-*

* We cannot omit to express our gratitude to the Philadelphia publishers in printing this paragraph in italics, with a ¶ prefixed. We might not have noticed it, but for this gratuitous kindness.

ment to success, renders a continuance of encouragement of questionable policy. Of course, when this presumption is reduced to a certainty, the policy of encouragement is much less than questionable. Now we apprehend that nothing is easier than a demonstration that there has existed, even since Mr. Hamilton framed his Report, and that there must exist for centuries to come a natural and inherent impediment to the success of manufactures in this country ; an impediment which Mr. Hamilton does not advert to, and perhaps could not foresee, because nothing but experience can enable us to estimate its force and extent. This obstacle is the high wages of labor. Deeply and heartily do we deprecate, in common with every true philanthropist, the day when this impediment shall cease to exist. Happily, it is yet far distant ; for until the valley of the Mississippi and the eastern shores of the Pacific are reclaimed and populated, that day cannot come. When wages fall to the English prices, and the poor man's children are perishing with cold and hunger ; when our streets are filled with beggars and our prisons with convicts, then, and not till then, will the finer manufactures flourish in this country. Mr. Hamilton regards this fall of wages not as desirable, but as inevitable. He could not possibly foresee, without the attribute of extraordinary prescience, at what degree on the scale of wages, laborers would prefer turning their industry to account by migrating to the western part of the continent. But at this day, every body knows that a vast flood of population is pouring into the interior from the Atlantic States, which would not happen if those who change their residence were satisfied with the profits of labor here. The rate of wages is regulated by the supply of laborers in the market compared with the demand for their agency, as we have explained, *supra*, pp. 34, 35. The laborers determine for themselves whether they will continue to receive the wages they can get here, or try their fortune elsewhere ; and the rate of wages being thus once fixed, the surplus supply, which in England must work for less or starve, here overflows into another, and to the eye of the philosopher, a more salutary channel. It is a source of satisfaction, at any rate, to know that the rate of wages does not depend upon the will of the manufacturer, and that all their struggles against the nature of things, are ineffectual in this country, as long as the resource of emigration is open to the lower classes ; so that at every rise in prices caused by farther duties, a corresponding emigration takes place until the rate of wages rises higher than before, in consequence, not only of the increased price of the

necessaries of life, but also of the emigration, of which it is the cause.

This, then, is a *natural and inherent impediment* to the success of manufactures in this country ; and not being presumptive, but demonstrable, must render abortive all attempts to manufacture those commodities in which the cost of transportation does not amount to more than the difference of wages.

II. We have now shown that the *general views* of Mr. Hamilton by no means correspond with those which have been attributed to him. Having thus disposed of this part of the subject, we now descend to a more particular analysis of some of the minor points of his argument. It will be recollected that we undertook to conjecture in this part of our article, what opinions Hamilton would have entertained had he lived at the present day. It cannot but be believed, that his clear and unprejudiced understanding would have perceived and justly estimated the many discoveries in political science which the collision of powerful minds has struck out during the present century. The knowledge of the nature of values, of wealth, and of the practical policy necessary to their production and augmentation, is not intuitive in the mind of man, but requires much study, and continued, close and philosophical investigation. With these means, and by the assistance of the many lights which now exist on the subject, it is believed, that General Hamilton, although he would still justly adhere to the main scope and conclusions of his elaborate report, yet would modify his opinion as to some of the subordinate divisions of his argument. For example : he found it necessary to devote one fourth part of the report to prove that agricultural and manufacturing industry are equally productive. His arguments are sound, logical and conclusive, and yet if the report had been framed at the present day, he might have found, in the writings of any of the modern political economists, an equally conclusive demonstration in a single paragraph, of which the following would probably be the substance. If at any time one branch of trade is more productive than another, that is, if the persons engaged in it make larger profits than those engaged in other branches, it is certain that the quicksighted principle of self-interest will carry into such profitable concern, undertakers and capital without legislative assistance, until the competition reduces the profits to an equality with the other branches.—Hence it must always happen that agriculture and manufactures will be equally productive to those employed. Even if a bounty is granted to

one particular branch of trade, it makes no difference in this point of view. Suppose every trade realized a profit of five per cent. and that government with a view to encourage one in particular, should grant a bounty of three per cent. in addition ; unless a monopoly were likewise granted, the inevitable consequence would be, that those who were engaged in making a profit of five per cent. would leave their own business to engage in that which made eight per cent.—The three per cent. bounty would be regarded as a part of the production by the capitalist, and the competition would quickly reduce the profits again to the old standard.

We now proceed to a respectful examination of those enumerated circumstances from which Mr. Hamilton infers "that manufacturing establishments not only occasion a positive augmentation of the produce and revenue of the society, but that they contribute essentially to rendering them greater than they could possibly be without such establishments." These circumstances are,

1. Division of labor.
2. Extension of the use of machinery.
3. Additional employment to classes not ordinarily engaged in the business.
4. The promotion of emigration from foreign countries.
5. The furnishing greater scope for the diversity of talents and dispositions which discriminate men from each other.
6. The affording a more ample and various field for enterprise.
7. The creating in some instances a new, and securing in all a more certain and steady demand for the surplus produce of the soil.

In order to a more full and explicit analysis of the question how far these circumstances are likely to be conducive to the promotion of national wealth, we must first define what national wealth consists in, (a point, about which there has existed a great variety of unsettled opinions ;) and in order to define wealth, we must analyze its component, *value*.

It has been usual to divide values into two kinds ; namely, value in use, and value in exchange. But we shall venture to suggest another division in the scale of values which ought to be taken into account. *Value in use* means that capability which most things possess of affording gratification to our desires. Thus air, water, corn, and cloth, possess a value arising from their useful qualities, which may properly be termed their *natural value*. Then follows the intermediate species of value which has usually been classified with exchangeable

value, but which for reasons we shall presently explain, we think ought to be kept in view as a distinct species; we mean the *necessary value* of a commodity, i. e. *the cost of production*. To produce an article, several outlays are necessary, such as the rent of the buildings, interest of the machinery, cost of the raw material, hire of the laborer, and various other items, all which enter into the cost of production, and must be replaced by the price the product sells for, or the producer will be a loser. An article therefore which cost the producer one hundred dollars, may be said to possess that amount of necessary value. Lastly, *exchangeable value* is that value which an article will exchange for in the market, without regard either to its value in use or its necessary value. This value is essentially independent of either, being regulated wholly by the supply of the commodity compared with the demand.

To illustrate our remarks, we will refer the reader to the article of fuel in the city of New-York. It possesses a natural unvarying value in its capability to administer to many of our wants; it also possesses a necessary value in the necessary cost of cutting, carting, and conveying to the city; and finally, it possesses a commercial value, derived from the demand in the market. Thus we perceive this latter species of value differs wholly from the others, being constantly variable in its amount, and drawing its existence from very different sources.*

An aggregate of an individual's natural, commercial, or ne-

* A want of clear apprehension of the specific differences between these different values, has caused an abundance of confusion in the writings of economists. Mr. J. B. Say seems to be involved in this difficulty more than once; for instance, he observes, speaking of money, "To enable it to execute its functions it must of necessity be possessed of inherent and positive value, for no man will be content to resign an object possessed of value, in exchange for another of less value, or of none at all." After the suspension of specie payments in 1797, by the Bank of England, the notes still passed currently, and Mr. Say himself remarks, "that the paper, though depreciated, is invested with a value far exceeding that of its flimsy material, arising from the urgent want of some medium of exchange in the very advanced state of society and industry." Now how are these two passages to be reconciled. Bank of England notes certainly possessed very little *necessary* value, but they did possess commercial value; and when a man parts with one product for another, if he does not intend to consume the latter, it is surely indifferent to him whether it possesses intrinsic value or not; all he wishes to know is, what he can part with it for.

cessary values, constitutes his natural, commercial or necessary wealth.*

Again, as a nation is nothing else than an aggregation of individuals, so national wealth is nothing else than an aggregation of individual wealth. Lord Lauderdale is the only writer on political economy whom we recollect, that has questioned this proposition. This nobleman contends that public and private wealth are not by any means identical, and puts this case to prove his position. By the statistical tables it appears when the ordinary supply of wheat is diminished by a failure of crops or by other means three tenths of the usual supply, that the price of the remainder will rise one hundred and sixty per cent.

"That is, suppose the usual produce of any country to be 300 quarters of grain, and the total value of that grain to be 300 pounds sterling; if the grain was reduced three tenths in quantity, viz. to 210 quarters, then the value of these 210 quarters is 546 pounds. Thus the wealth of the community being diminished by the loss of three tenths of the whole of its produce of grain, the value of its grain would be thereby increased from 300*l.* to 546*l.* and there would by that means be added to the mass of individual riches a sum nearly equal to the value which the whole grain of the country bore, when no such scarcity existed."

That is to say, the holders of corn will receive a much larger amount in cash during a scarcity than at other times, and therefore Lord Lauderdale concludes that though individual wealth is increased, national wealth is diminished. Now we apprehend that this proposition includes two distinct errors either of which is sufficient to destroy the deduction. The one error is, that the noble Earl has confounded natural wealth with commercial wealth; his argument going only to prove that while individual commercial wealth is increased, natural wealth is decreased; whereas it is his business to prove that the *same species* of wealth could be increased in an individual, and decreased in the nation to which he belonged. But his conclusion is untrue even admitting the identity of the two species of value, for he has by no means proved that individual wealth is increased. Indeed, it is manifest that the reverse is the fact, for while the corn-grower gains £246. by the deficiency of three tenths of his crop, the consumer not only loses a corresponding £246. but also three tenths of the quantity of corn which is exactly the amount lost by the country by such deficit. Lord Lauderdale in order to make out his case ought to have shown that *all* the individuals of the country were gainers at the same time the country was a loser, but

* The situation of the Jews in the wilderness forms a striking instance of the first kind of wealth.

that is impossible. We may therefore consider the point settled, that "the wealth of a nation consists in the aggregate wealth of all the individuals of such nations." Whence the inferences, that all mere transfers of capital from one hand to another in the same nation, whether by taxation, bounties, monopolies, or loans, is no accession of wealth to the nation; and secondly, that it is impossible to increase national wealth but by the increase of individual wealth.

We now return from this digression, which however was necessary to a correct understanding of the subject, to that portion of the report upon which we proposed some further observations.

As to a division of labor and use of machinery, which Mr. Hamilton offers as the two first points in which manufactures present a productive resource not applicable to agriculture, there is no question that a given manufacture, conducted by mere manual labor, must be far less productive than another where the use of machinery and division of labour are called in to assist: but it does not appear that a comparison between the productiveness of manufactures in the latter case and agriculture, so necessarily results in the same conclusion, unless it can be shewn that agriculture, without the farther use of machinery, is precisely as productive as manufactures without such assistance, in which case only can a comparison be properly instituted. It is the business of the capitalist, however, to measure, and he is continually engaged in measuring, the comparative productiveness of these two branches; and in this comparison he does not view them as agriculture and manufactures merely, but always includes in his calculations all the benefits of which he can avail himself by the assistance of natural agents, &c.

Mr. Hamilton says, "the substitution of foreign for domestic manufactures is a transfer to foreign nations of the advantage arising from the employment of machinery in the modes in which it is capable of being employed, with vast utility and to the greatest extent." We cannot understand precisely how this event should be brought about; for suppose before the invention of wind or water-mills, one man was engaged twenty hours grinding a given quantity of wheat which by the mill, with his assistance, is performed in one hour. It is manifest that while the flour is ground by hand it must sell much higher than when ground by the mill. As soon then as the invention of mills has taken place the price will fall, for if the miller attempts to keep up the old price his large profits will be quickly reduced by competition; and persons will get

their flour cheaper than before; that is, they will give less of their own products for the same quantity of flour. Now the case is the same between the two nations, unless it can be shown that a monopoly profit is made by the owners of machinery, which is impossible where it is in extensive use. We profit then by the use of machinery in another country just as much as by the use of it in our own. In both cases a relative fall occurs in the price of the article so manufactured, and therefore in both cases you give less of our products for the same quantity of theirs, or what amounts to the same thing, get more of theirs for the same quantity of ours.

Two other circumstances assigned as favorable to manufactures are, "the additional employment of those classes of the community not usually engaged;" and, "the furnishing greater scope for diversity of talent." To both of these may be applied the argument already used, that the capitalist considers the low wages in the one case, and the applicability of the advantages in the other, as a part of the data on which he predicates his calculation of profits in the adventure.

"The promoting of emigration from foreign countries." This, however it might be an advantage to a numerically weak country like the United States in 1790, has become a more questionable policy at the present day, in merely an economical point of view. To estimate correctly the effects of emigration it is necessary to recur to some of the principles suggested in that part of our remarks, relating to wealth generally and wages of labor. It will be seen that the inevitable tendency of an importation of labor will be either to lower the present price, which is certainly not a desirable event, or else to displace an equal number of laborers to emigrate, which is merely exchanging our own workmen for foreigners; for although there is a regularly increasing demand, yet the domestic supply increases as regularly and more rapidly, as is proved by the emigration of the surplus quantity.

We now come to the seventh and principal circumstance which is offered as an argument in favor of manufactures; namely, the creating in some instances a new, and securing in all a more certain and steady demand for the surplus produce of the soil. Our ingenious fellow citizen, Mr. Cambreling, has ridiculed in a very happy strain of pleasantry, the constant use of the phrase *surplus products*, by those who are wholly ignorant of its signification. But as General Hamilton has indicated the above proposition as furnishing a means of national prosperity, we shall bestow upon it that respectful attention which every thing proceeding from him is entitled to. In

order to an accurate analysis of this question, we must define the meaning of surplus agricultural products. We take them to be that amount of agricultural commodities which has been produced in a country, over and above the amount required for consumption in that country. It is difficult to estimate what the gross annual amount of this product is; and we will not attempt even an approximation, but state a case which will answer all the purposes of illustration. Suppose America contained one thousand souls, and that after they were all fed with as much as they could afford to buy, there annually remained one thousand quarters of wheat. This would be the surplus product which the owners wish to dispose of. It is to open a market for this surplus that it is proposed to introduce manufactures. Now in order to do this, you must either convert part of the agriculturists into manufacturers, or you must supply manufacturers from other sources.

First, suppose you convert a part of the farmers into manufacturers. The number of mouths to be fed will be only a thousand as before, and therefore there cannot, in such a case, be opened a market for the surplus produce. The only difference in this case would be that there would be less of this surplus produce; for if the whole thousand persons when farmers, produced two thousand quarters of wheat, of which they consumed one thousand, there being one thousand surplus, it follows that if one half the number of persons are diverted to manufacturing pursuits and the remaining half do not increase their products, there will be but *one* thousand quarters grown; so that in lieu of a market for the surplus product, there is no surplus product for a market. If on the contrary the remaining five hundred farmers double their means and exertions, and produce the original two thousand quarters, there is still the surplus product *without* a market, since there is no greater number to be fed than before. But the manufactures may be supplied from the increasing population arising from births or emigration. It still amounts to precisely the same thing. At a given period after the time when affairs were in the situation just described, suppose the population doubled—and of course their production doubled likewise. We have only to state the same instance once again, substituting two thousand persons for one, and the products four thousand instead of two thousand. If it is admitted that national wealth is the aggregate of all the individual wealth of the nation, and we do not see how it can be denied, it must follow that if individuals make greater profits by farming than by manufacturing, then the nation also makes greater profits, and so *vice versa*.

The length of this article precludes any further remarks on this most interesting subject ; but the several points of Mr. Hamilton's Report now omitted, will be noticed on some future occasion.

DREAMING LOVE.

I.

Love sleeps—oh ! do not strive to break
His slumbers—he too soon will wake !
Yet now all tranquilly he lies,
And the fair lid that shrouds his eyes
Is like the silvery cloud, when driven
Across the calmest summer heaven,
That bids the sunbeams shine less bright,
But cannot all obscure their light.

II.

He dreams of more than earthly bliss—
His full red lip pouts forth to kiss—
His quickly mantling blushes speak
Like those upon the maiden's cheek,
When leaning on some faithful breast,
The first kiss on her lip is prest.

III.

And on his gentle brow the while
Is that sweet look, half frown, half smile,
Like virgin coyness that reproves
The very tenderness it loves.
Now o'er his face a calmness steals—
Oh ! nothing such bright bliss reveals !
Joy's ecstasy nought else can tell,
A smile, a sigh would break the spell !

IV.

But Love's bright visions cannot last,
E'en now the short-lived dream is past.
See ! ere his eyelids yet unclosed,
Down his fair cheek the tear-drop flows.
Nay, hush thee foolish boy, and sleep,
If thou must only wake to weep.
Alas ! thou seek'st for rest in vain,
Once waked, Love ne'er may dream again.

M. N.

Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron : noted during a residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the year 1821 and 1822. By Thomas Medwin, Esq. of the 24th Light Dragoons, Author of "Ahasuerus the Wanderer." With Additions. New-York. Wilder & Campbell. 1824.

We have read this book three times. First with pleasure, then with suspicion, then with contempt. Some may think

we ought to be ashamed to acknowledge the gratification we derived from the tittle-tattle of a retailer of hoarded conversations. But in the absence of better opportunities to feed the eager appetite we feel, in common with the literary public, for every thing that comes in the shape of information respecting the extraordinary man whose 'Conversations' are in such demand, we might naturally feel grateful for the bits of anecdotes and scraps of scandal that Captain Medwin is dispensing from his literary wallet. We are therefore willing to confess that in the haste of hunger, we devoured the Captain's knick-knacks without regarding what we swallowed. On a re-perusal of the book, however, we began to think that all was not quite fair, and that a man who had been favored with the rare distinction of "many months' familiar intercourse" with one whose character and conduct have been, for many years, the subject of eager and perpetual curiosity, should have far more ably and more honestly fulfilled the peculiar obligations in which his opportunities involved him. Captain Medwin declares that he believes he has faithfully recorded the amount of all the conversations that he held with Lord Byron during their residence at Pisa, in 1821 and 1822. If this be true, we vehemently suspect that the Captain has been seldom admitted to any other conversation than the loose, rambling, after-dinner, wine-and-walnut chit-chat, with which we presume his lordship entertained his table-guests, when he had dispatched two of the four bottles, that, according to Captain Medwin, constituted Childe Harold's post-meridian potation. Or if he has ever been indulged with conversation of a higher order than such as he has given to the world, we cannot help believing that his lordship "talked above the head" of Captain Medwin of the Light Dragoons, and that the captain was unable to record what he could not comprehend. For it violates all probability, that a man of such extraordinary endowments as Lord Byron unquestionably was, should have limited his conversation to such balderdash as his reporter has set down, unless his lordship endeavored to adapt the style and tone of his discourse to the taste and capacity of his guest. But we charge Captain Medwin with a deficiency more unpardonable than want of ability to elicit, and talent to record, Lord Byron's more deliberate and serious opinions. He has gone so far as to disclose facts to the world that cannot but dishonor the memory of the man who admitted him, as he pretends, very closely to his confidence. It is truly ridiculous to hear Captain Medwin allege the absence of all injunctions of secrecy in justification of this indiscriminating publication of all the

anecdotes of Lord Byron's private history, which that nobleman communicated to his friends and companions in moments of forgetfulness and thoughtless festivity. Captain M. was doubtless aware of the light in which these disclosures would be regarded by his readers, for he seems to be laboring under a perpetual anxiety to deprecate their displeasure by insisting that Lord Byron "tells every thing that he has thought or done without the least reserve, and as if he wished the whole world to know it; and does not throw the slightest gloss over his errors."

Yet surely Captain Medwin need scarcely to be told that Lord Byron's consent to the publication of these Memoirs would not justify their publication. Captain Medwin deceives his readers, and would willingly deceive himself, when he says that he has the satisfaction of feeling that he has executed the task he has undertaken, conscientiously. "I mean not," he informs us, "to throw a veil over the errors" of my friend. Captain Medwin must excuse us. He was bound to throw a veil over the errors of his friend; and it was his duty, if that friend had even on his death-bed perversely urged him to remove the veil in which his faults and his follies were enveloped, to disregard an obligation which no man has a right, and which Lord Byron least of all has had a wish, to impose.

Still, with all these strong objections to the style in which Captain Medwin has executed the task he had assumed, we are not unwilling to express our thanks for such portions of information as our objections do not affect. In making our extracts, therefore, (which we shall do in order to introduce such observations as we may be disposed to make upon them,) we shall carefully avoid inserting such passages as we think that Captain Medwin had no right himself to publish, although the knowledge derived from the perusal of this portion will necessarily affect our opinion of the rest.

Captain Medwin went to Italy in the autumn of 1821, for the benefit of his health. Lord Byron, accompanied by Mr. Rogers as far as Florence, had passed on a few days before him, and was already at Pisa when he arrived. Lord Byron occupied the first floor of the Lanfranchi palace.* Captain Medwin was introduced to him by Shelley, and the impression that his face and figure made upon him is thus described :

* Our readers are doubtless aware that palaces in Italy are not unfrequently converted to the purposes of hotels.

"Thorwaldsen's bust is too thin-necked and young for Lord Byron. None of the engravings gave me the least idea of him. I saw a man of about five feet seven or eight, apparently forty years of age; as was said of Milton, he barely escaped being short and thick. His face was fine, and the lower part symmetrically moulded; for the lips and chin had that curved and definite outline that distinguishes Grecian beauty. His forehead was high, and his temples broad; and he had a paleness in his complexion, almost to wanness. His hair, thin and fine, had almost become gray, and waved in natural and graceful curls over his head, that was assimilating itself fast to the "bald first Cæsar's." He allowed it to grow longer behind than it is accustomed to be worn, and at that time had mustachios, which were not sufficiently dark to be becoming. In criticising his features it might, perhaps, be said that his eyes were placed too near his nose, and that one was rather smaller than the other; they were of a grayish brown, but of a peculiar clearness, and when animated, possessed a fire which seemed to look through and penetrate the thoughts of others, while they marked the inspirations of his own. His teeth were small, regular and white; these, I afterwards found, he took great pains to preserve.*

"I expected to discover that he had a club, perhaps a *clowen* foot; but it would have been difficult to have distinguished one from the other, either in size or in form.

"On the whole, his figure was manly, and his countenance handsome and prepossessing, and very expressive; and the familiar ease of his conversation soon made me perfectly at home in his society."

The following account of a visit to Madame de Stael is curious, if not exaggerated. It is in Lord Byron's own words:

"Somebody possessed Madame de Stael with an opinion of my immorality. I used occasionally to visit her at Coppet; and once she invited me to a family-dinner, and I found the room full of strangers, who had come to stare at me as at some outlandish beast in a raree-show. One of the ladies fainted, and the rest looked as if his Satanic Majesty had been among them. Madame de Stael took the liberty to read me a lecture before this crowd, to which I only made her a low bow."

Shelley, Monk Lewis, and Hobhouse, were almost the only English people Lord Byron saw during his residence at Geneva. His knowledge of modern languages appears to have been very limited. He could not speak French (p. 7,) nor read German (p. 192.)—The amateur of extraordinary coincidences will be delighted to hear that Lord Byron was nearly wrecked near the spot where St. Preux and Julie were in danger of being drowned.—Every body knows that his Lordship was an admirable swimmer. It is not so generally known that he was an excellent horseman, and moreover *culpéd* a large with a pistol eleven times out of twelve. p. 8.

Lord Byron's *liaison* with the Countess Guiccioli very much

"* For this purpose he used tobacco when he first went into the open air; and he told me he was in the habit of grinding his teeth in his sleep, to prevent which he was forced to put a napkin between them."

resembles Alfieri's with the Countess of Albany. The low tone of morals in Italy may perhaps extenuate the impropriety of an illicit connection, but we think it will be long before our countrymen can contemplate with complacency the facility with which a father receives beneath his roof the acknowledged paramour of his daughter. The description of the Countess is however not the less interesting:

"The Countess Guiccioli is twenty-three years of age, though she appears no more than seventeen or eighteen. Unlike most of the Italian women, her complexion is delicately fair. Her eyes, large, dark, and languishing, are shaded by the longest eyelashes in the world; and her hair, which is ungathered on her head, plays over her falling shoulders in a profusion of natural ringlets of the darkest auburn. Her figure is, perhaps, too much *embonpoint* for her height, but her bust is perfect; her features want little of possessing a Grecian regularity of outline; and she has the most beautiful mouth and teeth imaginable. It is impossible to see without admiring—to hear the Guiccioli speak without being fascinated. Her amiability and gentleness show themselves in every intonation of her voice, which, and the music of her perfect Italian, give a peculiar charm to every thing she utters. Grace and elegance seem component parts of her nature. Notwithstanding that she adores Lord Byron, it is evident that the exile and poverty of her aged father sometimes affect her spirits, and throw a shade of melancholy on her countenance, which adds to the deep interest this lovely girl creates."

The information contained in Capt. M's conversations with his Lordship, on the subject of his marriage and subsequent separation, is to us by no means satisfactory, and does not, in our opinion, tend in the least to explain the conduct of the parties. There are several circumstances in this account of Lord Byron's unfortunate domestic history, which induce us strongly to suspect the genuineness of the whole. How far this may arise from the insincerity of his Lordship, and how far from the inaccuracies of his reporter, we possess no means of determining; but we cannot comprehend how Lord Byron should seriously declare that his wife's resolution to separate from him proceeded from his dislike of her good appetite, and his unwillingness to be disturbed while he was writing.

It is gratifying to know that Lord Byron uniformly spoke of the people of this country in terms of friendship and respect. The very uneasiness he manifests at the depreciating critique of one of our Zoiluses, is a proof how desirous he was of preserving our esteem.

"Americans are the only people to whom I never refused to show myself. The Yankees are great friends of mine. I wish to be well thought of on the other side of the Atlantic; not that I am better appreciated there, than on this; perhaps worse. Some American Reviewer has been

persevering in his abuse and personality, but he should have minded his ledger; he never excited my spleen.*"

There are few who have not felt a strong desire to trace the cause of the original development of the poetic faculty, in those men whose names the muse has married to their own immortal verse. Lord Byron has himself recorded his first experience of the visits of the Nine.

"I don't know from whom I inherited verse-making; probably the wild scenery of Morven and Loch-na-garr, and the banks of the Dee, were the parents of my poetical vein, and the developers of my poetical *boss*. If it was so, it was dormant; at least I never wrote any thing worth mentioning till I was in love. Dante dates his passion for Beatrice at twelve. I was almost as young when I fell over head and ears in love, but I anticipate. I was sent to Harrow at twelve, and spent my vacations at Newstead. It was there that I first saw Mary C——. She was several years older than myself: but, at my age, boys like something older than themselves, as they do younger, later in life. Our estates adjoined: but, owing to the unhappy circumstance of the feud to which I before alluded, our families (as is generally the case with neighbors who happen to be relations) were never on terms of more than common civility, scarcely those. I passed the summer vacation of this year among the Malvern hills: those were days of romance! She was the *beau idéal* of all that my youthful fancy could paint of beautiful; and I have taken all my fables about the celestial nature of women from the perfection of my imagination created in her—I say created, for I found her, like the rest of the sex, any thing but angelic."

Captain Medwin next proceeds to recount, without scruple or reserve, the early dissipations of Lord Byron. An attempt is perpetually made to palliate this palpable violation of the rights of decency and friendship, on the ground that Lord Byron had authorized the publication of his Memoirs, in which the irregularities of his early life are unreservedly detailed. To this plea we again reply, that Lord Byron had no right to authorize their publication. He was under sacred obligations to his injured wife and daughter, to do nothing that might involve them in the shame he was preparing for himself, and we do not recollect, anywhere, of a more striking instance of unpardonable selfishness, than his resolution to make public, after his death, those circumstances of his separation from his wife, which he thought would throw all the odium and disgrace of that unfortunate procedure upon her. We can-

* The taste and critical acumen of the American magazine, will appear from the following extract:

"The verses (it is of the 'Prisoner of Chillon' that it speaks) are in the eight syllable measure, and occasionally display some pretty poetry; at all events, there is little in them to offend.

"We do not find any passage of sufficient beauty or originality to warrant an extract."

Am. Critical Review, 1817.

not well imagine a more ungenerous, a more unprincipled design. Let us even suppose (what there is very little reason to suppose) that Lady Byron's conduct had been criminal in the extreme, need we ask what a generous, noble-minded man would have done in such a case? Would he not have gloried in supporting that reproach, which is scarcely dishonor to a man, but worse than death itself to a woman? But his selfishness is rendered still more inexcusable, if possible, by the fact that he sternly and contemptuously spurned the solemn adjuration of his wife, that if he regarded not her honor, he should spare, at least, the memory of his daughter. "I told her," said his Lordship to this friend of his who tells it to the world, "I told her that she knew all I had written was incontrovertible truth, and that she did not wish to sanction the truth. I ended, by saying that she might depend on their being published!"

But it may be said, that although a man of honor would disdain to justify himself, if his defence must implicate his wife, yet that there exists no obligation that forbids him to disclose to the notice of the world, the weaknesses, the vices and the crimes of which he has been guilty, because these confessions may be useful, as warnings to the young and inexperienced. To this, one word will serve for a reply. *These confessions never operate as warnings*, and their authors either most egregiously miscalculate the effect of these disclosures, or what is far more probable, seek to hide a longing after notoriety beneath the garb of a generous concern for the interests of posterity. But whatever may be said in palliation of the conduct of these gratuitous confessors of romantic aberrations, splendid vices, and sentimental crimes, we doubt whether any one will be found with hardihood enough to seek to justify the man who unhesitatingly divulges facts which are disgraceful to the reputation of his friend, because, forsooth, his friend meant to give them to the world, but was prevented. This is as if a man should assist a lunatic in stripping off his clothes in the public streets, and then defend himself by saying that the madman was unable to undress himself without assistance. Captain Medwin can find in the plea of truth's paramount obligations, no apology for thus dishonoring the memory of a man whom he professes to honor and revere. We have heard before of this pretended regard for the rights and the claims of posterity. We have heard before, the public interest urged in justification of the disclosure of the weaknesses and follies of a friend; as if the public interest did not suffer infinitely more from the frailties of friendship

and the insecurities of confidence, than from the loss of all the knowledge that the public informer can communicate.

We know there are some, too, who will wonder at our earnestness, and pretend to see nothing so disgraceful in the anecdotes here recorded. Yet we hope we shall not incur the imputation of fastidiousness, when we confess that the cold, flippant and self-complacent tone with which Lord Byron perpetually speaks of his *bonnes fortunes*, is to us exceedingly offensive. The vanity, indecency and ribaldry that characterize some parts of his Lordship's conversation, would be scarcely tolerable in a thoughtless boy of half his age; but we cannot find words to express our sorrow and disgust, when we hear the noblest poet of the day boast like a bacchanalian of his four bottles of wine, and detail with a disgraceful affectation of penitence and regret, the low amours and vile intrigues in which he has been engaged. We feel ashamed of human nature, when we see the evidence of so monstrous an incongruity as the union of all that is beautiful in intellect, with all that is profligate in morals. We might have forgiven him, if sometimes he had yielded to the influence of passion or the corruption of example; but no man can forgive him for vaunting his debaucheries in the coarsest language of the debauchee. We are sorry to complain so much of Capt. Medwin; for after all, his book has somewhat in it of interest and entertainment; but we cannot help regretting, that when he had it in his power to furnish to the world the proofs of the many high and noble qualities which atone for all Lord Byron's follies and offences, he seems to have recorded with scrupulous exactness, every word that could bring discredit upon the intellectual, and disgrace upon the moral character of a man, who we are told in the preface and conclusion of this book (what it needed not this book to have told us) was as distinguished for his love of liberty and hatred of oppression, as for the extent of his attainments and the splendor of his talents.—But enough of this ungrateful subject. Would that it had never been revived!

Lord Byron's speculations on the drama are such as might naturally be expected from a man who had been led, by his aversion to his countrymen, to depreciate their literary character. We think that a vast deal of ingenuity has been thrown away in attempting to decide the rival claims of the northern and southern schools of tragedy. We are not of the opinion of those who maintain that the rules of taste are independent of the circumstances of national associations. The pleasures of the imagination are perpetually modified by the ever-varying relations which subsist between the object

and the sense; that is, between the subject of contemplation and the circumstances of the contemplator. A change in either must affect the degree of enjoyment which arises from the influence of the one upon the other, and therefore to require that the Aristotelian tragedy shall please, be the spectators who they may, is a requisition far more unphilosophical than the exactors of the unities are probably aware of. The tragedies of Alfieri are not acted in London or New-York, nor Shakspeare's dramas in Paris or Milan; but it does not follow thence, that *Mirra* and *Macbeth* ought not to please the audiences for whom they were intended. For this reason, we think that the objections to Alfieri and Racine by the British critics, and Lord Byron's sweeping denunciation of the early English dramatists, are equally short-sighted and unreasonable. In the first place, we must acknowledge, that if the close attention of the audience is an evidence of the interest of the play, and if this is a proof of the skill of the tragic writer, Alfieri ought to rank as high with the Italians, and Racine or Voltaire with the Parisians, as Shakspeare and Goethe with the English and Germans. On the other hand, it is vain to contend that it is a mere prejudice to admire the daring and magnificent extravagance of Marlow, the skilful delineations of Decker, the sustained yet tempered dignity of Massinger, the pointed shrewdness and felicity of Marston, the lurid yet powerful imaginings of Webster, and the affecting truth and tenderness of Shirley and Ford.

There is one remark, however, of Lord Byron's which strikes us as unquestionably just; "No one," he says "can be absurd enough to contend that the preservation of the unities is a defect," and of course their violation is an argument of the want of skill, if not the want of taste, of the dramatic poet. Alfieri's idea of a perfect tragedy is, to say the least of it, imposing, and we cannot help believing that a tragedy successfully executed upon his principles would in all probability coincide with more varieties of opinion, and conciliate more diversities of taste than any other scheme we are acquainted with.*

The four words, alluded to by Byron in *Filippo*, are in-

* La tragedia di cinque atti, pieni, quanto il soggetto dà, del solo soggetto; dialogizzata dai soli personaggi attori, e non consultori o spettatori; la tragedia di un solo filo ordita; rapida per quanto si può servendo alle passioni, che tutte più o meno vogliono pur dilungarsi; semplice per quanto uso d'arte il comporti; tetra e feroce, per quanto la natura lo soffra; calda quanto era in me: questa è la tragedia, che io, se non ho espressa, avrò forse accennata, o certamente almeno concepita.

Alfieri's Reply to a Letter from Ranieri de' Casabigi.

correctly quoted by Capt. Medwin.* There is a similar passage in *Antigone*, which, in our opinion, contains a *laconism* still more sublime. Creonte grants to *Antigone* a day to determine whether she will give her hand to Emone or die. After a violent struggle between her love for Emone and her duty, she presents herself before Creonte, and the following short but fearfully significant dialogue ensues :

C. Scegliesti?

A. Ho scelto.

C. Emone?

A. Morte.

C. L' avrai.

The power of passages like these does not reside in the mere form of the dialogue, but in the absorbing interest of the tre-

* The passage referred to is in the last scene of the second Act. If Captain Medwin is as inaccurate in the rest of his reports as he must have been in this instance, he will lose all credit with his readers. In the first place, he calls the play '*Don Carlos*,' instead of *Filippo*, which is as if one had spoken of Shakespeare's tragedy of *Polonio*. In the next place, he supposes that "the king and his minister are secreted during an interview of the Infant with the Queen Consort." There is such an interview in the fifth act; but in the present scene, nothing of the kind takes place. *Filippo*, *Isabella*, *Carlo*, and *Gomez*, are on the stage together. *Filippo*, after searching the hearts of *Carlo* and *Isabella*, in a scene full of admirably delineated *Macchiavellianism*, dismisses the Queen to her apartment. The Prince also retires, and leaves the king and his minister together. The following dialogue then ensues :

F. Udisti?

G. Udi.

F. Vedesti?

G. Io vidi.

F. Oh rabbia!

Dunque il sospetto?—

G. E omai certezza.

F. E insulto

Filippo è ancor?

G. Pensa.

F. Pensai—mi segui.

F. Didn't hear?

G. I heard.

F. Didn't see?

G. I saw.

F. Oh madness!

Then my suspicions —

G. Are most just.

F. And Philip—

Still unrevenge?

G. Think!

F. I have thought! Now Gomez!

Exeunt.

mendous crisis, and this nothing but the creations of true genius can inspire.

Lord Byron, notwithstanding his pretensions to the contrary, seems to have been very sensible to criticism.

"When I first saw the review of my '*Hours of Idleness*,' I was furious; in such a rage as I never have been in since.

"I dined that day with Scroope Davies, and drank three bottles of claret to drown it; but it only boiled the more. That critique was a masterpiece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash in it which was meant for humor, 'about people being thankful for what they could get,'—'not looking a gift horse in the mouth,' and such stable expressions. The severity of '*The Quarterly*' killed poor Keats, and neglect, Kirk White; but I was made of different stuff, of tougher materials. So far from their bullying me, or deterring me from writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven predictions, and determined to show them, croak as they would, that it was not the last time they should hear from me. I set to work immediately, and in good earnest, and produced in a year '*The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.' For the first four days after it was announced, I was very nervous about its fate. Generally speaking, the first fortnight decides the public opinion of a new book. This made a prodigious impression, more perhaps, than any of my works except '*The Corsair*.'

The effect on his Lordship of a perusal of Mr. Southey's reply to a Note of Byron's *Two Foscari*, is well described by Capt. Medwin, and gives an insight into the motives which the first of modern poets allowed to regulate his conduct.

I never shall forget his countenance as he glanced rapidly over the contents. He looked perfectly awful: his color changed almost prismatically; his lips were as pale as death. He said not a word. He read it a second time, and with more attention than his rage at first permitted, commenting on some of the passages as he went on. When he had finished, he threw down the paper, and asked me if I thought there was any thing of a personal nature in the reply that demanded satisfaction; as, if there was, he would instantly set off for England and call Southey to an account,—muttering something about whips, and branding-irons, and gibbets, and wounding the heart of a woman,—words of Mr. Southey's. I said that, as to personality, his own expressions of "cowardly ferocity," "pitiful renegade," "hireling," much stronger than any in the letter before me. He paused a moment, and said:

"Perhaps you are right: but I will consider of it. You have not seen my '*Vision of Judgment*.' I wish I had a copy to show you; but the only one I have is in London. I had almost decided not to publish it, but it shall now go forth to the world."

Lord Byron's opinions of his cotemporaries are interesting enough; although apparently very much biassed by personal prepossessions. The following account of Scott's involuntary confession of his authorship of the *Waverly* novels, we think extremely questionable:

"Scott as much as owned himself the author of '*Waverly*' to me in Murray's shop," replied he. "I was talking to him about that novel, and

lamented that its author had not carried back the story nearer to the time of the Revolution. Scott entirely off his guard, said, 'Ay, I might have done so, but'—There he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself: he looked confused, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate retreat.*

The poet and the orator are seldom united in the same individual. Fox made some wretched verses, of which he was always very vain, and which we believe have been praised by some of his panegyrists. Lord Byron was quite as unsuccessful in the house of Lords.

"I only addressed the House twice, and made little impression. They told me that my manner of speaking was not dignified enough for the Lords, but was more calculated for the Commons. I believe it was a Don Juan kind of speech. The two occasions were, the Catholic Question, and (I think he said) some Manchester affair."^{*}

Our limits prevent us from extending our remarks upon the remainder of the 'Conversations.' We cannot refrain however, from making one observation here, in which many of our readers we believe will join us; which is, that Shelley is more properly the hero of the 'Conversations' than Lord Byron. We hope we shall not be considered as overlooking or extenuating Shelley's irreligion, when we regret, that the odium which his infidelity has created has been very unnecessarily extended to his character and reputation as a poet. Southey's unmanly abuse of Shelley in the *Quarterly*—his dark and malignant insinuations against a private character which (with the exception of his religious errors) we believe was perfectly irreproachable—and his illiberal depreciation of his unquestionable powers, have already, we are aware, moved the scorn of every generous and honest heart. But the injustice done to Shelley has never been repaired. The voice of calumny has gone abroad against him, threatening his fame and dishonoring his memory. His friends are few, and dare not stem the tide of obloquy that is fast carrying his name beyond the reach or opportunity of rescue. Surely, if youth and inexperience can excuse, and if worth and virtue can expiate, the faults of indiscretion and the follies of delusion, Shelley has not merited the unceasing and un pitying persecution which has followed him to the latest moment of his life; and if, as we believe, there is a redeeming energy and living vigor in the works of genius, neither to be crushed by violence nor blighted by neglect, we do not yet despair to see the day, when the rare and varied powers of this highly gifted bard

* We believe it is generally known that these two speeches were complete failures.

will no longer be concealed beneath the cloud that he himself, with singular perverseness, has gathered round his name.

We shall conclude this article, already too long, by inserting the following very interesting account of the burning of Shelley's body, referring our readers to the book before us, for much valuable information respecting the short but eventful life of this unfortunate young poet.

"18th August, 1822.—On the occasion of Shelley's melancholy fate I revisited Pisa, and on the day of my arrival learnt that Lord Byron was gone to the sea-shore, to assist in performing the last offices to his friend. We came to a spot marked by an old and withered trunk of a fir-tree; and near it, on the beach, stood a solitary hut covered with reeds. The situation was well calculated for a poet's grave. A few weeks before I had ridden with him and Lord Byron to this very spot, which I afterwards visited more than once. In front was a magnificent extent of the blue and windless Mediterranean, with the Isles of Elba and Gorgona,—Lord Byron's yacht at anchor in the offing; on the other side an almost boundless extent of sandy wilderness, uncultivated and uninhabited, here and there interspersed in tufts with underwood curved by the sea-breeze, and stunted by the barren and dry nature of the soil in which it grew. At equal distances along the coast stood high square towers, for the double purpose of guarding the coast from smuggling, and enforcing the quarantine laws. This view was bounded by an immense extent of the Italian Alps, which are here particularly picturesque from their volcanic and manifold appearances, and which being composed of white marble, give their summits the resemblance of snow.

"As a foreground to this picture appeared as extraordinary a group. Lord Byron and Trelawney were seen standing over the burning pile, with some of the soldiers of the guard; and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage,—the four post horses ready to drop with the intensity of the noon-day sun. The stillness of all around was yet more felt by the shrill scream of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps attracted by the body, wheeled in such narrow circles round the pile that it might have been struck with the hand, and was so fearless that it could not be driven away."

His remains were then deposited in the burial-ground with those of his friend Keats, near Caius Cestius's Pyramid, "a spot so beautiful, that it might almost make one in love with death."

Message from the President of the United States, to both Houses of Congress, at the commencement of the second session of the eighteenth Congress. Washington. Gales & Seaton. 1824. pp. 19.

Documents accompanying the Message of the President of the United States, &c. Washington. Gales & Seaton. 1824. pp. 176.

In the messages of the President at the opening of Congress,

most of the leading events of the preceding year are generally brought under review. In the paper before us, a very appropriate allusion is made to the visit of LA FAYETTE, in which the chief magistrate has but expressed the sentiments of the whole body of the American people. Our commercial relations with foreign powers—the slave trade—reclamations on the governments of Europe for spoliation upon our lawful commerce—piracy in the West Indies—internal improvements and financial concerns, are the other principal topics of the message.

The principles adopted by our government as to commerce were early developed. In addition to the cases cited by the President of the treaty of 1778 with France, and of 1785 with Prussia, we may refer for the views entertained by the United States on this subject to the Report of Mr. Jefferson, made in 1791, immediately before his retiring from the office of Secretary of State. "Instead of embarrassing commerce under piles of regulating laws, duties, and prohibitions," it was desirable that it should, in the language of the paper referred to, "be relieved from all its shackles in all parts of the world. Would even a single nation begin with the United States, this system of free commerce, it would be advisable to begin it with that nation. But should any nation, contrary to the wishes of America, suppose it may better find its advantages by continuing its system of prohibitions, duties, and regulations, it would behove the United States to protect their citizens, their commerce, and navigation by counter prohibitions, duties, and regulations also."* Commercial reciprocity has ever been favored by our government, and if, in some cases, as in the existing commercial convention with France, countervailing duties have been established, they are not imputable to the United States. It is a source of no small satisfaction to find that the true principles of trade have not only been acted on by the old governments of Europe, and our commerce with several of them placed "on a footing of perfect reciprocity," but that they are about to be established in our intercourse with the new states of Spanish America. A treaty of commerce has been signed with Colombia, and the death of our Plenipotentiary alone prevented the completion of similar arrangements with Buenos Ayres.

It appears that besides the suppression of the slave trade, several important subjects have been proposed for negotiation between this country and Great Britain. Among the topics for diplomatic discussion is "the commercial

intercourse between the United States and the colonial possessions of Great Britain in America and the West Indies; and the claim of the United States to the navigation of the river St. Lawrence.”* It is well known that the convention, now in force between us and Great Britain, only relates to the trade with the mother country, and that our intercourse with the West Indies has, since the peace, been subject to those fluctuations to which countervailing duties give rise, and which must always be mutually injurious. To allude to the provisions of the various retaliatory acts passed by the British Parliament and American Congress, during the period referred to, can serve no good purpose, especially, as although the subject has not, as yet, been arranged to our satisfaction, “an approach to that result has been made by legislative acts, whereby many serious impediments, which had been raised by the parties in defence of their respective claims, were removed.”† That the same principles, which led to the adoption of the existing convention, would cause its provisions to be extended to the colonies, cannot be doubted. Now, indeed, that English statesmen seem fully sensible that the legislative regulation of trade is opposed to the sound principles of political science, we have every reason to expect exertions on their part to break down the barriers, which, in peace, have presented almost as great obstacles to a free intercourse between nations as those which are created by a state of war. When, however, false maxims are acted on for a considerable time, it is no easy task to restore the body politic to a sound condition. Regulations create artificial interests, and all changes, even those which true policy dictates, must be injurious to *fixed capital* and to *particular classes of individuals*. It requires, therefore, some degree of moral courage for a *politician*, in the common sense of the term, to attempt a reform. The alterations in the English laws of navigation and commerce within a few years have been as great, as a respect for deep-rooted prejudices and artificial interests would permit. Many of the regulations of Great Britain owed their origin to the peculiar situation of that country in relation to other powers. While England prohibited, and other nations tolerated the slave trade, the British government considered themselves bound to give to their own islands the exclusive right of supplying England with the productions, which were their staple commodities. While on this point, we cannot avoid quoting a few words from a work whose utility in disseminating correct notions of political economy, however we may be sometimes compelled to differ from it on other points, we ought always to be willing to acknow-

* Documents, &c. p. 27.

† Message, &c. p. 5.

ledge. "If prohibitions," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "be good for England, they must be good for other countries; and were they generally adopted, it is plain that we should be shut out of every market, and our commercial greatness would be entirely destroyed."* It is a source of no little gratification to the lovers of truth, that even the intelligent part of those writers who formerly denied the great principles, that we are inculcating, no longer differ from us in essential points. In a note appended to an article in the *Quarterly Review* on the distinctive opinions of the Political Economists of the present day, we find the following remark: "It is a satisfactory circumstance that the principles of free trade are fully acknowledged in all the three systems, and that any deviations from them can only be defended on special grounds."† The act of the Congress of the United States, of March 3, 1815, may be viewed as a legislative declaration in favor of the course pursued by the treaty-making power since the establishment of the government. It repeals the "discriminating duty of tonnage between foreign vessels and vessels of the United States, and between goods imported into the United States in foreign vessels and vessels of the United States, so far as the same respects the manufactures or produce of the nation to which the foreign ship may belong," provided "the countervailing duties of such foreign nation, so far as they operate to the disadvantage of the United States, have been abolished."‡

The possession of the mouth of the Mississippi by a foreign power, and the difficulties which had been interposed to the free navigation of that river by those of our citizens to whom it afforded the only channel, through which their surplus productions could be conveyed to the markets of the world, was one of the most cogent reasons for the purchase of Louisiana. The obligation to grant a passage to foreigners in time of peace, is laid down by all publicists as a duty of nations. Writers, however, differ as to the degree of restriction with which the privilege may be accompanied. As this point has frequently been the subject of conventional regulations in Europe, the decisions of states in similar cases, would probably be more authoritative in settling our claim to the navigation of the St. Lawrence, than the abstract opinions of elementary writers, however distinguished. The free navigation of the Rhine is recognized in all treaties since that of Westphalia in 1648;§ and by the Congress of Vienna in 1814-5

* *Ed. Rev.* May, 1823. p. 493.

† *Quart. Rev.* Aug. 1824. p. 334. note.

‡ *Laws of the United States*, vol. 4. p. 824.

§ *Histoire des Traités par Schoel*—vol. i. p. 236.

general principles for the navigation of rivers were established. The congress abolished the right of *relâche forcé*, which Mayence and Cologne had enjoyed with respect to the Rhine.* By the articles of this treaty from 108 to 117, the use of the great rivers of Europe is declared to be free, excepting the necessary administration of police, and the establishment of uniform rates of toll.† It would not be difficult to prove, taking these conventional regulations as authority, our right to participate in the navigation of the St. Lawrence, in as much as we have territory situated on that river. It may, however, be worthy of consideration, whether any distinction exists between natural and artificial channels of communication; and if none, whether Great Britain may not claim for her Canadian provinces the benefit of our canals. It may be said that there is a continuous water communication from the Niagara river and the lakes, thro' the canals and Hudson to the ocean; and though no part of the canals pass through British territory, yet as the waters with which they communicate do, it may be contended that the same rule applies. The citizens of New-York will remember that the general government has already extended to these artificial channels the laws regulating the coasting trade.

One of the points stated in the memorandum to the protocol of the conference of the British and American plenipotentiaries of 23d January, 1824, relates to the "questions of maritime law, heretofore in discussion between the two nations; and, also, [to] that of abolishing privateering as between them."‡ The two grand causes of the late war, the impressment of our seamen and illegal blockades, were the result of a state of things which will probably never again occur. At the time of the injury complained of, the power of Europe was divided between England and France; the one ruled the ocean, the other the continent. To the destruction of its rival, the force of each was directed; all minor considerations were overlooked—the rights of neutrals were disregarded. The injustice of one belligerent was made the foundation of corresponding indignities from the other. The plea of retaliation grounded on the supposed acquiescence of neutral powers in certain acts of Great Britain, was the reason assigned for the Berlin and Milan decrees. Our rank in the scale of nations has been greatly elevated since the last war—our maritime strength augmented—and the colossal power of the French empire destroyed. The navigation law of 1817,

* *Histoire des Traités*, &c.—vol. xi. p. 248.

† *Id.*—p. 394.

‡ *Documents*, &c. p. 27.

though objectionable in some of its features, and the increase of native American seamen, will probably obviate all difficulties as to impressment, even should England be again obliged to have recourse to that method of recruiting her navy. It will not be forgotten that our conflicting opinions as to the right of expatriation, were among the efficient causes of our difficulties.

The rule of '56, which subjects to capture the ships of neutrals engaged in the colonial or coasting trade of a belligerent, not usually open in time of peace, was as stoutly maintained by Great Britain as it was denied by us, while we preserved our neutral character. The letter of Mr. Gore, addressed to Mr. Madison, Secretary of State, on behalf of sundry insurance companies of Boston,* and the memorial of the merchants of Baltimore, usually ascribed to the pen of the late Mr. Pinkney,† contain very luminous examinations of this question. To these papers we with confidence refer the advocate of neutral rights. However desirous we may be to establish the principle that *free ships make free goods*, after the decision of the highest tribunal of the union, we cannot consider this favorite doctrine of the Baltic confederacy a part of the law of nations. The disallowance of freight to the Swedish ship *Commercen*; (1 Wheat. 382,) was an exercise of *summum jus* on the part of a belligerent, and went as far as any English decision in extending the rule as to contraband of war. In this case the rule of '56 came incidentally before the Court, but the chief justice declared it not necessary to give an opinion on that question.

As to the policy of the United States binding themselves not to employ privateering in the event of a future war, we entertain serious doubts. The friend of humanity cannot but regret the necessity of settling national disputes by an appeal to arms. While, however, wars are resorted to, no nation ought to abandon any of the means of bringing them to a successful issue, unless the enemy yields what may be esteemed an equivalent. From the nature of our institutions we can never have a very large navy, but our mercantile marine would always do much to counterbalance the losses to which we should be subjected by British cruisers. What would our few frigates, unaided, have effected during the last war, and what did not our privateers accomplish? We speak not now of those victories which have done immortal honor to our naval character, but of the injury to the British commerce,

* American State papers 1801—6, p. 430.

† Id. 1806—8. p. 46.

which brought home to the nation a knowledge of what our citizens had suffered during the many years of masked hostility, which preceded our appeal to arms, as well as what they were then experiencing in consequence of a state of war. Should the rules which refinement and civilization have established with respect to private property on land be extended to the ocean, we see no objection to the admission of the principle in discussion; but on those terms alone should we accede to it. Such were the nature of our stipulations with Prussia, in the treaty concluded in 1785. The last clause of Art. 23, referring to a state of war between the two nations, says, "And all merchant and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessities, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested, and neither of the contracting powers shall grant or issue any commission to any private armed vessels, empowering them to take or destroy such trading vessels, or intercept such commerce."* This provision is not to be found in the treaty which was renewed in 1799, for ten years from 1800. Were such stipulations to become general, they would go far, by limiting the sphere of hostile operations, to put an end to war altogether. We must, however, bear in mind that the treaty with Prussia was one of the last acts of *Frederick the Great*, and that the American plenipotentiaries were *John Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin*.

Whatever may be the result of this discussion, we feel assured that the motive imputed to our government in an English ministerial work, is wholly without foundation. If the project is accomplished at all, it must be by mutual sacrifices by maritime nations on the altar of humanity; and for the reasons already stated, it would require from our country an abandonment of a greater portion of its belligerent's rights than from any other power. Referring to a notice of this subject in the President's message of last year, the *Annual Register* makes the following remark: "The ambition of the United States, disguised under a veil of seeming humanity, was likewise strongly marked in a proposal which their ministers made to France, Russia and Great Britain,—that in all future maritime wars, the commerce both of belligerents and of neutrals should be unmolested, except when an attempt was made to break a lawful blockade."†

* 1 Laws U. S. p. 240.

† *Annual Register*, 1823, p. 239.

In examining the papers relating to the slave trade it cannot but be a source of sincere congratulation to the people of both countries, that the United States and Great Britain are disposed heartily to co-operate in the abolition of a traffick disgraceful to our common nature. This feeling is somewhat abated by the reflection that France, and other powers having much less territory, where slave labor is employed, lend but reluctant aid to the abolition of a practice which they dare not openly defend. Had the British Admiralty Courts adhered to the decisions made immediately after the establishment of the last peace in Europe,* we should ere this have had an opportunity of testing the sincerity of the different continental governments. Although they might not all be zealous in abolishing the African traffick, few would venture to be its open defenders. Had the trade been considered *prima facie* illegal, on general principles, and the claimant been bound to show a right to engage in it by his own municipal laws, we have reason to believe that no ships employed in it would, at this time, be protected by the laws of their own country, those of Portugal perhaps excepted. There is unquestionably reason to apprehend that the power to condemn vessels by the courts of one nation, when the government of the trader has made the traffick penal by its municipal regulations, would be employed to authorise a general right of search in time of peace. It is, however, difficult to reconcile the recent opinion† of Lord Stowell (Sir W. Scott) with the decision of the Lords of Appeal, or with the former adjudications of the learned judge himself. Though an American decision‡ has gone far towards establishing that doctrine, we are not yet prepared to consider the slave trade as piracy by the general law of nations, but if it is made so, it must be by the legislative acts of different nations in furtherance of conventional arrangements. America and England have led the way in this measure, as they did in abolishing the trade. The establishing of mixed Commission Courts on the coast of Africa not having been admitted by us, and England having yielded to the suggestion of our government to declare the crime of engaging in the slave trade piracy, it is a source of regret that slight difficulties originating here should have prevented the ratification of a treaty calculated to give efficiency to the humane views of the United States and Great Britain. The only alteration made by the Senate in the treaty, which England regarded as mate-

* 1 Dodson, 81. Id. 91. Id. 84. n. Acton 240, S. C.

† 2 Dodson, 210.

‡ 2 Mason, 409.

rial, was erasing "America" from the coasts where the authorized officers of the two countries were to be empowered, under certain regulations, "to detain, examine, capture, and deliver over for trial and adjudication, by some competent tribunal, of which ever of the two countries it shall be found on examination, to belong to, any ship or vessel concerned in the illicit traffick of slaves," &c.* A majority of the senators, but not the constitutional number, were in favor of retaining the clause. The whole subject has been referred by the Executive to Congress, and it is hoped that the engrossing topic of the presidential election will not prevent something being effected by which the two great maritime nations of the world may be enabled zealously to unite in the cause of humanity.

A regard to the dignity of the United States as well as to the interests of individuals, requires that our claims on foreign governments should be definitively settled. Speaking of the spoliations on our neutral commerce during the wars growing out of the French revolution, the President observes, "it will always be recollected that with one of the parties to those wars, and from whom we received those injuries, we sought redress by war. From the other, by whose then reigning government our vessels were seized in port as well as at sea, and their cargoes confiscated, indemnity has been expected, but has not yet been rendered. It was under the influence of the latter, that our vessels were likewise seized by the governments of Spain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Naples, and from whom indemnity has been claimed and is still expected, with the exception of Spain, by whom it has been rendered."† It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that foreign powers have nothing to do with any change in the government of a state. France under the Bourbons is as much bound for the acts of the late Emperor, as if Napoleon had continued on the throne. This is the principle universally acted on, and is denied by no one. It does not appear that any attempts, subsequent to the ineffectual negotiations of Mr. Pinkney, at Naples, in 1816, have been made to obtain a settlement of our claims on the governments, formerly under the influence of France. The documents accompanying the message of the President, of the date of 2 Feb. 1824, "transmitting part of the correspondence between the governments of France and the United States, in relation to claims of citizens of the United States, for spoliations upon our lawful commerce," present a full view of the ground of our reclamations.

* Documents, &c. p. 16.

† Message, &c. p. 8.

This subject commanded the earliest attention of our government after the restoration of peace in Europe, and by instructions of the date of 15th April, 1816, the American Plenipotentiary in France was directed to give it his particular care. Mr. Gallatin, in his letter of 9th November, 1816, observes, "That the Berlin and Milan decrees, so far as they declared liable to capture and condemnation neutral vessels, pursuing an innocent commerce, and contravening no municipal laws, were an evident violation of the law of nations, has not been, and cannot be denied." These acts, it was shown, though nominally general, operated almost wholly against the United States. "Other acts were, exclusively, directed against America, appearing sometimes under the form of decrees, as that of Bayonne, of the 17th April, 1808, and that of Rambouillet, of the 23d March, 1810; and at times, being only special orders for seizing or selling certain American vessels and cargoes. To these various acts, must be added, the wanton destruction, at different times, of American vessels on the high seas."* Illegal as were the *decrees*, considered in relation to the established usages of nations, the French government have not even their authority for withholding restitution in many cases. Nothing is better understood than that a belligerent can only *capture and send in for adjudication* vessels of neutrals engaged in trade not permitted to them by the laws of nations. The right which he has to *destroy* the vessels of his enemy at sea, can never be extended to the case of neutrals engaged in a trade even professedly contraband. A large portion of our claims arise from vessels burnt at sea, and from the sale of cargoes *sequestered* without the semblance of a judicial sentence. Other property was condemned by Imperial decrees, specially applied to the case, and without the interposition of the prize courts. Compensation, by means of the mixed Belgian and French commission appointed under the treaty of Paris, was afforded to a subject of the Netherlands for some of the property *sequestered*, but not condemned; while the transfer of the fund from one chest to another was made the ground of refusing to American citizens restitution of the proceeds of parts of the same cargoes. The injury was heightened, by the consideration, that a large portion of the captures were made during the existence of a treaty defining the nature of contraband goods, and establishing the rule that *free ships make free goods*. In some cases, condemnations took place after the Berlin and Milan decrees had been declared to be *comme non*

* Message of February, 1824, p. 11.

avenus. As to the *sequestered* property, the cargoes of vessels similarly situated, were delivered to their consignees on their giving bonds, the payment of which was never exacted, while the owners of the cargoes of seven vessels which arrived at Antwerp, have, from 1807 to the present time, been deprived of their property without the semblance of a trial, and the proceeds applied to the purposes of the French government. We have not time to speak of the absurdity of that construction of the Berlin decree, which makes no difference between a neutral vessel which had voluntarily visited an English port, and one which had been subjected to a *relâche forcé*.

The reason at first assigned by the French government for withholding compensation to the American claimants, was the weight of the burthens imposed upon them by superior force, and assurances were constantly given that a postponement should not be construed as a rejection. They afterwards gave the pendency of the discussions with respect to a commercial treaty, as a reason for refusing prompt justice; and they subsequently interposed the Beaumarchais claim and their construction of the Louisiana treaty, as barriers to a settlement. In the meantime, have not only the English claims, exceeding six millions sterling, and many of them of a date anterior to the treaty of Amiens, as well as the reclamations of the continental powers, to an amount originally estimated at twelve hundred millions of francs, been liquidated, but even an appropriation of seven millions of francs has been made to settle the demands of *Algiers*, while our merchants, in consequence of a delay of justice, are subjected to bankruptcy and ruin. The strong language employed in our negotiations with Spain, though condemned at the time as uncourteous, was not without its effect.

On the subject of piracy, the President remarks :

“The force employed in the Gulf of Mexico, and in the neighbouring seas, for the suppression of piracy, has likewise been preserved essentially in the state in which it was during the last year. A persevering effort has been made for the accomplishment of that object, and much protection has thereby been afforded to our commerce, but still the practice is far from being suppressed. From every view which has been taken of the subject, it is thought that it will be necessary rather to augment than to diminish our force in that quarter. There is reason to believe that the piracies now complained of, are committed by bands of robbers who inhabit the land, and who, by preserving good intelligence with the towns, and seizing favourable opportunities, rush forth and fall on unprotected merchant vessels, of which they make an easy prey. The pillage thus taken, they carry to their lurking places, and dispose of afterwards at prices tending to seduce the neighbouring population. This combination is understood to be of great extent, and is the more to be deprecated because the

crime of piracy is often attended with the murder of the crews; these robbers knowing, if any survived, their lurking places would be exposed, and they be caught and punished. That this atrocious practice should be carried to such extent, is cause of equal surprise and regret. It is presumed that it must be attributed to the relaxed and feeble state of the local governments, since it is not doubted, from the high character of the Governor of Cuba, who is well known and much respected here, that if he had the power, he would promptly suppress it. Whether those robbers should be pursued on the land, the local authorities be made responsible for these atrocities, or any other measure be resorted to, to suppress them, is submitted to the consideration of Congress.*

The public are aware of the course pursued by Commodore Porter in relation to the chief of the town of *Fujardo*. From the letter of the Secretary of the Navy, prefixed to the documents of his department, it would appear that this is not a solitary instance of our forces landing in a Spanish West India Island. The Secretary observes, that "a few piratical vessels and some boats have been taken, and *establishments broken up*," &c.* It is understood, that though the evil still exists to a great extent, the piratical vessels are so small as in general to be resisted by merchantmen. All the schooners and vessels of any size have been captured by our squadron or driven from the ocean. Commodore Porter refers to the case of a piratical capture made by seven men in a small boat.† It would seem that the freebooters in the Spanish Islands constitute no distinct class, but like the banditti on the borders of the Neapolitan and Ecclesiastical States, they find protection and shelter every where among the inhabitants. Our commerce with Cuba, employing no inconsiderable portion of the whole tonnage of the United States, is too valuable to be abandoned without a struggle. To expose the lives of our gallant officers to an inglorious death in the unwholesome climate of the West Indies, or to subject our enterprising mariners to the butchery of merciless wretches, are both evils not to be lightly encountered. That it is the duty of Spain to prevent her territory being made the rendezvous of those, whose professed avocation is a violation of the laws of nations, is undeniable. Either the local government possesses the power to suppress piracy, or it has not the requisite means. If it has the power and does not employ it, it must be considered as *particeps criminis*. If it has not the strength necessary to command obedience to the laws, it wants one of the requisite attributes of a state, and is not entitled to be considered a regular government. In either event, the strictest regard to the rights of a country with which we are at peace, would authorize our taking effectual

* Documents, &c. p. 110.

† Id. p. 127.

measures to extirpate those who are considered by universal law as *hostes humani generis*. That this should be done with the least possible injury to Spain, we readily admit. The principle of self-defence would authorise even the occupation of Cuba ; but as soon as that reason ceases to operate a longer possession of the country would be an infringement of the rights of Spain. We are not to consider ourselves as belligerents, having the pirates for enemies, and Spain for a neutral power. All inquiries, therefore, as to the right to pursue enemy's ships in neutral waters are here inapplicable. We would place our right to follow the robbers on shore on higher ground. We conceive it to arise from our duty to provide for our own safety, and from the obligation imposed on a government to protect its citizens. This principle has been frequently recognized, and a violation of the rights of even a single subject of a state has been declared to be a sufficient cause of war.

We regret that the attention which we have been obliged to give to the preceding topics, leaves us but little time to refer to Mr. Calhoun's letter on Internal improvements. It is well known, that from the establishment of our government a difference of opinion has existed with regard to the powers of Congress. Even President Madison, who had been originally opposed to the constitutionality of the U. S. Bank, when he considered that subject as no longer open to discussion, was of opinion that Congress, without an amendment of the constitution, had no right to appropriate money for roads and canals. He accordingly put his *veto* on the bill, setting aside the bank dividends for that purpose. The act of the last session, in relation to surveys, &c. seems to have been executed in such a manner as not to extend the constructive powers of the legislature further than judicial decisions authorized. The *Steam Boat case* (9 Wheat. 1.) drew a distinction as to the "commerce among different states," and that which is strictly internal; the regulation of the latter being left with the states respectively, while the former falls under the provisions of the 8th sect. 1st art. of the constitution. We cannot, however, better show the principle on which the law has been executed, than by citing the words of the Secretary of War. "In order to carry into effect the act of Congress of the 30th April last, authorizing the President "to cause the necessary surveys, plans and estimates to be made of the routes of such roads and canals, as he may deem of national importance in a commercial or military point, or necessary to the transportation of the public mail," a board was constituted, &c. It

became necessary, in giving orders to the board, under the act, to determine what routes for roads and canals were of *national importance* in the view contemplated by the act, as such only as the President might deem to be of that description, were authorized to be examined and surveyed. In examining this point it became necessary to advert to our political system in its distribution of powers and duties between the general and state governments. In thus regarding our system it was conceived that all those routes of roads and canals, which might fairly be considered as *falling within the province of any particular state*, however useful they might be in a commercial or political view, or to the transportation of the mail, were excluded from the provisions of the act.* Our limits do not permit us to present to our readers, the views of Mr. Calhoun as to the accomplishment of the proposed plans of internal improvement. The operations of the last year are succinctly stated in the following extract from the President's message :

"Under the act of the 30th April last, authorizing the president to cause a survey to be made with the necessary plans and estimates of such roads and canals, as he might deem of national importance, in a commercial or military point of view, or for the transportation of the mail, a board has been instituted, consisting of two distinguished officers of the Corps of Engineers and a distinguished Civil Engineer, with assistants, who have been actively employed in carrying into effect the object of the act. They have carefully examined between the Potomac and the Ohio rivers; between the latter and lake Erie; between the Alleghany and the Susquehanna; and the routes between the Delaware and the Raritan, Barnstable and Buzzard's bay; and between Boston harbor and Narraganset bay. Such portion of the Corps of Topographical Engineers as could be spared from the survey of the coast, has been employed in surveying the very important route between the Potomac and the Ohio. Considerable progress has been made in it, but the survey cannot be completed until the next season. It is gratifying to add, from the view already taken, that there is good cause to believe that this great national object may be fully accomplished.

It is contemplated to commence early in the next season the execution of the other branch of the act, that which relates to roads, and with the survey of a route from this city, through the southern states to New-Orleans, the importance of which cannot be too highly estimated.†

We are unable, on this occasion, to enter into an examination of the documents from the Treasury department. We must however remark, that the Seretary's proposition as to a discrimination in the payment of duties between our citizens and foreigners, by withholding the accustomed credit from the latter, stands on precisely the same footing as prohibitory

* Documents, &c. p. 59.

† Message, &c. p. 10.

duties on importations, and on auction sales.—Let not our merchants be deceived—once admit the legislative regulation of trade, and it is chimerical to attempt to impose bounds on the interference of congress. Let us not adopt errors at the moment that other nations are beginning to abandon them.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE I, *A Room.* AMELIA, (*alone.*)

THREE days, three weary days since I have seen
My faithless Edward!—Oh, how slowly time
Doth fly when sorrow weighs his pinions down!
Yet he was wont to fleet too swiftly, when
Youth's bright spring-flowers were scattered in his path.
Oh, we were happy then—here on this spot
We often sat, while the moon's trembling rays
Diffused a gentle beauty o'er the scene,
And through the opened lattice shone upon
Our lovelit eyes that spoke of bliss too deep
For utterance.
On such a night as this he plucked a branch
From the sweet orange-tree, and, as he twined
Its pure pale blossoms in my hair, he said
“Oh let no richer gems adorn the brow
“Of my young bride than these! When all their bloom
“Is fled, their fragrance will endure, and thus
“My love shall last, though each endearing charm
“That won my heart should fade!” This is the love,
The constancy of Man!—And yet 'tis sweet
To think that he will never know my sorrow;
Will never know that I have marked his coldness,
That I have seen another's picture lie
Upon his bosom, and that my fond heart
Has bled and broke in silent loneliness,
Until the grave has covered me, and closed
The portal of repentance.—He will weep,
And then—forget me.—I must die, and he
Will live and love another.—Be it so.
Oh, let me gaze on thee, my happy rival!
How beautiful those dark bright eyes!—Those lips,
(*Taking out a picture.*)
That seem as if the breath of Heaven had fanned them,
They are so innocent!—The high white brow,
Like a bright shrine for pure and holy thoughts—
The pale and leaf-like crimson on the cheek,
So purely delicate—I wonder not
That he should love to look upon a face
So fair, and yet—what made my cheek so pale?
Thank heaven he comes—but he must not see this—
(*Hiding it in her bosom.*)
And I must meet him now with smiles, and hide—

Enter EDWARD.

Welcome, dear Edward, thou art kindly come
To cheer my solitude.

E. Where is De Montfort?

A. I know not.

E. Was he not with thee last evening?

A. Yes, but—

E. Methinks, he chooses fitting times
To visit thee.

A. He knew not thou wert absent:

E. How I do hate these smooth-tongued, fair-faced men,
With rosy cheek, and smiling brow, and lip
So red and—faugh!

A. I thought he was thy friend.

E. He was, till he became thy favorite,
Until—

A. Nay, Edward, now thou dost but jest.
Come sit by me and let the gentle calm
Of evening steal into thy heart.

E. Away!
I will not trust thy lips' false witchery more.

A. What can this mean?

E. Why would'st thou have me speak
In plainer language? Shall I say thou art—
Nay, I must not offend thy shrinking ear
With bold unwelcome speech—but times are changed.

A. Oh! were it not my heart is crushed beneath
A weight of sorrow, surely this would rouse
My woman's pride; but now —

E. Thy heart replies
That it is true.

A. Now listen to me, Edward!
I scarce had seen eighteen short summers, when
I first beheld thee; and how well I loved
Thou best canst tell. I left for thee the home
The friends of infancy, and then we were
Like two gay birds in a bright summer-bower,
We were so happy and so innocent.
Now scarce two years have passed, and I am wretched.

E. Why speak of what has been? Would that I could
Forget it, and forever!—but De Montfort—
Why was he here?

A. Give me thy hand, dear Edward!
There, place it on my heart—say, can'st thou feel
A quicken'd pulse when thou dost say De Montfort?
It beats too faintly for affection.

E. Ha!

What hast thou here? a picture—give it me!

A. I cannot.

E. Then, by Heaven, my half-form'd fears
Were true.

A. Edward, thou hast, indeed, no cause
To speak thus angrily; yet ask me not
To give this picture to thee.

E. Then I swear——

A. In pity, Edward, look not on me thus !
 Forgive me—I will tell thee all.

E. What's this ?
 Confusion ! Laura ! woman, whence hadst thou this ?
 Speak.

A. When thou first didst leave me thus alone,
 I loved to seek thy room, to breath the air
 Which thou hadst lately breathed ; to touch, to kiss
 The books thou hadst been reading ; and to lay
 My aching head upon the ground where last
 Thy foot had pressed.—One morning I retired
 To weep o'er these insensate things that were
 More blest than I—then first I saw this picture.
 I gazed upon it till the sickening pangs
 Of jealousy o'ercame me—and I made
 A faithful copy of it.—I have dwelt
 For many a lonely hour upon that face,
 With bitter thoughts.

E. Amelia, my Amelia,
 Thou knew'st all this, and yet I never heard
 One cold reproach.

A. Could I upbraid thee, Edward ?
 There is in woman's breast a noble pride
 That bids her shroud her struggling passions from
 The selfish world.—It is a mournful joy
 To think that the beloved one ne'er will know
 The withering grief, the sickness of the heart,
 That throbs for him until the heart is broken.

E. Oh ! I have been the fool, the dupe of wild
 And reckless passion. Canst thou not forgive me,
 My own, my injured girl ?

A. Forgive thee, Edward !
 I've loved too well for anger.

E. How could I
 Forsake such purity and gentleness
 For beauty ?

A. She indeed is beautiful ;
 And when I saw the loveliness that dwelt
 In that bright face, I felt how vain were all
 My hopes of happiness.

E. Trust me, my love,
 We yet may be most happy. Canst thou not
 Smile when I call myself thy own forever ?

A. Edward, if thou hast taught her gentle heart
 To love thee—does she know that thou art wedded ?

E. No, my Amelia ; she is a poor orphan,
 Without a friend in this wide world to guide
 Or guard her youthful heart. Oh, she is guiltless
 As Heaven's own purest angel. Yet she does—
 Oh ! curse me not, Amelia, she *does* love me.

A. And but for me she would be happy too—
 Alas ! the hand of grief too slowly works,
 And yet I may not urge the hour of death.

E. Oh ! talk not thus, Amelia, we shall yet
 See many happy days.

A. Would it be a sin
To throw aside a painful weight of woe,
And make my Edward happy.—I can lie
As quietly within the grave.

E. Amelia!

She hears, she heeds me not.—I cannot bear it. [*Rushing out.*]

A. A burning weight is pressing on my brow,
A deep, dark scene around me.—Would these eyes
Could shed a tear.—He's gone.—I'll try to follow.
But haply he now seeks his Laura—I
Am quite forgotten.

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

AMELIA on a couch. EDWARD enters without seeing her.

E. Oh! what a host of passions war within
This wayward heart! 'Tis true, my wife demands
My warmest tenderness; she gave me all
Her hopes of happiness, her fondest love,
And she has shared with me each fleeting joy,
And soothed each sorrow; she has calmly borne
Coldness, unkindness, selfishness, from me
Who should have loved and cherished her forever.
Oh! can it be that passionate love endures
So short a time? In vain, in vain I seek
To tear the thought of Laura from my heart,
For she has trusted me so fondly, yielded
With such full faith her young affections to me,
Told her sweet tale of love with lips so pure,
That from my memory I dare not chase
Her innocent voice away! Alas! alas!
How have I cursed myself! my guilt has doomed
To helpless wretchedness two gentle hearts
Worthy of Heaven's selectest benison.
But I have sacrificed my guilty love,
And Laura's long-nurst hopes, to duty—I
Have told her all my sin and shame, have borne
Her misery, and there is not in fate
A sharper pang than that. What I have suffered
Fits me to meet my noble wife with smiles.
She shall not see me sad. (*turning, he discovers Amelia.*)

Thou here, Amelia?

Then thou hast heard—Oh? shrink not from me thus,
Amelia, my beloved!

A. Forgive me, Edward,
That I, unseen, have witnessed all the strife
Of warring feelings in thy generous heart.
And thou wouldst ne'er have told me this—

E. Alas!
I would have hidden it from myself, Amelia.

A. Dearest, I shall not long remain to waste
Thy life in sorrow.

E. If thou wouldst not break
This bursting heart, I do conjure thee, speak
No more of this.

- A.* There is a something here
That tells me I shall soon find rest. I feel
My desolation, but I am estranged
From earthly things.
- E.* Amelia, wilt thou not
Go with me to some distant clime, where I
May only live for thee?—Why dost thou smile?
- A.* 'Tis a sad smile, my Edward—I shall go
To seek an unknown land—Whose voice is that?
- (*Enter Laura.*)
- E.* Just heaven, 'tis Laura!
- L.* Where is she whom I
Have basely injured? Oh! let me thus kneel
Before thee, let me thus entreat thy pardon!
- A.* My child, thou hast not sinned.
- L.* Oh! I may not
Hope for forgiveness—I have stolen the heart,
The wedded heart of him whom—
- A.* Dost thou love him?
- L.* Nay, ask me not, but teach me to forget him.
- A.* Dear Laura! I am dying—thou must live
And love him fondly—he deserves the love
Of youthful purity. I have but seen
A few more years than thou hast, yet they were
Heavy and painful burdens. For the sake
Of thine own peace, I charge thee never show
The depth of thy affection.
- L.* He shall never
Again behold me—I will go to—die!
- A.* Not so, my beautiful child, when I am dead
Thou must be his.
- L.* When I have broken thy heart?
- A.* Thou hast not broken it—'tis my own fond
And foolish dreams of unattainable bliss.
Come hither, dearest one! Give me thy hand,
While yet I can return its gentle pressure.
- E.* Amelia—this poor child—
- A.* Must be thy wife
When I am dead. Oh! let her lie upon
Thy bosom like a cherished flower—she is
Too delicate to bear the world's rude storm.
Then think of her who—nay, not that—and yet
Thou—but no matter—thou wilt sometimes seek
My lonely grave, and plant some humble flowers,
The violet and the rosemary—and strew
Spring-buds untimely blighted—
- E.* Thou but jestest
My love, thy eye and cheek are bright.
- A.* It is
The last faint ray of life—give me your hands—
Laura—and Edward—let my God forgive me
As I forgive thee, love!—Now lay me down,
Not on thy bosom, Edward—'tis no more
My pillow—one last kiss—I die most happy—

TRISTAN THE GRAVE.

(Continued from page 56.)

The moment of time at which the Fates had decreed our grave suitor the first sight of his intended mistress, was particularly unfortunate for both parties. The Baron Ehrenfriedersdorf had just dined, and as he finished his third bottle, was telling one of his favorite High Dutch stories, at which, as they were in duty bound, the whole household, including his fair daughter, were in a roar of laughter. Nothing, it is well known, is so repulsive and insupportable to a delicate and sentimental mind, in a delicate and sentimental situation, as the riotous sounds of mirth and merriment. What then were the feelings of our sensitive youth, when the door opened and discovered to his wondering view the convulsed features of the Baron and his family. "Loud laughed they all," but loudest and most heartily the jovial master of the house, as the teller of the story which he had told and laughed at an hundred times before; and every time with increased glee and animation. At the right of the Baron sat an antique figure of a man, with lantern jaws, and a long proboscis of a nose, tipped with a pair of green goggles; whose asthmatic "hugh, hugh, hugh," seemed divided between approbation of his master's joke and a spasmodic indignation of his muscles of deglutition at a cup of Canary, which, to use a vulgar expression, had gone down the wrong way. Next to this dubious figure of fun sate an ancient maiden of sixty or thereabouts, whose stiff, starched deportment and sour visage belied the compulsory *he! he! he!* which issued from her inward person. By the side of this fair maiden sate a reverend, round-faced, jolly-looking personage, from whose rosy gills and oral cavity issued an obstreperous *ho! ho! ho!* which seemed to have been fabricated in the inmost recesses of his *præcordia*. On the opposite side of the table appeared a smirking, smooth-faced, foolish-looking young man, whose visage seemed well accustomed to the peculiar expression of satisfaction it now exhibited. Indeed, so habituated did his features appear, to the risible character, that any other combination would have seemed as foreign and *outré* as that of a broad grin would have been to the solemn phiz of Tristan. Beside these, there were some nameless, or rather, from their German patronymics, unnameable guests, whose physiognomies and voices expressed the same feeling, and in the same variety of intonation that modern and more

refined guests are wont to exhibit at the table of their entertainer.

But if these expressions of mirth were as vapid and unmeaning as the idle crackling of thorns beneath the pot, those of the Baron's daughter, who sate at his left hand, in "flower of youth and beauty's pride," were of a far different character. Fair, plump, and just turned of eighteen, the lovely heiress of Ehrenfriedersdorf might have served as a model for Hebe. A forehead smooth and white as Parian marble; arching brows, from beneath which glanced the fires of two of the brightest eyes that ever sparkled at a merry tale; cheeks tinted with the rose's deepest dye, and graced by a pair of dimples which seemed the impress of Love's own fingers; and two ruby lips, whose innocent smile disclosed a row of ivory, fairer and purer than the pearls which gemmed her bosom, formed a combination of beauty and expression that would well have become the laughter-loving goddess Euphrosyne in her happiest moments.

A clap of thunder would not have produced a more sedative effect upon this jovial circle, than did the sudden appearance of the melancholy, wo-begone physiognomy of Tristan. The merry notes of the guests died away into a "quaver of consternation;" and the under jaw of the Baron fell convulsively as he gazed upon our hero in speechless amazement.

For a moment the fair Cunegunda herself was startled. But the droll expression of the countenances about her, which seemed to have been so suddenly frozen in their career of glee, that their muscles had not had time to subside into the state of original quiescence; and the queer, melancholy, awkward appearance of Tristan, who, in a solemn manner, peculiar to himself, advanced and delivered his credentials to the Baron, struck so forcibly her perceptions of the ludicrous, that she burst forth into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, of so contagious a nature that all present joined with heart and soul in a peal of tremendous eachinnation.

Having perused the epistle with great gravity, the Baron, who prided himself upon his politeness and good breeding, and took every opportunity of evincing them, particularly when he was a little tipsy, advanced with open arms, and gave our hero a grip of the hand which made him think himself within the paws of a bear, and a bug which had well nigh squeezed the breath from his body. Then casting a stern look upon his daughter, and bestowing a hearty box on the ear upon the old governante at his right, who was maintaining an hysterical sort of a giggle, and admonishing the venerable person by her

side that he was laughing at the wrong place—with many flourishes he introduced Tristan to his family. Tristan made a profound obeisance to the lady, being under no small apprehensions of receiving some of the Baron's tokens of regard. But when he endeavored to put a smirk upon his face, which the sage Marascallerus had tried to teach him, and which he had been practising upon the road, the severe looks of her father could not restrain the young lady, and she burst forth into another exorbitant peal of laughter. The rest of the party were only prevented from following her example by the grievous punishment the Baron had just inflicted on the previous offenders.

In a little time, however, order was at length restored. Tristan was placed by the side of the fair Cunegunda; and as he was a comely, proper looking youth, and possessed of a sufficiency of the *savoir faire*, by practising those little nameless attentions which please without appearing conspicuous, he soon removed the unpleasant feelings which had been produced by his ill-timed entrance. Though he could not laugh at them, he listened to the Baron's long-winded stories with a profound attention, which, as it was a novelty to the old gentleman, tickled the very cockles of his heart. He also conversed with the ladies about music, poetry, and the last new novel; made divers very apposite remarks upon the dishes and wines; gave a recipe for a new method of stuffing sausages; and quoted several High Dutch proverbs, and apothegms, in such a sweet gentle tone and manner as quite won the hearts of all present. The fair Cunegunda began to feel a rising partiality for him, and thought within herself "if he would only laugh a little, what a charming youth he would be!" But the old Dame Eickenschnaucker, whose ears still tingled with the Baron's rebuke, and the venerable Grubenhauseu cherished a secret grudge against poor Tristan, as the innocent cause of their mortifications.

At a decent hour the family retired to rest; and Tristan was shown to the spare bed-room which had been prepared for his reception. He undressed and got into bed, but it was long ere the poppies of Morpheus descended upon his eyelids. Many and strange fantasies floated before him. The astounded face of the Baron on their first meeting, the comical phiz of the governante, and the malignant features of old Grubenhauseu, seemed to present themselves to his eyes whichever way he turned. But predominant was the beautiful countenance of the heiress of Ehrenfriedersdorf. As each feature of that lovely face presented itself to his mind's eye, and each

tone of that sweet voice reverberated upon his mind's ear, he experienced a strange sensation about his heart; and as he tossed uneasily in his bed, he heaved a profound sigh, and exclaimed to himself, "what a happy mortal I should be if fair Cunegunda did not laugh so much!" Sleep, at last, visited him, but strange dreams continued to haunt his repose. He thought he was leading to the altar the fair object who had made such a deep impression upon his heart. Her looks were composed to a serious, solemn cast, and not the slightest vestige of a smile could be traced upon them. Four and twenty groomsmen and bridesmaids, in sad colored garments, and countenances of a most ravishing melancholy, stood around with white handkerchiefs held to their eyes. The Baron with a pleasing composure, was just giving his daughter to Tristan, and our hero with a transport of serious joy, was receiving the precious gift, when on a sudden the features of the bride changed to those of the old Governante Eickenschnaucker, who grinned and gibbered and sniggered in his face. He recoiled in horror from the apparition, and the Baron, with a look of wrath, aimed a demolishing blow at the face of the intruder. The beladame, with a grin of delight, and with the quickness of lightning, dodged the Baron's fist, which descended full upon the visage of the luckless Tristan. The four and twenty ladies and gentlemen with white handkerchiefs set up a peal of laughter; and with the pain of the blow, and his horror of the sound, our hero awoke from his terrifying dream. Shivering with cold and apprehension, he found that, in a fit of somnambulism, he had thumped his head against that of a carved Gorgon, meant, by the sculptor, for an angel, which ornamented an old cupboard, containing an assortment of old vials, pewter mugs, and some pieces of old family china, the jingling of which, as they rattled from shelf to shelf, had conveyed to his mind the detested impression of a peal of laughter. Tristan having rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, and collected his scattered ideas, found that it was broad day. The beams of the rising sun were streaming gloriously through the casement. He leaned out of the window, which looked down upon the Baron's garden. It was a lovely morning in the month of June. The twittering of the swallows on the eaves of the roof, the hum of thousands of busy insects, the gentle murmur of the morning breeze, as it played among the leaves of the old elms, and the confused sounds, which, softened by distance, came upon his ear from the awakening city, produced a soothing effect upon Tristan. Two rosy-cheeked rugged urchins were sporting up and down one

of the gravel walks, in all the buoyancy, and exuberant spirits of childhood. Every now and then, as some little incident occurred, they gave vent to their feelings in loud bursts of laughter. The sound grated upon Tristan's ear as he turned from the window in disgust. "Why am I thus continually mocked?" exclaimed he in the bitterness of his spirit—"why am I forever tormented by this strange noise, which I can neither imitate nor comprehend? Why am I alone of all mankind denied the privilege of throwing the muscles of my face into that congregation of wrinkles, which men call smiling; or of making that incomprehensible sound to which they give the name of laughter? I can elevate and depress my eyebrows—I can wink, stare, or squint, with my eyes—I can puff out, and suck in my cheeks—I can open or pucker up my mouth. Why can't I smile? I can make all manner of noises too—I can cough—I can whistle—I can sneeze—I can sigh—I can groan—and I can blow the German flute. Why can't I laugh?"

Here the unfortunate young man, in a paroxysm of impatience, gave himself several severe thumps on his head, as if to inquire why the organ of risibility had been jostled out of his cranium; and also several plunges in the side with his elbow, as if to know why his diaphragm would not vibrate spasmodically like those of other people.

Just then the breakfast bell sounded. Tristan blessed his stars that they had not deprived him of the organs of eating and drinking; and that he had the full use of his muscles of mastication, with a good appetite to boot. Then hastily dressing himself, and tying his cravat with a particular degree of nicety, he repaired to the breakfast table.

It would now be a mere waste of pen, ink, and paper, were I to attempt to describe the various stages of the progress which our knight of the rueful countenance made in the affections of the fair Cunegunda. How, from a dull, solemn, queer-looking gawky youth, he began to be esteemed in her eyes, a sedate, and agreeable young man; and from thence to be looked upon as a charming and interesting creature. I know not by what erratic law the ebblings and flowings of a woman's affections are regulated; and it ill suits me now to tell how ladies' hearts are won. Suffice it to say, that partly by the persevering attention of Tristan, whom love had taught to do every thing but laugh for his mistress—partly because Cunegunda was at that particular age, when ladies for the sake of novelty, seem to be anxious to get loose from mamma's apron strings, and to have an establishment of their own—and partly because the Baron, whose voice was omni-

potent in his family, had decided upon the match ;—the wedding, as was proper and decent, was fixed at a month from the time of our hero's arrival.

An event of so great importance, as may be imagined, created no small sensation in the town of Stade. Fame, as is usual on such occasions, had magnified our hero into a nobleman of high rank and immense fortune. His serious and devout demeanour at church, was a matter of edification to the whole congregation, particularly the old ladies, who set him up as a pattern for the youngsters who were wont to crack nuts and jokes at the church door, and to titter and gossip during service. All the young ladies peeped at him from under their bonnets, as they would have done at any other novelty ; the beaux looked with an evil eye upon the stranger who was going to carry off the beauty for whom they had long sighed in vain ; and the sexton, as Tristan put a *grofchen* more than any one else into the poor's box, exalted his riches and liberality to the echo.

The next evening, Tristan accompanied the Baron and his daughter to the theatre, to see the comic opera of "Punch and the Devil," a favorite piece of the Baron's. The lady and her father, as well as the whole audience, were ready to die with laughter, but our hero maintained the same serene and staid deportment that he had observed at church the day previous. He said it was all very fine, because he heard the others say so, and joined in encoring the bravura of "Ich bin der Herr Ponsch !" because Cunegunda said she would give the world to hear it again. But amidst the broad grins, the suppressed titters, the sudden guffaws, and the obstreperous explosions of laughter by which he was surrounded on all sides, his muscles kept their firm unaltered mien, and composed imperturbable expression. This was attributed to good breeding, and polished manners, which prevented him from descending so far from his dignity. He was accordingly looked up to with increased reverence and admiration by the more risible plebians.

But alas for Tristan—"the stream of true love" does not run more smooth in Germany than any where else. A storm was brewing for him. Cunegunda's ancient governess, Frau Eickenschnaucker, had not blotted from the tablets of her memory the box on the ear which Tristan had been the innocent cause of procuring for her, and the venerable Grubenhäusen still cherished the remembrance of the Baron's contumelious treatment. They would as soon have parted with their ears as have attempted any retaliation upon the Baron ;

but with a spirit of malicious revenge they laid their old heads together to prevent the approaching nuptials. The gover-nante was particularly interested in preventing their consum-mation, as she well knew that when Cunegunda should be married, her occupation would be gone ; and from some hints from the Baron, she grievously suspected she would be obliged to quit the premises where she had been so long located.

This pair of old malignants, as well as others, had observ-ed the idiosyncrasy of our hero ; and perceiving that he never laughed at any thing, even the Baron's drollest stories, they industriously spread the report that Tristan was bewitched, or some how or other under the influence of the evil one. Grubenhäusen whispered his insinuations, in confidence, to Schwillenaehlen, the red-nosed butler, who hiccupped the sto-ry over his cups, to Ohtzenstieler, the ostler, who told it to Schnippenbritschen, the tailor, with the addition that Tristan was followed by a spirit in the shape of a black dog ; Schnip-penbritschen told the tale to Kettelpanschen, the fat landlord opposite the Baron's, where Tristan used to take his bitters every morning, and he retailed it, with various additions, to his customers. The old lady was also as successful in spread-ing the story, and soon nothing was talked of in the town of Stade but the grave stranger who was possessed by the devil and could'nt laugh.

When these reports reached the ears of the Baron, he was determined to put their truth to the test. He had observed the habitual melancholy cast of Tristan's features, and had taken it somewhat amiss, that he never laughed at his jokes ; but as he had frequently experienced the same thing from strangers, he set it down to bashfulness, or dullness of compre-hension. The Baron held in mortal dread and abhorrence all dealers in *gramarye*, as well as those who were so unfortu-nate as to be practised upon. As soon, therefore, as he heard the report of witchcraft, he summoned Tristan before him, and in the presence of Cunegunda, bluntly told him his sus-picions ; informed him of the stories that were in circulation ; read him a long lecture on the danger of evil communications, and the deplorable condition of those possessed with demons ; and finally concluded by telling Master Tristan that he must laugh like other folks, or he could be no son-in-law of his. Poor Tristan was astounded at this harangue. In vain he endeavored to expostulate with the Baron, on the unreasona-bleness of his demand ; and tried to prove to him that it was undignified to express his satisfaction by twisting up the cor-ners of his mouth, shewing his teeth, and making a strange

noise in his throat. In vain the fair Cunegunda, with an imploring look, deprecated her father's anger, and begged him to let her have a husband, even if he should not be able to speak. Her intreaties were in vain—and the Baron swore with a High Dutch oath, that if he could'nt laugh, he should'nt have his daughter. She then turned to Tristan, and with a look of love and a rosy smile, that would have extorted one in return from Heraclitus himself, besought him to gratify her father by one small snigger. It was all in vain. Threats and intreaties were equally useless, and Tristan instead of growing pleasanter, became graver and graver every instant.

In order, however, that our unfortunate youth might not complain of the want of a subject, or an opportunity to display his risible powers, the Baron told him he would give him a fair trial the next day, when he meant to show him such droll sights, and tell such funny stories, that if he did not split his sides with laughter, the devil must have got in him indeed.

[What the expedients of the Baron were, and their effects upon Tristan, the patient reader of the Atlantic must wait another month to learn.]

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Report made to the Institute of France on the 22d of March, 1824. By Baron Percy and Chev. Chassieus, on a memoir presented by M. Civiale, M. D. of the faculty of Paris; entitled a new method of destroying the stone in the bladder, without the operation of Lithotomy. Translated from the French, by H. La Roche, M. D. 8vo. pamphlet.

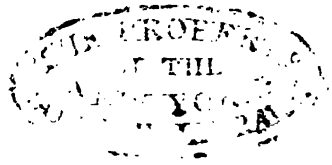
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Missionary Journal and Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Wolf, Missionary to the Jews. Written by himself. Revised and edited by John Bayford, Esq. F. S. A. *Bliss & White, New-York*.



A Peep at the Pilgrims, in Sixteen Hundred and Thirty-six.
 Boston. Wells & Lilly. 1824.

THAT the early history of Massachusetts and Connecticut affords abundant materials for the purposes of fiction, we have already more than once asserted, in the brief course of our past labors. That the works which have been hitherto published, founded on events in that history, have rather shown what might be done with the same data, than accomplished the desired object, is also a truth on which we have had occasion to insist. And to the tales, novels, sketches and poems, by no means contemptible in point of numbers, which have been produced from the obviously inviting capabilities of New England story for romance or descriptive fiction, and which have only illustrated those capabilities, without fulfilling the expectations their subjects excite, the novel with which this article is headed, must, we think, be added.

It is to be regretted that the writers among us, who have the poetical or inventive faculty, seem to be the least industrious antiquarians; while those, on the contrary, who apparently take more pains in compiling their materials from the earlier records, either want the epic and dramatic power, or at least the study and experience by which they may be acquired.

There is no question but that the character of the pilgrims, or independents, totally unlike that of the quakers, possessed a high and lofty interest, fit for the purposes of romance. For illustration we might refer to the Calvinist, in Peveril of the Peak; but for the fact, we appeal to the intrinsic evidence which the outline of their history exhibits, in their emigration, with its concomitant circumstances. In the new world, it is true, they had few cavaliers with whom to contend; but they had savages on their wide and naked frontier, and internal dissensions, whenever they were free from the apprehension of external violence. As persecutors of others, they lose the grandeur with which the circumstance of their being the persecuted invested them; and may, perhaps, assume in lieu of it an aspect of meanness and vulgarity, which must ever attach to disputes, contemptible, as we now regard them, in their nature; petty, from the small and accidental advantages of one party; and, from the limited resources of both the oppressors and oppressed, incapable of being clothed with the terrors of power on the one side, and the sublimity of conscientious resistance on the other. These, however,

are but clouds over the surface of that great light, whose enkindling in England was destined to lead there to a glorious revolution; and whose pure and effectual fire, burning here in a clearer atmosphere, has enlightened the world as it was never before enlightened; and now glows with steady splendor, flinging its lustre across the ocean, to cheer the worshipper of freedom in every climate.

Many circumstances bordering on the marvellous, preceded the coming of the pilgrims to America, and attended the progress of their settlement. A fiery comet, presaging war and famine and pestilence, had affrighted the aborigines and their diviners, before the arrival of the whites, and prediction pointed to heavy impending calamities. A Frenchman who had been taken captive by one of their hordes, gave utterance at the stake to a prophetic phrenzy, in which he announced to his persecutors the speedy and utter extinction of their power. All these forebodings were soon realized. Civil dissensions and sanguinary wars had thinned their numbers rapidly, when a horrible mortality broke out among them with such resistless fury, that it appeared evident from the bones and skeletons scattered over the vestiges of their former encampments, that the living had been unable to inter the dead. It is said in New England's Memorial, that not more than one in twenty had escaped. While room was thus made for the entrance of the settlers into the dispeopled wilderness, other circumstances seemed to combine, to prevent their effecting the object for which they sighed. The difficulties which they experienced have been often told, nor is it our purpose here to recapitulate them. The inscrutable course of Providence, which, for reasons unaccountable to man, permits so often such perplexing and formidable obstacles to obstruct the progress of a work leading to the most glorious results, was never more forcibly illustrated, than in the story of the embarrassments and delays which retarded their first arrival, and nearly crushed their infant colony in its cradle. They might well compare themselves to the Israelites of old, to whom a moderate distance was the journey of a life. A few of them only, more fortunate than their prototypes, lived to see the promised land not only won, but partially reclaimed from savage nature, and putting on the cheerful aspect of civilization: and some of them, perchance, with the prophetic spirit of Milton, might have had glimmering visions of a mighty and independent republic, whose territory should know no bounds but the great waters which divide the globe; and whose people should know no rule, but that of their self-constituted laws.

Soon after the settlement of New-Plymouth, according to tradition, the Indians held a great assemblage of their conjurers, from different tribes, who met in a "dismal swamp," and invoked destruction upon the English intruders, with horrible ceremonies and execrations. If such was the fact, they must have been confirmed in their belief in the virtue of these incantations, by the disasters which followed them. A sterile soil, inclement seasons, want of their accustomed comforts, failure in their expected supplies from England, unusual swarms of destructive insects, and infectious and wasting maladies, by turns and in conjunction, carried off the settlers. In the extremity of their distress, fear of their heathen neighbors was added to their actual misery; and a general plot was discovered, which was to have exterminated the colonists. But whether it arose simply from a dread of the fire-arms and skill of the whites, and their own hereditary feuds and political jealousies, or from a superstitious terror, occasioned by the visitations of disease which they had experienced, and the signs and prophecies which threatened the extinction of their race, a great panic is recorded to have fallen upon these savages, about this time, which prevented a combined attack that must have proved so ruinous. No unity of action showed itself among the hostile tribes, and no general war was waged against the Christians, until they had in some measure established their settlements, and organized their means of defence.

We have no time to particularize, or we might advert to the prodigies so gravely collected in the *Magnalia*; and to the extraordinary signs of the times, both natural and miraculous, as additional subjects for romantic machinery.

All these circumstances combine to give a moral grandeur, and a more than common interest, to the period of the early settlement of New-England. They furnish historical poetry with the machinery which it ever craves; and which it has sought to supply, alternately, by the intervention of deities, the dark decrees of fate, and the slow but certain fulfilment of prophecy. They must give to the features of romance an ideal aggrandizement, and high associations, derived from the natives of the settlement, and the consequences to which it was to lead. Though the epoch possesses not that long antiquity which seems essential to the creation of an epic poem, it affords a substratum for all other species of fiction. The majestic features of nature in the new world, and the stout hearts that came to tame the wilderness and its wilder children,—the stern devotion, the unconquerable love of liberty,

and the enterprising valor of the settlers, contrasted with the savage attributes of their neighbours, surely require only a skilful pencil, to make a picture as interesting as any romancer, whether Greek, Roman, Tuscan or Caledonian, ever drew from imagination or from facts.

There is a sublimity associated with the thought of the first prayers breathed in the wilderness; where the pastor, as much, perhaps, the secular as the spiritual guide of his flock, invoked the same God who had of old revealed himself to the patriarchs in groves and deserts;—that God, to whom no petition had ever before ascended, from these his sylvan temples, save through the cloudy medium of dark and visionary and blood-stained superstition. Here the immemorial pine and the oak that bore the rings of centuries, had for ages shed and renewed their foliage,

Οἱ κερ φύλλων γενεή, ταιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν—

and unnumbered generations had passed away, forgotten like the successive generations of verdure, that had silently withered and fallen, and enriched the soil of their parent forest; while man, like nature, knew no other change than that of years and seasons.

Neither is there any deficiency of historical characters or incidents to assist invention in its operations in the annals of those days. From the settlement of New Plymouth in 1620, to the death of Philip, at which time the subjugation of the New-England Indians, perhaps we should rather say their extermination, was completed, a period is included, prolific in incident, and giving full scope to the exercise of invention. The variety of character among the emigrants, the novelty of the scenery of their new country, the infancy of their establishments, and their first interviews with the natives, afford scope, in the detail, for a highly interesting picture. The peaceful character of Massasoit, with whom the first treaty of alliance was made, and the wise policy observed by that Sachem during his life, in preserving the league, and informing the English of all the plots against them with which he became acquainted, deserve notice among the earlier events of the time. The kindness of Squanto, or as he is otherwise called, Sisquantum, who was introduced to the settlers by Samoset, and instructed them in the Indian modes of agriculture, is yet remembered with gratitude. While communicating to them this useful information, he seems to have imbibed a superstitious awe for the knowledge and power of his disciples. He informed his countrymen that the English kept the plague buried in a cellar, which they could let loose to destroy them

at their pleasure. The same notion is said to have been entertained by them, with regard to the small pox, which afterwards visited them with unsparing fury ; and to this, among other reasons, may be ascribed the terror which so often damped their courage and frustrated their best concerted schemes.

The colony was destined in its first stages to enjoy little peace within itself, or from its enemies. One Morton, who is represented as having been exceedingly profane and profligate, formed a fortified establishment for himself at Mount Dagon, as it was called, where he led a godless life, and sold the savages arms and ammunition. Others are mentioned who carried on treacherous practices with the Indians, some of whom met with a well merited return of treachery from them. Corbitant and other sachems of the Narragansetts, soon discovered symptoms of hostility. This powerful tribe, in 1621, sent a formal challenge to the English. The jealousy which existed between them and the Pequods, a numerous and warlike people, was probably the salvation of the whites, who were enabled, by the irreconcilable animosity of these tribes, to employ them alternately against each other. New settlements were formed in rapid succession ; and several were soon broken up, either from religious dissensions or from intelligence of meditated attack ; and the colonies struggled through the first sixteen years of their existence under the discouraging circumstances before alluded to, without coming to any open or general rupture with the Indian nations. The names of the governors of the different companies, and of several learned and pious divines of this period, have a place in history ; and increased antiquity will but give a bolder relief to their fortitude and their virtues. The death of lady Arabella Johnson, who fell a victim to the prevailing malady in 1630, and whose husband survived his loss but a few months, has been alluded to by most of the writers who have adapted the events of these times to the purposes of fiction. She was of an illustrious family, being sister to the earl of Lincoln. Her virtues and her untimely death have preserved her memory. In the words of the historian of Connecticut, "for the sake of religion she came from a paradise of ease, plenty and delight, in the house of a renowned earl, into a wilderness of toil, disaster and misery." How many must there have been unknown to fame, from wanting the adventitious associations of rank and fortune, whose constant love or friendship had buffeted with want and persecution in the land of their fathers, and who fled for refuge to the iron-bound coast of New-England ! They dreamed of peaceful solitudes ; of toil in the desert

made sweet by mutual tenderness ; and of the tranquil enjoyment of their humble but sufficient possessions, in a region where there should be none to envy, molest or hinder them, in the indulgence of the holiest affections of nature, or in the worship of God after the dictates of the heart. They found indeed, on the shores of this vast continent, the bourne of all their miseries, and a quiet haven from all the troubles of life. The victims of the common malady slumbered in the same peaceful grave. The same mound covered the ambitions and the meek in spirit, the high in hope and vigor, and the sick and broken hearted ; and oblivion passed over their fortunes and their sorrows. But surely, though tradition were silent, invention might invoke from their long sleep some of the actors and sufferers of those days ; ' body forth ' their constancy, their trials and their fate, and appeal successfully to the strong sensibilities of the heart and the imagination, with the topics on which they most delight to dwell,

Fierce war and faithful love,
Pale grief and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

The murders of Stone, Norton and Oldham in 1635 and 1636, were the beginnings of subsequent wars. The two former were killed by Narragansett Indians, who fled to the Pequods and were protected by them. The latter was slain by the Pequods themselves ; and the circumstances of the murder and of its discovery are peculiar and interesting. Both nations deprecated the retaliation of the whites, and endeavored to exculpate themselves from the guilt of these transactions. The English, however, held all the sachems of the Narragansetts, except Miantonimo and Canonicus, their principal men, as accessory to these outrages. An embassy was sent to the latter, the result of whose mission was satisfactory at the time to both parties. Hubbard says, " they observed much state, great command of his men, and marvellous wisdom in his answers ; and in the carriage of the whole treaty, clearing himself and his neighbors of the murder, and offering revenge of it, yet upon very safe and wary conditions." The professions of the Pequods, however sincere those of their hostile neighbors might at this time have been, were false and hollow ; and soon after they barbarously murdered and tortured near thirty of the whites about Wethersfield, a plantation newly begun on the Connecticut river, accompanying their cruelty with many blasphemies, and mocking them in the supplications which they made, in their dying agonies, to

heaven. Among those who were taken captive by them about this time, were two young maids, whose lives were saved by the wife of Mononotto, one of their sachems, on which ground she claimed the protection of the conquerors, after the entire defeat of her nation. This traditional fact forms the principal incident in the "Peep at the Pilgrims."

The Pequods having thus openly commenced hostilities, besieged Saybrook fort at the mouth of the Connecticut river, and attempted to form an alliance with the Narragansetts; using such politic arguments in favor of a union against those who were to be considered their common enemies, that nothing but the ancient and inveterate hatred of their proposed allies prevented their accepting the offer. Their jealousy however predominated, and they formed a league with the English, whom they accompanied to the number of several hundred into the Pequod country. Under the command of the brave and pious Captain Mason, whose account of the expedition is preserved, the combined forces attacked the Pequod fort on the Mistick river. Uncas, the sachem of the Monhegans, also accompanied the English, and served as their guide. He had been for some time in a state of warfare with Sassacus, the great sachem of the Pequods, a prince of great haughtiness and a formidable warrior, whose name was a terror to the neighboring nations. This dread was assigned by the Narragansetts as an excuse for their conduct before the fort, when they remained as passive spectators of the conflict, or rather butchery, for all resistance was ineffectual. Captain Mason, followed by his lieutenant, first entered, by the side towards the water. All within the fortress fell victims either to the sword or the flames. The conquerors pursuing their advantage, soon destroyed or took captive, or drove into exile this once numerous and powerful people. Sassacus was compelled to fly for refuge to the Mohawks, who slew him and sent his scalp to the victors. However advisable the measures of the whites may have been, on the score of policy, it is not attempted to be concealed that these ignorant savages had good reason to complain of many open trespasses on their fields and plantations; for which they knew of but one mode of retaliation; and it is indeed extremely doubtful whether they could have obtained any other redress. It were to be wished that the cold-blooded cruelties which attended their destruction, instead of being blazoned as they are, sometimes with disgusting levity, by the old chroniclers of the times, could have been buried in everlasting forgetfulness.

From this period, for nearly forty years, the colonies had

rest from actual violence. There were indeed many rumors of impending wars, and many conspiracies were discovered; but the terrible example they had made of the Pequods produced a deep effect on the fears of the Indians. They had therefore leisure to attend to the alarming introduction of certain antinomian, and as the Memorial says, atheistical doctrines. Some of the worthy christians of those days, no doubt considered these terms as nearly synonymous. Mrs. Hutchinson also began, in 1637, to hold prayer-meetings and preachments at her own house, and to edify many of her sisters with her gifts, to the great scandal of the more sober part of the people of Boston. On the departure of her friend and protector Governor Vane, for England, a general conference was held of the churches, after which she was arraigned before the general court and the church. She was a woman of some natural understanding, and a violent enthusiast. When called before the church, she produced a recantation or denial of the heretical opinions which she was charged with having taught; but as she at the same time inconsistently asserted that she had never entertained any other than those set forth in her recantation, she was excommunicated. By the civil authority she was sentenced to be banished out of the limits of the colony. Her husband and herself, having sold their property and effects, retired to the Island of Aquidneck, or Rhode-Island, where Mr. Hutchinson died, after a short time, and his widow, on account of some dissatisfaction, removed to the country beyond New-Haven, under the jurisdiction of the Dutch. The next year, she and her whole family, consisting of sixteen individuals, were all murdered by the Indians, (who had a controversy with the patentees about the boundary,) except one daughter, was carried into captivity. While her enemies considered her melancholy fate as a just and signal judgment upon her for her heresies, and even invented malignant fictions to her prejudice, as that she had been delivered of monstrous and unformed births, numerous as her errors, her apologists have as warmly censured the proceedings of her judges. They have alleged that she was driven from the colony as the winter season was setting in, and when she was in a state of pregnancy; that the inclemency of the season, and the want of comfort in the caves in which she and her family were compelled to take shelter, produced her miscarriage, and endangered her life. It is also said that she was again driven from Rhode-Island, by fear of her old persecutors, who were endeavoring to bring the island within the compass of their old patent. However this may be, it is remarked with justice

by Hutchinson, the historian of Massachusetts, that had not Sir Henry Vane made use of this woman for political purposes, in endeavoring to alienate the people from their first leaders, and advance himself in civil authority, her name and opinions would probably have been soon forgotten. As it is, she is one of the religious heroines of that age.

The people of Connecticut, in the year 1645, began to be first troubled with witchcraft. The disorder was infectious, and prevailed at different periods for fifty years. It spread into Massachusetts, returned to Connecticut river, and again, in 1691, broke out with terrific violence in Salem. The obvious fitness of many of the circumstances connected with this delusion, for tales of humor, pathos or horror, must have occurred to all who have read them. The details are minute and numerous. But as yet no good fiction has, to our knowledge, been founded upon them.

Our remarks have extended over much more space than we had expected they would occupy, and we must bring them to a close for the present; as the period to which we have been adverting is that comprised in the novel before us, in which most of the events and characters to which we have alluded are introduced. We must defer to another opportunity a consideration of the more interesting events which followed those at which we have glanced. The origin and particulars of the wars with Philip and the Narragansetts, the many singular and romantic circumstances connected with them, and the conduct and fate of the principal sachems engaged in them, afford subjects for the highest orders of invention:

Vos quoque qui fortes animos, belloque peremptos
Laudibus in longum vates diffunditis ævum,
Plurima securi fundatis carmina bardi.

The particulars of these transactions, and of the subsequent war with the French and their confederate Indians, may hereafter claim our attention.

The plot of the "Peep at the Pilgrims" is briefly as follows: Major Atherton, a young Englishman, whose father was a churchman, and whose mother was a puritan, having lost them both, and being, though firmly attached to the established dynasty and religion, averse to the unnatural civil war which was then impending, is induced, from romantic accounts of the happiness of the New-England settlers, to visit America. Here he falls in love with Miriam Grey, the daughter of a rigid puritan; but their union is rendered hopeless, from the difference in faith between the suitor and father. The latter having occasion to

go to England, the daughter accompanies a relation to the banks of the Connecticut, where she and a younger female are taken captive by the Pequods. Atherton, after the departure of the object of his affections, requested permission to join the colonial forces of Boston and Plymouth, which were sent to assist their brethren in Connecticut. Being impatient, however, at the delay in mustering and equipping the troops, and being alarmed for the safety of her whom he loved, by the continual rumor of new outrages by the savages, he embarked on board a Dutch vessel bound for New-Amsterdam; the commander of which promised to land him at Saybrook fort. This promise, the phlegmatic captain, with great nonchalance, thought proper not to observe. As they drew near the fort, he stated that the dangers of the hostile coast were too great to warrant his deviation; and accordingly he brought his passenger in good safety, to the ancient island of the Manhattoes. Here he made several interesting acquaintances; though his anxiety to be near the lady of his heart, and to protect her in case of danger, prevented him from fully enjoying all the delights of a metropolis, which has ever been pre-eminent among the cities of the new world, in intelligence, politeness and good cheer. Governor Kieft at length determined to assist the Yankees, who ought to have remembered his benevolence with gratitude, and have treated his successor, Peter Stuyvesant, with more homage and decorum than they subsequently exhibited, when he paid them a visit. A vessel was fitted out for the Pequod country, in which Atherton embarked. Some Indian prisoners were also on board, whom they intended to exchange, if no other ransom would be accepted for captive whites; among whom, according to report, were two young females. One of these Indians was Cushminaw, the son of a Narragansett sachem, who had been taken captive when a youth, by Mononotto, adopted by him, and married to his daughter. On entering the Pequod harbor, Atherton requested permission to go on shore as ambassador. Here he had an interview with the dreaded Sassacus, who refused to enter into any treaty, until his people were safely returned to him. He offered to go on board the Dutch vessel, to negotiate with those who had full powers, on condition that Atherton should remain as a hostage; a proposition to which the latter acceded. While he remained in the Pequod fort, Atherton received from a young squaw a mysterious communication, written on a piece of bark, assuring him that the writer was in safety, and advising him to run no risk in farther attempts. He had no time for farther investigation, to quiet his doubts and fears, as he

was recalled to the vessel, where the conference, from the unbending fierceness of Sassacus, had terminated unsatisfactorily; leaving the lives of the prisoners on both sides, in equal jeopardy. Atherton, unable to bear the tortures of suspense, learns from Cushminaw the safest path to the dwelling of the captives; and obtains permission to visit the shore with a single seaman. While the savage chiefs were engaged in debate around the council fire, he has the good fortune to gain the wigwams unobserved; and there he finds, indeed, Miriam Grey, whom he loved, and a young maiden. He succeeds in carrying her off to the shore, but is pursued by the savages. The man in the boat is terrified by their near approach, consults his own safety, and leaves the Englishman and his burthen to the mercy of the captors. The latter is carried in a canoe, with her young companion in misfortune, to the dwelling of Mononotto, where his wife receives them with words of consolation, and her husband promises, at her instance, to protect them. They are soon after ransomed; but no offers could induce the Indians to release Atherton, whom they doomed at their council to the torture. He is led forth and tied to the stake, and the fire applied to the combustible materials, when he is unexpectedly released by a party from the Dutch vessel. Here he rejoins Miriam, who is soon lodged in safety; accompanies Captain Mason to the attack of the Pequod fort; and on his return to Plymouth, where Miriam's father had arrived from England, obtains his consent to a union with his daughter.

Such is a sketch of the plot of this novel, nearly all the interest of which is contained in the latter half of the second volume. There is a great deficiency of incident in the previous part; and its absence is not atoned for by the descriptions or conversations that are employed in lieu of incident; as the former want graphic outlines, and the latter vivacity and variety. The characters introduced, both historical and fictitious, are but faintly marked; and even when the plot thickens most, the narrative has little dramatic effect, and the excitement is but weak which urges the reader onwards. These are defects which may naturally arise in the composition of a tale so closely connected with historical facts. By collecting and comparing them, the author is naturally led into a style too sober and didactic for fiction; while the imagination is cramped and controlled by the necessity of conforming to the well known series of recorded events, and the probabilities which the judgment is unwilling to violate. In these respects, we believe, the author has been faultless. There is

some poetry, and much beauty, in the character of Miriam Grey; and that of her puritan lover is marked with some strong lines, true to nature. The style is pure throughout. We have no doubt that the writer would succeed well, in a second attempt; when his invention might expatiate more freely, and be less encumbered with the mass of newly collected materials.

Memoirs of Goëthe. Written by himself. New-York. Collins & Hannay, and Collins & Co. 1824.

Before this fragment of biography, for it is not the record of a whole life, was offered to mere readers of the English language, we were made acquainted with it partially by the literary journals. It has been considered by them chiefly in relation to the German literature, and had small chance, from such an introduction, to excite any other interest than that which the nation inspires, which is illustrated by the eminent individual it describes. But notwithstanding the fact that this book derives its principal interest from the connection of the writer with the German literature, "men of genius are fellow citizens in all countries," says Madame de Stael; and there is a great community of mind all over the world who understand, and reverence, and sympathize with the powers, the sentiments, and the experience of the more elevated among men. To these, wherever they may be placed, and whatever local affections they may have, whoever illustrates the species, and dignifies it in the genius of an individual, becomes an object of importance in his history. To those who feel themselves allied to him by the faculties which comprehend and estimate the qualities by which one human being differs from another in glory, the man of exalted talents, whether they be devoted to letters, to arts, or to enterprizes for the benefit of mankind, affords, in the formation of his character, and the circumstances of his life, a subject of curiosity and reflection, more interesting than any other. And it is not to the highest order of mind only that individual man, in his wisdom and his weakness, in his greatness and his imperfection, presents an attractive study; there is a multitude of well-taught minds, who hold the noiseless tenor of their way in a humble sphere of intelligence, to whom the education of a great man, his self-cultivation, his progress to eminence, all that has facilitated or retarded his ascent to the high places of favor and honor, make his example and his sentiments matters of curiosity and instruction. To readers of this latter class,

though the endowments and pursuits of Goëthe are essentially different from their own, his memoirs will not prove unenterprising nor useless.

The *Memoirs of Goëthe* is an agreeable book, because it presents nothing but agreeable ideas. There is in it no tiresome detail, no revolting pictures of vice and misery, nothing improbable, vulgar and insipid; but it is a pleasant narrative, which, in effect, resembles the discourse of some amiable and talkative people, who love to dwell upon the past, in order, perhaps, to gratify their own self-complacency, and who impart largely of their own experience from that plenitude of communicativeness, which is the expression of a social spirit, and which connects its own pleasures and pains with presumed good feelings and ready attention on the part of others.

Goëthe does not teach the youthful aspirant after fame, how hard it is to climb to its envied summit, but his history shows that great endowments naturally assert their own place in the world, and suggests that self-discipline and self-dependence are absolutely necessary to him who would exert his talents with operative effect, and obtain honorable distinction for himself. His experience is valuable, as holding out encouragement to intellectual effort, and might furnish to mediocrity the negative conclusion, that it is useless for a feeble mind to make attempts beyond its capabilities.

The exemplary cultivation of Goëthe's mind, by his father, is an admirable lesson to parents, and the results of that culture may well animate every father to superintend and assist in his son's improvement. Kindness, the influence of good examples, habits of industry, conversation enriched by literature, and objects exhibiting, and calculated to inspire taste in the arts, were the means used to instruct the young Goëthe in the conduct and sentiments which develop latent talent, and exalt ambition.

Every body, almost, who reads at all, has read *Werther*; and every one who has read it knows the power of Goëthe over the heart and the imagination. The young have wept over *Werther*, and the old for half a century have exclaimed in fear and in wisdom, that it is a very dangerous book. The tears and the admonitions it has called forth, only show Goëthe's talent of exciting strong emotions. *Werther* can hardly be called a book of much effect after the passing moment, when it opens the springs of soft hearts. It would be difficult to find an instance in which it has given strength to passion and taken power from reason; nor has this example of voluntary death taken away, in any case that we have

heard of, that sense of obligation to suffer, and endure to the end, which the possession of life imposes under circumstances of the deepest affliction and disappointment; nor have we ever known it diminish the relish for enjoyments derived from ordinary resources by the young and susceptible.

Goëthe chiefly exists in the popular mind of America, as the writer of the story just mentioned; but by persons extensively learned in modern literature, he is known for a genius of rare diversity and extent; for one who has recorded his name on the noblest productions of the age, in epic, dramatic and minor poetry, as well as in criticism of general literature and the arts. In his Memoirs, Goëthe's principal design seems to be, to exhibit his literary character, though his religious opinions and moral sentiments, his affections and the delineation of his friends, claim a share of the reader's attention; and they make him and those who conduced to his happiness, often very interesting, not exactly as celebrated persons, but as men and women resembling other men and women.

Goëthe was born at Frankfort on the Maine, and he still lives. The Memoirs embrace only twenty-five years of his happy life; more than fifty are left to be filled up by a few notices appended to the end. The whole together describes a man equally favored by nature and education, and equally elevated by inspiration and opportunity, whose original impulses were guided by paternal love and wisdom, whose early happiness was cherished in the bosom of domestic affections, and whose latest successes have been crowned by the homage of nations and the favor of princes. Such a man's fortunes can hardly be said to teach lessons so edifying as difficulties surmounted, temptations overcome, poverty endured, and hope deferred, often afford in the history of great men; but it is pleasant to escape sometimes from the "calamities of authors," and to learn that they, the *chief glory of nations*, and the ornaments of our race, have sometimes an allotment here, as comfortable as it is honorable; as much endeared for its heartfelt enjoyments, as distinguished by the praise and envy of mankind. Goëthe's literary life and productions have been sufficiently discussed; but what criticism has left is not less important; and the peculiarities of his own mind, and some few traits of his friends, may afford our readers pleasure.

The amiable manner in which Goëthe's mother overcame the false fears of superstition in the minds of her children, is related in the following passage:

"The antiquity of our dwelling, its situation in a nook, and the darkness which reigned in many parts of it, were well adapted to excite the senti-

ment of fear in juvenile bosoms. But it was then a maxim in education not to allow children to be fearful of invisible objects; they were to be early familiarized with all that terrifies the imagination, whether they would or not. We were therefore compelled to sleep alone; and whenever we were discovered attempting to take refuge with the servants, under the influence of fear, my father, in his night-gown, would suddenly appear in our way, and force us to return to bed. How were we to surmount our weakness, with our hearts thus hemmed in between two opposite apprehensions? My mother, with her never-failing kindness, tried more gentle means. An ample allowance of peaches was promised us in the season, on condition of our passing the night quietly. Hope thus silenced our fears to the satisfaction of all parties concerned."

This is worthy of attention. Children are not readily cured of vague and painful apprehensions by reasoning, or by authority. New and agreeable sensations and soothing words, by which the attention is turned to pleasant ideas, afford a true and rational antidote to the weak and ignorant imaginations that disturb infancy.

The early and direct influence exerted upon Goëthe's taste, is exhibited thus :

"I had constantly before my eyes, at home, a collection of views in Rome, with which my father had ornamented an antechamber. These engravings were by one of the predecessors of Piranesi, a celebrated engraver, equally skilful in the representation of architectural subjects, and the choice of fine perspectives. In these I daily contemplated the *Piazza del Popolo*, the *Coliseum*, the square and church of St. Peter, the interior and exterior of that grand monument, the castle of St. Angelo, &c. These objects impressed themselves on my memory. My father, who in general spoke but little among us, nevertheless condescended sometimes to describe them. He was enthusiastically fond of the Italian language, and of every thing relating to Italy. He had brought from that country a small collection of marbles, and specimens of natural history, which he occasionally showed us. Great part of his leisure hours was devoted to the description of his travels in Italy; a work on which he bestowed extraordinary pains and patience, in correcting and transcribing. In this undertaking he had procured the assistance of an old Italian master, of a most lively character, named Giovonazzi. This old man was also an agreeable singer: my mother daily practised music with him, accompanying him on the harpsichord: and thus I soon learned the *Solitario bosco ombroso*, before I could understand a word of it.

"My father was by nature particularly partial to the occupation of teaching. In his constant seclusion from business, he was always ready to impart to others what he knew himself. He had accordingly given my mother, in the early years of their union, lessons in systematic writing, on the harpsichord, and in singing. He had also taught her Italian, which language she spoke with facility."

While Goëthe was a boy, his father built a new house. This new house and its arrangements seem to have been very important matters to old Goëthe and his son. The library was the first object of their attention in this pleasant habitation, as it is styled. The character of the library, and in some sort of its owner, are detailed as follows :

"The arrangement of my father's library was our first occupation. The walls of his study were furnished with the best works, bound in the French style. He had the finest quarto editions of the writers of ancient Rome, from the Dutch press. His collection of books on Roman antiquities, and of choice works on jurisprudence, was no less valuable. The best Italian poets likewise adorned this library. My father had a predilection altogether peculiar for Tasso.* The most esteemed modern travels likewise formed part of our collection: and lastly, it contained the necessary aid of vocabularies and good dictionaries in various languages. My father took great pains to procure new books, which he had bound, and then classed them with great precision. His choice was guided by the recommendation of good literary journals. His collection of dissertations on points of jurisprudence was yearly augmented by the addition of several volumes. He had gone through his first studies at the school of Coburg, then one of our most celebrated establishments. There he had attained much solid learning; he was perfectly acquainted with several languages, and profoundly versed in the acquirements which then composed a good education. On leaving the college at Coburg he had studied civil law at Leipsic, and afterward taken his degrees at Giessen."

Goëthe, like Mr. Gibbon, had a *good aunt*. The latter has denominated his aunt the true mother of his mind; to her he would read Pope's Homer. In like manner, the library of Goëthe's aunt first made him acquainted with Homer. This is a trivial coincidence in the history of the poet's and the historian's tastes; but we love to trace the exceeding small seed sown by female hands in the field of human knowledge; and we love to reflect, after it has grown up and borne fruit abundantly, to what obscure but gentle influence its first germination was owing.

There can be little doubt to those who have long and carefully observed the development of mind, that nature creates a fitness in the human soul for a certain species of cultivation; that there is an original tendency in the mind to more or less expansion and activity; and that there is in its primitive constitution, an affinity with motives, ideas, and pursuits, more or less, high or low, confined or extended. But who that acknowledges this, will assert also, that the results of education are pre-determined or accidental? Who does not believe that energy and enthusiasm may be rendered feeble and cold; that the ardor of zeal and intensity of desire, may become palsied and apathetical; and the most active curiosity, the most comprehensive, excursive and creative intellect, the most tender and generous heart, lose to all excelling effect, the various powers of gaining knowledge, of originating elevated ideas,

"* This predilection of Goethe's father for Tasso, undoubtedly contributed to inspire our author with a similar partiality for that great poet, whom he afterwards made the hero of one of his most celebrated dramatic pieces. Thus we are chiefly indebted to a sentiment of filial piety for this work."

of designing and doing great actions, or of enjoying the highest happiness of man's proper nature? Who does not believe that governments, states of society, institutions for the discipline of mind, and more than either of these, collective influences of a nature antecedent to all of them, operating by means of neglect or design, through books, conversation, town or country life, friendships, cares, examples, stimulants of honor and shame, hope and fear, either exalt and improve, or fetter, pervert and circumscribe the human intellect? and who has not seen, in too many cases, that from the very birth,

“ — the faculty divine
Is chained and tortured, cabined, cribbed, confined,
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind?”

And who that has observed this, has not also seen the imprisoned soul, the better nature, struggling against the ignorance, the prejudices, the false motives and low aims that are made by mistaken education, to distort the views, to degrade and chill those feelings with which a good mind regards universal truth and the principles of virtue,—God and his works, man and his obligations? If those around us display nothing admirable in their conduct; if they have no devotion, nor imagination, nor refinement; if the face of nature affords to them only the simple alternations of day and night, and lands seem only valuable for the sake of marketable produce, and oceans and rivers made for exports and imports, how will the sentiments of poetry, of beauty and sublimity, of God's infinity, and our own multiplied relations to him and to his works, grow up in the mind? Where is the counteracting influence that shall oppose itself to this aggregate of moral and intellectual power? Literature is the only one we are acquainted with, that holds out an antagonizing principle, which cherishes and sustains the natural mind against artificial, corrupting and degrading education. If it be asked, what is this corrupting education, that confines talent to the state of mediocrity, and changes intellectual freedom to bondage, and honor to meanness, and generosity to selfishness, we answer, it is a direct consequence of the sensuality and interestedness of those to whom education is entrusted; a result of the treatment of the young by those parents who love their children's bodies better than their minds; who create external wants, and provide for them at the expense of the inward part—that part of their nature which should be developed with the fondness and care which is bestowed upon health, fortune, and the mere gratification of the senses.

We should not propose Goethe as a model, after which a man should form the character of a son, for it does not exemplify the perfection to be aimed at, if it cannot be attained; nor is it imagined or intimated that his genius, various and powerful as it is, could be acquired by the very discipline practised upon himself, nor by all the excitements to intellectual effort, which acted upon his faculties, even if they could be commanded for any individual, and appropriated to him. But it is inferred, that—if a mind endowed like his, required for its development, incessant industry in himself, unremitting cultivation from others, innumerable social excitements, and all the aids of art and books—inferior abilities cannot dispense with as many of such helps as can be procured for them, especially such as parents can furnish, money can buy, select society afford, and self-denial and diligence apply.

That which sustains the lofty may exalt the low—that which enriches and purifies one mind, will enrich and purify another. The degrees of effected improvement will be regulated by extent of capacity, and the peculiarities of natural character; but each cultivated understanding will yield its increase, some ten, some fifty, and some an hundred fold. The tree will be known by its fruit; and the quality of that fruit will be determined by the soil which nourishes it, and the sun that shines upon it; by the waters that diffuses a healthful fluid from the root to the leaf, and the surrounding air which breathes a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death.

Young Goethe found the first religious instructions that he received, as most children find them, dry and unaffecting, and he heard a multitude of disputes concerning sects. These served to impress on him the immense importance of the subject of religion, in the details of which almost all men differ from one another, but in the sentiment of which all men are agreed.

Like most young persons, not bred up in absolute vice and ignorance, many doubts and difficulties disturbed his religious meditations; but his perplexities were relieved by the study of a copy of the Scriptures, to which an explanation of difficult and important passages was affixed, and expressed in "such a manner as to preserve at the same time, the respect due to the Scriptures and to the principles of reason."

"This study of the sacred books," says he, "concentrated on one single point all my scattered acquirements—all the powers of my understanding and judgment. I am unable to describe the sensation of internal peace which I experienced, when I could penetrate into the profound meaning of these wondrous writings. When my too active imagination led me astray—when fable and history, mythology and religion, mingling in my mind, left my ideas confused—I took refuge in those ancient Orien-

tal countries; I plunged into the first book of Moses: and among those races of shepherds who peopled Asia, I found at once the charms of the deepest solitude, when my fancy wandered in the wilderness; and those of the most agreeable and sweetest society, when I imagined myself beneath the tents of the patriarchs."

The beautiful history of Joseph was the first subject of Goethe's poetical composition. While yet a child he made it the subject of a little romance, which he presented to his father. But besides his literary avocations, his father imposed on him the practical business which affords the best lessons in that art so much neglected by scholars and poets—the art of rising in the world; and, moreover, liberalized his sentiments, and, it may be believed, enlarged and established his philanthropic principles.

"My father," he relates, "had early accustomed me to act as his factotum. He particularly employed me in quickening the diligence of the artists or workmen he employed. He paid well; and required every thing to be finished and delivered on the day fixed. This superintendence gave me an opportunity of getting some knowledge of most arts and trades: it likewise afforded me the means of gratifying my innate propensity to identify myself with the feelings and notions of others; and to interest myself in every thing that constitutes a mode of existence. I derived many agreeable hours from this kind of study, learning to judge of every condition of life, and to estimate the pleasures and pains, the difficulties and enjoyments which each of them presented. Thus was developed and strengthened in my mind the sentiment of the equality, not of individuals, but of the different classes of human life; mere existence being its essential condition, all the rest is the effect of chance, and ought to be regarded as indifferent."

Worldly wisdom did not absorb the faculties of Goethe. Like Milton he early felt his great vocation in his soul, and if he did not like the English poet, consecrate his genius to the "Eternal Spirit," he did not less feel the consciousness of his gifts, nor less ardently devote himself to the "Heavenly muse." He speaks thus of his inspiration:

"I had an irresistible inclination to endeavor to distinguish myself by something extraordinary. But I knew not yet to what object I was to direct my efforts. It is not uncommon to be more ardently desirous of a noble recompense, than studious to acquire the means of deserving it. Why, then, should I deny that in my dreams of glory and happiness, the idea of the crown of glory destined to adorn the poets' brows, was what appeared most attractive to me?"

Goethe's father had designed him for the profession of the law; but this plan did not open to his ambition a prospect congenial to his views, and as he proceeds in the work, he says,

"To abandon the study of law, and devote myself to that of languages, of antiquity, history, and the belles lettres in general, was my favorite scheme.

"I thought myself accountable to nature, my fellow-creatures, and myself, for the use of my poetical powers. I delighted in cultivating them. Guided by instinct, and fearless of criticism, I exercised myself in this art with still increasing facility. Without having an implicit faith in the excellence of my productions, without concealing their defects from myself, I nevertheless thought them not quite contemptible. Whilst I myself censured some of these compositions with severity, I cherished in silence the hope of reaching still higher degrees of perfection. I delighted to think I might one day be honorably quoted with Hagedorn, Gellert, and their competitors."

Goethe was sent at a suitable age to the University of Leipsic. Here the spirit of the age, as well as of the place, expanded and enriched his mind. The great impulse, and the new character given to the German literature at that time, was an excitement to every order of intellect in that country, and the liberty of thought which prevailed, though it often degenerated to license, was a noble incentive to the aspirations of the poet and the speculations of the philosopher; and the public mind, under the same influence, was fitted in some measure to comprehend, to honor, and to cherish those who devoted themselves to enlighten society by research and mental analysis, or to charm and refine it by works purely imaginative.

"At the same time," remarks Goethe upon this subject, "the study of what is called the human understanding, engaged much attention. The school philosophy was falling into disuse. That philosophy had had the merit of employing determined forms, and fixed rules and methods in the discussion of the grand questions which have interested mankind in all ages; but the obscurity, vagueness, and emptiness of its solutions, unfortunately too obvious, had brought them into disrepute. Many people persuaded themselves that nature had furnished them with sufficient sense to enable them to form a clear idea of the various objects that present themselves to our notice, without laying them under the necessity of troubling themselves about general ideas, or ascertaining the order of the universe. They thought it sufficient to cast an observing eye around them, and to employ their attention and industry on objects immediately connected with, and interesting to them. This direction of the mind authorized every one to philosophize. No one was now excluded from a career which was formerly shut to the profane. Any man, with time and reflection, might pretend to the title of philosopher, because all was now reduced to a more or less sound, or exercised understanding; he might also ascend by degrees to general ideas, and concern himself more or less successfully, by the aid of experimental intelligence, in all that passes within and without us. Men now prescribed to themselves the rule of holding the balance even between all opinions. Strong in this spirit of moderation, and with a marvellous sagacity in elucidating common ideas, the writers and followers of this new school attained consideration and acquired confidence; accordingly, philosophy introduced itself rapidly into every branch of science and literature, and into all ranks and classes of society."

But there was in Goethe's soul that producing, self-sustaining gift, which golden opinions may foster, and princely favor

may exalt, but which is a light from heaven that industry never kindled, nor fortune ever fed—which is a vital spark born with us, that glows with increasing lustre, brighter and warmer till it gives light to all who open their eyes to its beams. Goethe thus expresses his consciousness of his endowments :

“ The confined circle in which I moved, the indifference of my companions in study, the insufficiency of my masters, the want of intercourse with such of the inhabitants as were distinguished for mental cultivation, the perfect insignificance of the nature that surrounded me, all compelled me to seek my resources in myself. If I wished to find some real inspiration—some profound sentiment, some just and striking reflections for my poetical compositions, I saw that I must draw them from my own bosom.”

But he did not confine himself to an entire self-reliance, for he adopted the principle and acted upon it, that

“ Even a man of superior mind stands in need of a proper scope of action, and that he ceases to inspire all the interest he might fairly pretend to, when, too much wrapped up in self, he neglects to refresh his faculties in the world, which alone can furnish him subjects for his labors, and disclose to him the real extent of his progress.”

Goethe's own opinion of his first dramatic pieces must mingle delightful feelings with the retrospections of his old age. “ They illustrate,” he says, “ in a forcible manner those truly Christian words, ‘ Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.’ ” That moral lesson which teaches to detest offences without hating offenders, and makes the secret consciousness of an infirm nature an argument for us to forgive others, that we too may be forgiven, whether it be taught by the pulpit or the stage, commands our gratitude to him who enforces it.

After Goethe had finished the course of study pursued at Leipsick, he returned to his family at Frankfort, where he studied a little quackery and mystical chemistry, with his mother, and a certain Mademoiselle Von Klettenburg, and became initiated into the pure spirituality of the Moravian sect by the latter. He soon, however, departed for Strasburg, at the urgent desire of his father, to study the science of the law. The history of Goethe's studies or friendships at this period, is of little importance to our readers. The following anecdote of one of his casual companions, may hold up a moral to some people who are, in an early stage of life, talkers, and nothing else, by profession :

“ Our table was frequented by a chevalier of Saint Louis. His narrations were lively and spirited. The interest I took in them sometimes induced me to accompany him in his walks : the rest of the company avoided him, and allowed me to go with him alone. I often neglected, for a

long time, to consider the character of my new acquaintances, or the effect they produced on me. Nevertheless I perceived, by degrees, that the stories of my companion served rather to disquiet and perplex than to instruct me. I knew not to what cause to ascribe these impressions, although the enigma was not very difficult of solution. This man belonged to the very numerous class of those who lived to no purpose. He had a decided taste, an absolute passion for reverie; but no talents for reflection. Men of his character readily attach themselves to one idea, which is truly a moral malady. This was his case, and carried to a most troublesome extreme. His whim was to be perpetually complaining of his want of memory, particularly with respect to most recent events; and to maintain that all virtue was the effect of a good memory, and all vice of a bad one. This thesis he defended with much ingenuity; which is a very easy matter when people deviate from the fixed sense of words, and pervert them from their natural signification, to accommodate them to the object in view.

"In one of our walks we met with an old beggar-woman, whose importunities made my companion lose the thread of one of his stories: "Hold your tongue, you old witch, and leave us," said he. "Old!" replied she: "if you did not mean to grow old yourself, you should have got hanged whilst you were young." "Hanged!" cried he, turning back sharply; "hanged! I was too honest for that. But I ought to have hanged myself, or blown my brains out. I should not, in that case, have been living now to be good for nothing." The old woman stood motionless. He continued, "You have told a great truth, you mother of witches; and as you have hitherto escaped strangling and burning, I must pay you for it." With these words he gave her a piece of money that is seldom given to mendicants."

Goethe was from his boyhood to five and twenty, always in love; but his love was rather a propensity than a sentiment, and from his description of it, does not serve to elevate him in our esteem. Goethe's last mentioned mistress is thus described by him, as he introduces her along with her sister:

"The two young ladies were dressed in the German fashion; and this national costume became the amiable Frederica wonderfully well. She wore a white, short, round gown, ornamented with falbelas, which half exposed to view a taper leg and most delicate little foot. A white corset fitted her shape, and a black taffety apron completed her half village and half city dress. Slender and light, she walked as if she had nothing to carry; and yet her neck appeared almost too delicate to support the weight of the tresses of light hair which adorned her beautiful head. Her blue eyes gazed around with an expression of gaiety; and her nose had a curve which seemed to mock all care, as if it had been a total stranger to this world. I was instantly sensible of her attractions and loveliness."

This is nothing but youthful beauty and rustic simplicity—Gainsborough's country girl—but it is a prepossessing picture, and the heart aches for Frederica when we read afterwards of the last farewell of her calculating, prudent lover. That he had been trifling with the happiness of a young and confiding female, did not occur to Goethe in the form of a self-reproach, till he made the resolution to quit her forever. Thus he reasoned with his passion:

"Frederica and I had yielded, inconsiderately, to the charms of mutual tenderness; but I was about to be obliged to quit Strasburg, without being able to form any plan for the future, and with every probability that it would be a long time before I should be in a situation to do so. At my age, dependent as I was upon a father, whose consent I durst not even think of asking,—ignorant and unable even to guess what situation I should one day hold in society; devoted to poetry and letters, and averse to all other occupations,—how could I entertain the hope of being united to the object of my affection? Could I condemn Frederica to see her fate depend on a hope so remote and uncertain? These reflections came, indeed, very late; but how was I to escape the inflexible yoke of necessity?"

Ambition and worldly-mindedness are infallible cures for love. At the moment of his separation from Frederica, Goethe shed a few natural tears, and wiped them soon, for "coming events cast their shadows before," and as he took his final departure from the object of his short-lived passion, he saw a vision of himself dressed in a laced coat, which proves that the *second sight* (if it be not more properly the first) is granted as well to the gifted seers of Germany as of Scotland, and that its revelations are of good as well as evil import. Goethe took comfort upon this extraordinary intimation of his future fortunes. "This singular illusion diverted his thoughts from the grief of parting," and he afterwards pursued his journey with "serenity."

He says of himself in a subsequent period of his history,

"To be disinterested in all things, and particularly in love and friendship, was my most ardent wish, my favorite maxim, and the dearest object of my endeavors."

How far the calculating spirit which reconciled Goethe to the sacrifice of Frederica's happiness, is consistent with the disinterestedness which he wished to cultivate in himself, casuists may determine. More selfishness than generosity is obvious in his reflections upon this occasion.

A description of Goethe, written about the time at which the Memoirs terminate, by one of his friends, is extracted from the "Postscript."

"We have Goethe here at present. He is a handsome young man of twenty-five; all genius from top to toe, power and vigor;—with a heart full of feeling, a spirit of fire eagle-winged, *qui ruit immensus ore profundo.*" What is here said of the mind of Goethe, appears still to be the general opinion of his countrymen."

That the present character of his exterior is derived from the inner man, and bears the impress of his genius, made venerable by his years, is asserted by another writer, who says,

"If we judge of him by what he now is, he must have been a remarkably fine-looking man. Old age has not impaired the dignity and grace of

his deportment; and his truly Grecian head, large penetrating eyes, and elevated forehead, continue to rivet the attention of all who look on him."

Of his colloquial powers he has given not a very clear intimation, nor a very agreeable notion, by this representation of himself:

"I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive with energy and vivacity, that of giving an air of novelty to known inventions, of imagining new ones, and of inventing as I went on. But the first of these faculties generally made me tiresome to the company. Where, indeed, is the man who takes pleasure in listening to the ideas and opinions of another; particularly if that other be a young man, in whose judgment, not sufficiently enlightened by experience, little confidence is to be placed? My mother had best endowed me for pleasing others. The most futile tale has its charm; and the slightest narration is listened to with a kind of gratitude."

The manner in which Goethe cultivated gratitude, that sentiment so just and so lovely, is well worthy of imitation. The intellectual and moral benefits which he enjoyed, "sentiments imbibed," and "instructions received," induced, in his mind, a beautiful estimate of the value of human blessings—blessings, concerning which, they who possess the most exalted in their kind, are the best able to appreciate their worth, and the best disposed to honor their authors. No man of much moral sentiment, perhaps, ever read without admiration, the careful and grateful enumeration of moral benefits, and moral benefactors made by that best of heathens, Marcus Antoninus; and Mr. Coleridge, who does not gain much in any reader's intelligent sympathies by his "*Literary Life*," recommends himself eminently in one passage, which declares that those from whom he has directly derived any virtuous and enlightened sentiments, are the chief objects of his grateful regard. Goethe thus describes his mode of cherishing this disposition:

"I am naturally as little inclined to gratitude as any one; and it would even be easy for the lively sense of a present dissatisfaction, to lead me, first to forget a benefit, and next to ingratitude. In order to avoid falling into this error, I early accustomed myself to take pleasure in reckoning up all I possessed, and ascertaining by whose means I acquired it:—I think on the persons to whom I am indebted for the different articles in my collections; I reflect on the circumstances, chances, and most remote causes, owing to which I have obtained the various things I prize, in order to pay my tribute of gratitude to whosoever has a right to it. All that surrounds me is thus animated in my sight, and becomes connected with affectionate remembrances. It is with still greater pleasure that I dwell on the objects, the possession of which does not fall within the dominion of the senses; such as the sentiments I have imbibed, and the instruction I have received. Thus my present existence is exalted and enriched by

the memory of the past ; my imagination recalls to my heart the authors of the good I enjoy ; a sweet reminiscence attends the recollection, and I am rendered incapable of ingratitude."

The limits of these pages now leave no room for any other subject than the principle of the book. It affords some sketches, however, that might be interesting, if space were allotted them ; but as Goethe's religious character has been called in question, it may be well to let him vindicate himself in his own words before we take leave of him. Speaking of the Scriptures, and of the spirit of the age in respect to them, he says,

" If we yield to the critics a few external forms which have no influence on our souls, and which may give rise to doubts ; if they accordingly decompose the work and pull it to pieces, they will not be able to destroy its essential character, to annihilate the immense perspective of the future which it presents, to shake a confidence firmly established, or to deprive us, in short, of the principal foundations of our faith. It is this belief, the fruit of deep meditation, which has served as the guide of my moral and literary life : I have found it a capital safely invested and richly productive in interest, although I have sometimes made but a bad use of it. It was this manner of considering the Bible that opened to me the knowledge of it. The religious education which is given to protestants had led me to read it through several times. I had been delighted with the wild but natural style of the Old Testament, and the ingenious sensibility that pervades the New. Hitherto, indeed, the whole had not entirely satisfied me ; but the variety of characters that distinguishes its different parts now no longer led me into error. I had learnt to enter into the true spirit of the work ; and my attachment to it, founded on deep study, blunted all the arrows of mockery, of which I clearly perceived the bad faith. Without detesting those who ridiculed religion, I was sometimes quite enraged at their attacks ; and I remember that after reading Voltaire's *Saul*, the fanatical zeal with which I felt myself transported, would have tempted me to strangle the author if I had had him near me. On the other hand, I was pleased with all researches made with a view to a fair examination. I hailed with joy the efforts made to improve our acquaintance with the customs, manners, and countries of the East, and I continued to exercise all my sagacity in the endeavor to gain a thorough knowledge of these venerable traditions of antiquity."

Goethe's works, travels, and civic honors, it is not necessary to enlarge upon here. This has been done before to all intents and purposes. In considering his history, the reader readily applies to him, with a slight alteration of expression, his remarks upon Lavater. He is one of those few happy beings whose worldly vocations are in unison with his ideas and wishes ; and whose first education, being in suitable relation to that he has derived from experience, has fully developed his natural faculties, whether for enjoying existence himself, or for contributing in a high degree to the intellectual gratification of others. The curiosity his writings and the

character of his genius have excited in the whole literary world, and the prosperity which has been the direct consequence of his extraordinary claims to external dignities, sufficiently establish his eminence and justify the sentiments by which he has been regarded wherever his name is known.

A few facts alone remain to be related, in order to connect the foregoing particulars of Goethe's life and character with his subsequent history to the present time.

"Charles Augustus, Duke of Saxe Weimar, while hereditary prince, visited Frankfort, where Goethe, as has already been stated, was introduced to him. The result of the impression made by this meeting on the young prince, was the invitation of Goethe to Weimar; whither he went in the year 1776, and where he has since, with the exception of the time occupied by his journeys in France, Switzerland, and Italy, continued almost constantly to reside."

THE MOTHER.

Here was no brilliant beauty—a pale tint,
 As if a rose-leaf there had left its print,
 Was on her cheek—her brow was high and fair,
 Crossed by light waving bands of chesnut hair—
 Her eyes were cast down on the lovely boy,
 Beside whose couch she kneeled—but such calm joy,
 Such beautiful tranquillity as dwelt
 Upon her features, none has ever felt
 Save a fond mother—her tall graceful form
 Was bending o'er him, and one small white arm
 Supported his fair head, while her hand prest
 Her bosom, as she feared lest he might start
 To feel the quickened pulses of her heart.
 Yet still she drew him nearer to her breast
 Almost unconsciously—At length he woke—
 And the soft sounds that from his sweet lips broke,
 Were like the gentle murmurings of a brook
 Along its pebbly channel—but her look
 Told joy that lay too deep for smiles or tears.
 'Twas a strange happiness, where hopes and fears
 Were wildly blended—yet 'twas happiness—
 For well she knew that nought on earth could bless
 A woman's heart, like the deep, deathless love
 A mother feels—all other joys may prove
 But vanity and sin; *this, this alone,*
 With perfect peace and purity is fraught.
 On the fair tablet of a mother's thought
 There is no stain of passion—this is one
 Sole trace of that pure joy man's knowledge cost,
 Sole remnant of the heaven our parents lost.

When man first from his paradise was driven,
 Woman's sweet wiles and witcheries were given
 To cheer him on thro' life's dull wilderness;

But what was left her erring heart to bless?
 She once had loved him, as a being sent
 From Heaven in God's own image, yet he went
 Even for her sake astray—she loved not less,
 But her high adoration now was o'er.
 An earthly passion, sinless now no more,
 Absorbed her heart, and every word or sigh
 Wrung from his soul thrilled *her* with agony.
 Yet she endured his stern reproach, unmoved
 And patient, for she felt how much she loved.
 Then to repay her sufferings and atone
 For man's unkindness, seeds of joy were sown
 Within her heart, a mother's love was given,
 And this repaid her for the loss of Heaven.

Oh! but to watch the infant as he lies
 Pillowed upon his mother's breast—his eyes
 Fixed on her face, as if his only light
 On earth, beamed from *that* face with fondness bright—
 Or to gaze on him sleeping—while his cheek
 Moves with her heart's glad throbbings, that bespeak
 Feeling too full for words—to see him break
 The silken chains of slumber and awake
 All light and beauty, while he lisps her name,
 'Mother!' although his childish lips can frame
 No other sound.—Oh, who with joy like this
 Could ask from heaven a dearer, deeper bliss?

Again I saw the mother bending o'er
 The pillow of her babe, but joy no more
 Was pictured on her face; her sunken cheek,
 Her faltering accents, tremulous and weak,
 Told a sad tale—she had hung o'er that couch
 For many a weary night, and every touch
 Of his thin wasted hand seemed to impart
 A thrilling sense of pain to her young heart.
 Yet deemed she not that death could now destroy
 So bright a blossom as her darling boy.
 She feared not that—she felt she could not bring
 Aught to relieve him—this to her was death—
 And ever as she felt his feverish breath
 Pass o'er her brow, the deadly withering
 Of early hope, that young hearts only know,
 First taught her all a youthful mother's wo.
 Oft would she check the bursting sob of pain,
 When she had marked the evening planets wane,
 And thought that though another day had past,
 Another came as mournful as the last.
 And oftentimes the bright big tear, unbid,
 Would gather slowly 'neath her long-fringed lid,
 As rain-drops mark the coming storm, whose shock
 Shall blast the wild-flower and its sheltering rock
 In the same ruin—but each coming day
 She saw him wasting.—One eve as he lay
 Within her arms—the moonbeam shining bright,
 Gave to his pallid face a ghastly light—
 She gazed on him, she bent to hear his breath—
 His heart throbbed faintly—then—she gazed on Death! U.

1. *An Address pronounced at the Opening of the New-York Athenæum, December 14, 1824.* By Henry Wheaton. New-York. C. Wiley. 1824.
2. *An Oration pronounced at Cambridge, before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, August 27, 1824. Published by Request.* By Edward Everett. New-York. 1824.
3. *A Discourse concerning the Influence of America on the Mind; being the annual Oration delivered before the American Philosophical Society, at the University in Philadelphia, on the 18th of October, 1823.* By C. J. Ingersoll. 8vo. Philadelphia. 1823.

THE example of America has taught the world some half a dozen truths, of more consequence by far than all the vaunted discoveries of European science. This has been often said, but seldom we apprehend, distinctly understood. Even Americans are to be found who consider this country as indebted to the rest of the civilized world, in the great commerce of useful information and valuable truth. The balance of intellectual trade is supposed to be disgracefully against us, and much solicitude has been shown to devise the ways and means of repaying the obligations which threaten to overwhelm us. It has been sagaciously suggested, that for the honor of the country, we must pay back in literature and science, the literature and science we import, or we shall be inundated (to use a cant term of a certain school of political economy) with more knowledge than we can possibly dispose of. There is little reason, we believe, for these anxious apprehensions of intellectual insolvency. The benefits that Europe one day must derive from having witnessed the magnificent results of our political experiments, are worth all the scientific information, all the sources of literary gratification, which she can give us for centuries to come. We have discovered and demonstrated, for example, that a nation may be rendered capable of governing itself. This we confidently produce, as a fair set-off to the discovery of a score of new acids, the detection of a myriad of *double Doehmiacs*, and the re-edification of a host of dilapidated *Dactylics Dîmeter Brachycatalectic*. We have shown to the incredulous statesmen of the old world, that society may continue to subsist in freedom and tranquillity, when disencumbered of such nuisances as Dukes, Marquises, Counts, Viscounts, *et hoc genus omne*. This we think, is fairly worth a dozen epics and as many comic operas; and would, moreover, we venture to maintain,

leave our trans-Atlantic brethren decidedly in our debt. Again, we hold that we have established, beyond a doubt, the fact that Christianity is independent of political support—that it can flourish without tythes, and extend without intolerance. We shall probably be despised for what we say, by the *savans* of the old world; but we fearlessly assert, that we think we should be but scantily remunerated for this all-important truth, if every book that passes through our custom-house, brought to us the news of the discovery of some weed, shell, or bug ‘unknown before,’ or announced the bringing to light of the very newest overlying unconformable flötz trap formation.

Let it not be supposed that we are desirous of depreciating those departments of human knowledge which the polite world have agreed to denominate literature and learning *par excellence*. On the contrary, we profess to feel the highest admiration for those arts which ‘adorn and embellish human life,’ and administer to the enjoyments of a cultivated taste. But we insist, and shall never cease to insist, that in the estimate of what America has done, and what she may still hope to do, her deficiencies in the ornamental sciences have been charged against her a most extravagant price, while her attainments in the first and best of sciences—the art of so disposing of the elements of society as to make the resulting happiness the greatest which those elements will allow—have never, not even by her own citizens, been properly appreciated.

In a free country, where there exist no privileged orders, nor unequally protected institutions, it will generally happen that the value of every branch of human knowledge, as far as concerns such a community, will be very nearly indicated by the quantity of intellectual capital, to use the language of political economists, naturally determined to its cultivation. An analogous principle is now acknowledged to be true, with regard to the relative value of the various branches of mere material industry; and we see no reason why the doctrine may not be extended to the finer and less palpable fabrics of the intellect. The supply of literature and science will be in proportion to their demand, and their demand in proportion to their usefulness. The elements of *really* valuable information, the principles of serviceable, practical, and necessary knowledge, will receive the largest share of cultivation, because they will be most in request. Useful art and valuable science, will necessarily be in steadier demand, and maintain a much greater number of writers and instructors, than the mere elegancies and luxuries of learning, precisely for the same reason, that the necessities of life command a surer

market and give support to more producers, than those commodities which are called for by less natural appetites, or less imperative desires.

In Europe, this self-directing, self-adjusting principle, is seldom or never left to operate. Nothing is considered as well done, which is not done by the eternally intruding interference of the law. The distribution of knowledge is determined by the same impertinent control which attempts to regulate the distribution of wealth. Certain manufactures and certain sciences are not in demand, or may be more cheaply imported. The consequence is, that an absurd and premature attempt to get them up proves abortive, and they languish, as it is termed. And so they ought to do;—for unless political restrictions impede their exercise and growth, it is a sign, and a sure one, that capital and intellect are occupied more profitably elsewhere. Common sense, in this case, would suggest that the best policy would be that which left industry and talent to find out their most appropriate employments. But legislators then would have little left to do, and that is not to be endured. Some pretence is accordingly devised for the application of the system of encouragement and restraint, a system which was engendered in tyranny and bigotry and folly, which has been sustained by fraud and prejudice and pride; a system which has been the cause of more misery and desolation than pestilence or famine—which plunders without the courage, and oppresses without the apology of despotism—a system, which we venture to predict, will one day stand as a monument of the barbarous policy and stupendous folly of an age that believed itself arrived at the last limits of civilization and refinement.

By the operation of this preposterous system, millions have been exacted from the savings of the industrious and the pitances of the poor, under the wretched pretext of supporting industries and talents, the products of which the contributors never saw, or at least never consented to receive on the terms thus impudently thrust upon them. So enormous an abuse would have soon worked out its own remedy, if it had not been maintained by the strength or the stratagem of those who were the gainers by it. Accordingly we find that where privileged orders and institutions could no longer be supported by the arbitrary power of the sovereign, they have been upheld by duping and deluding the payers of the tax into a belief that these monopolies were essential to the welfare or glory of the state. On the continent of Europe, where the voice of the people is never heard in the business of legisla-

tion, the principle of force is, to this day, in full operation, in determining the exercise of industry and intellect. In Great Britain, where something like representation is to be met with, it has been for many years past, found necessary to cheat the multitude into measures, into which it would be unwise, if not impossible, to compel them. By a system of chicanery and swindling, (unparalleled in the annals of the world, because under all other governments, force answers all the purposes of fraud) the people of Great Britain have been led to believe that the necessities of life may be too plentiful and cheap for their good, and have therefore consented that the price of provisions shall be kept up by that compound of absurdities and cruelties denominated the "Corn Laws." By another wretched sophism, they have been gulled into a belief that the interests of religion, literature and science, require that they should pay into the common treasury of the state twenty-five millions of dollars annually, for the support of the clergy, *literati* and *savans*, who have generously and disinterestedly undertaken to humanize their manners, improve their morals and enlighten their understandings. It may, perhaps, have occurred to some of the more sagacious of the dupes, to ask why this expenditure might not be entrusted directly to him who is interested in it—why A must pay the state to pay B for what B does not give, or at least for what A does not want; and if A does want it, why it is required that A should pay C to pay D, and so on through the alphabet, till Z pays B what A might have paid him at once. But the B's have provided for these troublesome inquiries, and have convinced the great majority of the A's that these doubts of the perfection of the existing state of things are shockingly blasphemous and desperately wicked, so that it is odds but the A's are the first to cry out against any attempt to relieve them.

Every distribution of the public funds for purposes not immediately connected with the necessary expenses of a state, may be shown to be ineffectual, wasteful and unjust. If as much capital is not employed in some of the departments of industry as some sage legislator thinks ought to be employed, it is in ninety nine cases in a hundred, because the legislator is ignorant of the best disposition of the property of the capitalists. If, (as sometimes take place, but we believe very rarely) the public man is right and the moneyed man is wrong, the evil is precisely that which will the soonest remedy itself. And if it does not, the loss which results to the community is a trifle in comparison to the injury, the violence, and the wanton oppression, that would inevitably result from an attempt to direct or control the occupations of the

citizen. An argument in all respects analogous to this, will show the folly and injustice of restraining or encouraging by law, particular intellectual propensities. Let intellect enjoy the same freedom which political economy has shown to be so favorable to the progress of industry and wealth—let no part of the public funds be forcibly appropriated to the encouragement of such arts and such sciences as the very neglect which they experience demonstrates to be useless—let no law but public opinion (the best of all laws in an intelligent community) restrain the free development of knowledge, the free tendencies of taste and the free expression of opinion—and the amount of national intelligence, the sum total of all the useful knowledge in the state, will be incalculably greater than under the most judicious operation of the system of restriction.

What then will become of the fine arts, the abstruser sciences, polite literature and profound scholarship? They will be furnished, we reply, precisely in proportion to the demand for them which exists in the community, and every thing beyond this supply, we are heretics enough to believe, is useless, frivolous, and hurtfully expensive. When any branch of human industry is stimulated into more activity and growth than the natural demand would have created and sustained, there results a superfluous expenditure of talent, an unwise and unprofitable diversion of the intellectual energies of the nation precisely similar in its effects to that injurious disposition of the property of the citizen which takes place where the freedom of occupation is disturbed and deranged by legislative bounties and restrictions.

These doctrines, we are aware, are not popular; but we venture to assert that nothing but the unnatural difference which unwise laws have made to prevail between the interests of learning and the wants of society has prevented their propagation and general adoption. While authority, prejudice, and power have blindly and pertinaciously contended, that there might be too much freedom of inquiry, too much boldness of opinion, too much liberty of intellectual enterprize, the strong necessities and genuine interests of mankind have steadily, but very slowly, urged them onward to an indefinite perception of their rights, and a correspondig acquisition of the honors and the powers to which their gradual improvement has successively given them a title and a claim.

No man who has not been long accustomed to the study of political philosophy, can form an adequate conception of the evil which results to society from the continuation of the influence of authority, after the incapacity of the multitude to think

for itself has actually ceased to exist. Until this inability is removed, or rather until the means of removing it are found, we are willing to admit that authority may be eminently useful in matters of literature, science and religion. But the great misfortune is, that this very authority loves the contemplation of its own perpetuity. It is unwilling to surrender its control, even when that control is unnecessary, even we may say, when that control is to the last degree pernicious. The shackles of dominion never drop from the subjects of authority like the coverings of the bud when the flower is maturing ; but are broken forcibly asunder by the active and vigorous principle within, like the fetters of a prisoner whose limbs have grown stronger than his chains. Accordingly, among the artifices to which tyranny has resorted to secure the continuance of its power, when the strength or the intelligence of the subject threatens the subversion of authority, none has been more effectually employed than the trick by which the multitude is *persuaded* to continue to submit to political imprisonment. The Grand Cheat of Monarchy was long maintained by binding down the reason of mankind by the imperative mandates of a vile superstition which made it death to entertain prohibited opinions. When the world grew too wise to give credence to so shocking an absurdity as the existence of an obligation to believe what was prescribed, the next step was to delude by a controlled education the judgment it was impossible to compel by the terrors of the scaffold or the stake. While resistance to unauthorized dominion was denounced as the blackest of crimes, and artfully associated by the directors of instruction with every thing infamous and sacrilegious, the attributes of what is called legitimate authority, were represented in every light that could dazzle the imagination and confound the judgment of the multitude. In Europe this system has been eminently successful. The adherents of despotic courts, by their control over the opinions of the pupils of the public schools, have succeeded in diverting the attention of the people from the prosecution of those studies which would lead to a discovery of their rights. By dignifying with the name of learning, those acquirements exclusively which have a very remote bearing upon the happiness of mankind—by holding up to ridicule and contempt all generous enthusiasm for the welfare of the world—by devoting the public funds to the extensive and elaborate cultivation of the fine arts—and by reserving the honors of their academies, and the bounties of their treasuries, for those only who are distinguished for imaginative talent, useless erudition or unserviceable knowledge, the myrmidons and minions of royalty have con-

vinced the objects of their artifice, that the most deserving subjects of intellectual regard are those which are selfish in their purposes, limited in their uses, and debasing in their influences; that the proper study of mankind is—any thing but man—the adjustment of an accent, the solution of a puzzle, the admeasurement of a crystal, or the anatomy of a bug. He who has learned the skillful modulation of his voice, or the graceful movement of his limbs, who can execute a shake, or achieve an *entrechat*, takes precedence of the genuine philosopher, philanthropist, or sage.

It is the lot of the many to be imposed upon by words. By confining the name of learning to the minute knowledge of something very vaguely or very indirectly useful, the obligations of a state to promote the dissemination of valuable knowledge, have been converted into a pretext for encouraging the growth of such showy and ostentatious products of the mind, as gratify the pride, feed the vanity, and stimulate the indolence, of those who thus contrive to persuade the contributors of the tax, that the interests of science are prodigiously promoted, by throwing away millions in the purchase of the superfluities and luxuries of learning. Another error, not less prevalent than this, is that which estimates the intelligence of a people, by their published literature alone—which considers no information valuable which is not written, no truth available which is not printed, no learning applicable which is not presented in all the tangible and intelligible attributes of a book. It is time to understand better the true claims of a nation to the respect and admiration of mankind.

If the matter in controversy be whether America has published as many volumes, carved as many statues, painted as many pictures, and built as many palaces, as she might have done, if governed by less republican institutions, we answer, no, and feel no shame in making the reply. These things are but the monuments of individual folly and political injustice unless it can be proved that the industry, the talent, and the time, consumed in their production could not have been expended in a manner better calculated to increase the sum of human happiness. And what can solve this question, but the free and enlightened determination of the people who are immediately interested in the best distribution of their industry, the best application of their talent, and the best disposition of their time? It would be madness in this age of the world, to entrust to the wisdom or the virtue of monarchs, a problem so vast in its extent, and so momentous in its consequences. When mankind were too ignorant to understand their true interests,

perhaps it was best that they were guided by the craft, and governed by the power of their princes. An infant is safest in leading strings, and may best (even for its own sake) be controlled by the wheedling of a nurse and the sternness of a guardian ; but their authority ceases to be salutary when the child has grown up to man's estate. Unfortunately for the world, the nurses and guardians of mankind are strongly interested in the maintenance of their authority, and have never scrupled to resort to the vilest of arts, to extend the term of their dominion. They have ever basely conspired to mutilate the limbs and enfeeble the understanding of their ward ; and for many ages they succeeded ; for the victim of their practices attained the size of manhood an *idiot* and a *cripple*.

There is an æra, a glorious æra, in the history of nations, when the attributes of power may be safely transferred from the few to the many—from the rulers to the ruled. That æra may for ages be retarded by the treachery of monarchs, but has long since arrived in what is called the enlightened and civilized divisions of the globe. Another æra still more glorious yet remains—that which gives them the power which they now have grown old enough and wise enough to *manage*, but which they still have not the strength nor the courage to *obtain*. In America alone, the ward of sovereignty has shaken off the trammels of his pupilage, and has forced the guardian to execute the less elevated but more honorable functions of the agent. That agent may often disappoint, and may sometimes defraud his employer. He may even basely betray the trust which is reposed in him ; but the worst mischief he can do, is nothing when compared to the misery which an arbitrary tyrant may inflict.

We hope it will be clearly understood that our arguments have been directed against the *forcible* or *fraudulent* control, and not against the natural and voluntary exercise of industry or talent ; that we regard all compulsory enactments by which polite letters or the fine arts are discouraged, as no less barbarous and absurd than those which support and protect them against the consent of the subject. We would not, on the one hand, like Pericles, swindle from a cheated populace the means of building theatres and temples, which the dupes would not otherwise have built ; or like the Roman pontiffs wring from oppressed Christendom the wealth which has been buried in the Vatican Basilica. Nor, on the other hand, would we take from architecture, like Lycurgus, all tools but the *ax* and the *saw* ; banish like Plato, the poet from our republic, or anathematize, with the Edwards and the Henries of England,

piked shoes, short doublets and long coats. In short, we consider the inference of all force whatever, in determining the channels through which physical or intellectual industry shall flow, as impertinent and oppressive. All admiration of elaborate manufactures, whether of the hand or of the head, we hold as silly and unmeaning, unless we first have ascertained how much mental or material merchandize they have superseded and displaced. For this reason, we confess we see nothing to applaud in the splendors of European art, or the minutiae of European science. For this reason, we turn with satisfaction, with confidence, and with pride, to the contemplation of the effects of our free institutions. We feel assured, and the assurance is a joyful one indeed, that the hands and the heads and the hearts of our countrymen are employed without restraint, in mutually supplying the natural wants of the community, in rapidly promoting its most valuable interests, and in greatly augmenting its aggregate enjoyments. It is here that we contemplate, with unmixed and unsuspicious gratification, the healthful progress of the arts, and the rapidly increasing love of literature and science; because here they are proportioned to the wants of those who cherish and support them; because here, they interfere with no interest, violate no obligation, and necessitate no sacrifice. It is here that the patriot and philanthropist, in tracing the development of taste and the progress of imagination, can indulge without reserve, in the delight which the prospect affords them. It is here, that literature and learning will be cherished and sustained, not by the extorted contributions of careless friends and jealous enemies, but by the natural, spontaneous, honest and durable support of public patronage, approbation and applause. No doubt those branches of education and human knowledge, which contribute very little, or nothing, to advance the interests, supply the wants, and administer to the enjoyments of mankind,—no longer supported by authority or violence,—will gradually meet with the oblivion they deserve. But all learning that tends to stimulate and feed the voluntary curiosity of unrestricted intellect—all literature that furnishes the means of enjoyment to the natural demands of a cultivated taste—all art that promotes the substantial gratifications and innocent enjoyments of life—all science that unfolds to an active community serviceable principles and practical discoveries—all knowledge, in a word, that is adapted to the real and self-regulated wants of an enlightened society, will continue to secure the most legitimate and most efficient of all patronages—the regard, the support, and the protection of a virtuous, intelligent, and educated people.

Our limits, we are sorry to perceive, will not allow us to say what we intended, of the very able and eloquent discourses which have suggested the speculations we here offer to our readers. As far as the principles we have advanced coincide with the opinions of the authors of these masterly addresses, we feel happy and proud of the coincidence. Where they differ, (and they who take the trouble to compare them, will perceive that in some respects they differ most essentially,) it is with unaffected deference, on our part, to different opinions, and with full knowledge that the sincerest love of truth is no security against a constant liability to error. The principles involved in the great question of the influence of government on the minds, habits, manners and morals of a people, are too interesting not to justify a frequent recurrence to the subject; and we accordingly propose, at some future opportunity, to develop more at length the doctrines which we here have undertaken to establish and defend.

[It will be seen, that in many matters of political and economical science, the Conductors of this Journal have fearlessly and unequivocally avowed the doctrines they have determined to maintain. *Free Trade* and *Free Opinion* are the principles to which they are ardently attached, and from which no sort of consideration will ever induce them to swerve. But there are questions less general, though scarcely less important, respecting which a difference of opinion prevails among those who contribute to the pages of this Journal. The expediency of codifying our existing laws is one of these; and on this subject we invite the freest and fullest discussion, leaving to the disputants the choice of any of the legitimate weapons of controversy.]

1. *The English Practice: a Statement, showing some of the Evils and Absurdities of the Practice of the English Common Law, as adopted in several of the United States, and particularly in the State of New-York.* New-York. 1822.
2. *A Dissertation on the Nature and Extent of the Jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States.* By Peter S. Dupon-
ceau, LL. D. Philadelphia. 1824.

Every friend to his country must rejoice to see the spirit of inquiry which has gone abroad, touching the nature and condition of our judicial system. The observation of President Montesquieu, that the jurisprudence of every country lags in the rear of its improvement and civilization in all other respects, is but too well verified with us; and yet if any country should be an exception, it should be ours, where there are no conflicting orders or opposing interests to counteract each other, and where the good of the whole is the only object of

the laws, and the will of the people is the law. Yet, much as our revolution has advanced our political constitutions, it cannot be denied that many strange and grievous absurdities still disgrace our laws, and jar with the great and lofty principles, of which they never should lose sight.

The first step towards real improvement is to make truth our guide, and to discard all doubtful, mysterious and equivocating terms. When the intention is honest, the language should be direct, and there is nothing more suspicious than the use of ambiguous phraseology.

The defect and consequent abuse of language, has been the cause of mighty evils and of bitter woes, and is the greatest and the commonest source of error : and therefore good logic requires that every term upon which any argument is predicated, should be so strictly defined as to have an exclusive and appropriate meaning. But with respect to our laws, the very reverse has been the case ; and the most important of all the terms that belong to the subject, and without the use of which nothing can be affirmed or denied of it, is, of all others yet known or used, the most vague, viz. the common law. It seems to challenge the prerogative which Ovid attributes to Proteus, when he says,

Sunt quibus in plures jus est transire figuras.

And, as that oracular and slippery son of the ocean was wont to elude all inquiry, and to baffle sense and reason till he was chained and fettered, so we can never hope to have any rational certainty of what concerns us so vitally, till we can bind down this evanescent and fleeting essence, by some clear and positive definition. We know more of what it is not, than what it is. It is not the civil nor the military law, nor the marine nor the merchant law ; nor the natural, the national, nor the ecclesiastical law, nor the law of equity. It is not common sense, unless, as Lord Coke tells us, that it is "artificial common sense ; not the sense of any common men, but only to be acquired by long diligence and study"! Touching its origin, we find learning and genius both run mad. Blackstone traces it back to the wilds of Gaul and Germany ; but if we believe Lord Coke, we owe it to the fortunate accident of the second rape of Helen. His words are these : " King *Brutus*, the first king of the land, as soon as he had settled himself in the kingdom, for the safe and peaceable government of his people, wrote a book in the Greek tongue, calling it the law of the Britons ; and he collected the same out of the laws of the Trojans. This king, they say, died after

the creation of the world 2860 years ; before the incarnation of Christ 1103 years ; Samuel being then judge of Israel. I will not," he adds, "examine these things in a *quo warranto*. The ground, I think, was best known to the authors and writers of them ; but that these laws of the ancient Britons, their contracts and other instruments, and the records and judicial proceedings of the judges, were wrought and sentenced in the Greek tongue, it is plain and evident from proofs luculent and uncontrollable." Now the story of the old chroniclers runs thus : Æneas the son of Venus, flying from the flames of Troy, carried off his father Anchises upon his back ; his household gods in one hand, and his boy Ascanius in the other, leaving his wife behind ; and after wandering far and wide, jilting poor Dido, killing king Turnus, and marrying his betrothed Lavinia, founded a kingdom, out of which grew that proud city destined to be the mistress of the world ; he died leaving his son Ascanius heir of his fortunes. The grandson of this Ascanius was king Brutus, the great father of the common law. He having shot his father Sylvius with an arrow, with like piety as his great grand-father brought away, not household gods, but what was more precious still, the common law ; and after much wandering, and many warlike and amorous adventures, he landed at Totness in Devonshire ; and finding the country peopled with giants, and governed by their king Gog Magog, he slew both king and giants to make room for the common law, and became the "*first king of this land !*" by killing the last !

The next inquiry is, how this law came to be called common. From the number of exceptions as shown above, it has little pretensions to universality. It was never known to any other nation except that southern half of the Island to which it was revealed by king Brutus the giant-killer. And Wm. Penn had good reason to say upon his trial at the Old Bailey, that "if it was common it would not be so difficult to produce; and if it was so difficult to understand, it could not be very common." But as the pedant derived the word *lucus* (a grove) from *non lucendo*, as though it were called light because it was dark ; so may this have been called common, because it is so uncommon.

But it may be said why fight with shadows ? None of our wise and eminent jurists now contend for the antiquated barbarity of the Saxon or Anglo Norman usages. None but the simple and ignorant, now prattle about the codes of the Inas and Guthruns, and the laws of Edward the Confessor. Though we should admit this, it is yet too soon to give quarter to this old and inveterate enemy of common sense. It is

true that some learned lawyers and judges have renounced the errors of the ancient superstition, and have fixed a new æra for the inception of the common law, namely, the middle of the 17th century. For instance, Mr. Duponceau, in the work before us, and the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in the ducking-stool case. Yet, with all respect for such high authority, there is something to be said still. Mr. Duponceau is a scholar and an accomplished lawyer, and, moreover, a zealous and disinterested friend to his country and to mankind, and one of whom we are proud; but if he has overthrown the authority of Fortescue, and Coke, and Hale, and Blackstone, he has thereby shown that we are no longer to be governed by the authority of any great names. We cannot help thinking that the acute genius of that gifted writer must have been under a bias, (either from a too prudent and over cautious fear of innovation, or, from the point of view in which he stands, in a state, where some unsuccessful attempts at reformation have created a temporary re-action) when he declares so strongly against a code. Yet as the arguments of able men, though liable to error, still scatter light as they proceed, we shall copy the words of Mr. Duponceau (p. 107.) "I venerate the common law," he says, "not indeed the law of the Saxons, Danes and Normans, not that which prevailed in England during the reign of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, but that which took its rise at the time of the great English revolution, in the middle of the 17th century, to which the second revolution in England gave shape and figure; which was greatly improved in England in the reign of William and Anne, and the two first Georges, and which, during the last period and since, has received its greatest improvement and perfection in this country, where it shines with greater lustre than has ever illumined the Island of Great Britain. In former times," he adds, "it bore no resemblance to what it is now." There is truth and force in these assertions: but what do they prove? That in this country there can be, truly speaking, no common law, or rather that ours is not that which goes in England by the name of "*the common law*." For it is of the essence of the common law that it be immemorial, that is, "*beyond the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary*;" and it is settled that the memory of man runneth to the contrary of every custom since King Richard Cœur de Lion began to reign; and to say that any common law could be made since this "*time of memory*," is heresy downright. It is well, therefore, for the amiable and excellent author, that the bigotry and superstition of the black letter has subsided, otherwise

the Saxon devotees, and all the Edward the Confessor's men would cry "stone him, stone him!" When he says that "in former times, it bore no resemblance to what it is now," how would that be brooked by those who maintain that the common law, through all times and changes and events has still been one and the same; and that whether it was Greek or Latin, Celtic or Teutonic, French or English, Christian or heathen, catholic or protestant, feudal or allodial, monarchical or republican, it had still, for its wise maxim, *nolumus mutari*? Many of the principles which we extol and partially set down to the credit of the common law, are to be found only in statutes derogatory of it, so that if we should adopt it without those statutes we should be slaves and savages. We should neither have *magna charta* nor bill of rights, nor the statutes of treason, nor of bail, nor of *habeas corpus*, nor any of those which put an end to the gross abuses and grievances practised and perpetrated under the name and authority of the common law. We should have wardship, marriage forfeitures, aids to make lords' sons knights, and to marry their daughters, homage and escuage, and voyages royal, witchcraft and heresy, high commission court, star chamber, ordeal, battel, and all the evils of past ages of ignorance and tyranny.

If it be said, as it has often been, that our constitution recognizes this common law, and that our forefathers in this land claimed it as their birth right, this may be deserving of a more serious answer.

Our fathers were like other men's fathers in very many respects; and in this, amongst other things, that they spoke the language they had learned. They had, however, a knowledge of their rights and interests, and maintained them manfully, and in that they were most commendable. They were unwilling to be taxed without their own consent, and they resisted, at the hazard of being punished as mutineers and rebels by the rules of the common law, the stamp tax and tea duty, and after many unavailing petitions and supplications to their "dread sovereign;" after the most humble and submissive protestations of devoted attachment to his person and government; finding these disregarded and scorned, and their lives, persons and property threatened and attacked, they resolutely, and valiantly took up arms, and finally declared themselves free and independent; and from that time their language changed with their condition, and we hear no more of those fulsome and servile terms which, whilst they remained subjects, they were obliged to use, and without which their prayers and supplications never could have made their way even to the lowest

step of their dread sovereign's throne. And when they came to form a new political constitution, it is rather remarkable how they guarded against any thing like the adoption of the English common law. It was not then, indeed, the moment, amidst the clash of arms and the din of war, to enter upon the details of an entirely new judicial code, and they wisely left that to be effected when their independence should be established, and peace and security should render it practicable and safe. That independence itself was then but a dangerous and doubtful experiment. A political constitution was what the exigence required ; and that was no servile imitation, but a free and original design sketched by the hand of bold commanding genius. It retained so much of the common and statute law of England, and so much only, as, together with the legislative acts of the colony, constituted the law of the colony, rejecting whatever was repugnant to the spirit of that constitution, and specifically all that could be so construed as to maintain monarchy or church-establishment. But it contained another equally important reservation—that it should be subject to be altered and modified by future legislation. To have changed the course and current of the law at that juncture would have been not only imprudent, but impracticable ; that was deferred till some more auspicious moment. This proud city and its port was still in possession of an enemy ; our independence was still a doubtful and dangerous experiment. Civil strife and the tumult of war had not yet ceased. The heads of the courageous statesmen who framed the constitution were, by the common law, forfeited and demanded, and they in return struck off the head of the common law ; for the king is, according to lord Coke, the *principium et finis*, the beginning and the end of the common law. Did they expect when they did this that it would live so long after ? that like the Hydra of Lerna a new head would sprout out ? or that when the beginning and end were both truncated it would, like the worm called poly-pus, send forth new shoots and regenerate the vital organs of which they had deprived it ? Or did they mean to embalm it with sweet odors, and keep it like a mummy, shrunk and without vitality, or to be remembered in rubrics and celebrated in homilies ? No ; their fond prophetic visions, through the darkness of the tempest that lowered upon them, foretold that the day might come when their arduous struggles would be crowned with full success, and liberty and self-government would be no longer a problem ; when their bold and glorious example would be imitated ; and when laws would be given to their regenerated state bearing the impress of reason and liberty, and

founded upon independent principles and unsophisticated truth. And never could their hopes have pictured an occasion so favorable as the present; nor ever was the want of such reforms so manifest; for whilst our political constitutions are the models of imitation to the regenerated nations that rise in succession, like stars from the horizon, and follow in our orbit, yet there is not one but would turn in disgust from the complex formalities and antiquated barbarities that remain more or less intermingled with the administration of our law.

Let it not, therefore, be an argument for eternizing the follies of other times, that our forefathers claimed the common law as their birth-right. If they did so, it was because they had no better and no other phrase. The vocabulary of freedom was then new and scanty; for liberty itself was but an embryo. And it would be just as reasonable to interpret the bill of rights in England by the servile addresses presented to king James, from the cities, counties and boroughs, of which he carried great chests full, when he was declared to have abdicated his crown, and which he had leisure to read for the first time, when he took up his residence at Saint Germain.

But after all, what matters it to us now, how those who went before us, said or did, in the spirit of their day? We must act and speak in the spirit of our own. We can no longer equivocate with ourselves, nor with the nations whose eyes are upon us, some for evil and some for good. We rank too high to make it a matter of indifference what our jurisprudence is. Even with respect to our estimation abroad, it is of importance; and whoever can feel for the true glory of his country, must feel it to be so. We may, it is true, amuse ourselves with vain boastings, and reiterate the figures of rhetoric and fancy, touching Gothic foundations and Corinthian columns, and elegant modern superstructures; but if we would sustain our moral and intellectual character as a nation free and regenerated, we must away at once with superstition, chicanery and folly.

Suppose, as it happened in the early days of Greece, some statesman or lawgiver should set out upon his travels in search of the laws best suited to the government of a young commonwealth, and with that view should land upon our shores, what is the wise book of Minos that we should spread open to his view? Doubtless, that in which our own youth are put to learn the elements and rudiments of their own laws: the four commentaries of Sir William Blackstone. In the first of them he would read of a constitution that was an ancient and venerable edifice till spoiled by the rage of modern improvement; of statutes penned by men of little or no judgment, so that the

learned had much to perplex their heads to make atonement between insensible and disagreeing words. The inviolability, ubiquity, and immortality of a monarch to whose will and authority it is the most atrocious of crimes to be indocile; who is alone the fountain of all honor and office, justice, law, and mercy, from whom all hold their estates as from his bountiful gift, to be resumed where the conditions are forfeited, upon which they are supposed to be by him granted, and to whose person, all born in his dominion are bound for life by an allegiance which they never can shake off, in whatever region of the earth they may fix their abode, and who cannot even migrate against his will. Without whom, in effect, nothing is that is; for every thing is *his*; his kingdom, his people, his army, his navy, his high-way, his law, his peace, his treasury, his parliament, his laws; all these are the king's by virtue of his high prerogative. He is, moreover, the supreme head of the church; and treason to his person, even in imagination, is punished by hanging, drawing and quartering, embowelling alive, throwing the entrails in the face, and placing the head and four quarters at his gracious disposal. The wandering stranger would then learn the necessity of different ranks and privileged orders, from the Duke and Dutchess to the howling beggar: of the hereditary legislators and judges in the last resort of the church dignitaries from the Archbishop to the sexton and the parish clerk, and might be tempted to inquire why these doctrines were inculcated so persuasively into the minds, and made to compose the manual of our youth, if it were not intended that they should curse their fathers' names for having traitorously withdrawn their natural allegiance, and sacrilegiously overthrown the altars of the common law, and the holy alliance of the church and state.

In the second book, he would find the whole doctrine of feuds and services and tenures and villeinage, and all the doctrines of barbarous and slavish times dimly distinguished through the mist of ages—the abstruse learning of estates, and the strange fictitious methods of transferring them—the necessity of corporal tradition for the sake of notoriety, and the means invented by the clergy and the judges to defeat that principle—uses and double uses invented in times of mutual attainders in the long and frequent periods of civil wars and bloody usurpations, to prevent forfeitures and confiscations—the construction of men's wills by their intentions, provided the intentions agreed with the rules of law which never did agree with the intentions—and a thousand such subtleties in which it would be more honorable to be unskilled than skilled,

if the tyrant custom had not thrown his mantle over their deformity.

In the third book he would see the remedies for civil wrongs with all their wonderful changes : the Saxon plaint praised for its unlettered simplicity ; the quaint formalities of the Norman writs, and the process growing out of them, requiring seven years to bring a defendant to appear ; of which the highest praise was, that by them no wrong was left without a remedy, and yet, such has experience shown them to be, that not one in a hundred is now known or used—and also the doctrine of special pleading by which these writs were almost sure to be quashed or abated to the great augmentation of the king's royal revenue. The stranger would then be informed of the very ingenious fictions by which the king's courts had respectively acquired jurisdiction by supposing that the party had broken a *close* with force and arms, *and also* done the real thing complained of ; or that the plaintiff was the king's debtor, and less able to pay his debt if he sued in any court other than the king's exchequer ; or that he was a *close* prisoner in the prison of the court, where he is required to be and appear ; wherefore a process is addressed to the sheriff, to have his body if he can be found in the county ; and if the sheriff return that he cannot find him, then another writ to another county, informing the sheriff of that other county that he cannot be found in the county where he is in prison, but is said to be lurking and wandering in his ; wherefore he is commanded to take him if he can be found. This, with the whole train of the subtleties and vulgar contrivances that constitute the arts of petty litigation, with the statutes of amendments and jeofails, and all the unnecessary war of notices, motions, rules and affidavits, would certainly astonish the traveller after good knowledge, and incline him strongly to the opinion that Astrea did not lurk or wander in our bailiwicks ; and that all such contrivances could only serve to give error more diversity and rumor more tongues. And what would he think of the parliamentary magic of the statute of uses ; of the frustration of the intentions of a grantor, because it was not expressed in his deed that a dollar was in hand paid, when in truth no such thing was ever done, nor yet intended ? Would he believe that such a case could exist in a land of common sense ? What would he think of a *fine sur cognizance de droit comme ceo qu'il a de son don*, or *sur cognizance de droit tantum*, and all the goings out and comings in and vouching of Jacob Moreland ; and what of this Jacob himself, who in spite of rotation in office, has for centuries held the lucrative charge of com-

mon vouchee? He might indeed say with Hamlet, "This fellow might be in his time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, and his revenues; but is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate filled with fine dirt?"

If desirous of knowing how an estate in land was to be recovered from a wrongful possessor, he must first be taught the names of each particular wrong, as disseizen, abatement, intrusion, forfeiture, and so on; of the formodon in the descender and reverter; the grand assize and battle; of writs of entry in the *per*, the *cui*, and the *post*. And would he not exclaim, "Oh spare my aching sense, you craze my brain!" Then he might be consoled with that most happy and beneficial method called *ejectment*, invented by the courts for the avoiding the difficulties and impracticable nature of those ancient and bepraised writs, by the representation of a comedy, in which the *dramatis personæ* are as follows:

The lessor of the plaintiff, a real person, who seeks to recover his land.

James Jackson, an ideal person, who is supposed to take a lease and enter upon the land, and is called lessee of the plaintiff.

John Thrustout, an ideal person, who being of more muscular force, thrusts the other ideal person out; but being sorry for what he has done, writes a letter to the tenant in possession, that he must defend his own possession, as he means to be off.

The defendant, a real person, who, on receiving the ideal letter from the ideal Thrustout, being much affected by its contents, applies to the court to be admitted to defend his own cause.

The judges, real persons, who indulge the defendant, on condition, however, that he will confess three ideal things, viz. lease, entry, and ouster.

The most affecting scene is where the defendant balances between his conscience and his interest: for if he will not consent to confess the three lies, though the real plaintiff is nonsuited as against him, yet he gets judgment against the ideal person Thrustout, and he, the real defendant, is for that cause turned out of possession. He, therefore, yields to the temptation, complies with the desire of the court, and openly declares the three lies to be three truths, and having so qualified himself to appear in the temple of justice, he is admitted to do so in the place of the ideal man.

The other ideal persons are, the common law, who enters in

triumph, and comes in the front with a train of sergeants, outer and inner barristers, attorneys, special pleaders, prothonotaries, secondaries, masters, clerks, pledges and summoners, amongst whom are the twin brothers John Doe and Richard Roe, and their twin cousins John Den and Richard Fen.—Truth and common sense are discovered in the back ground in chains, weeping.

As soon as the stranger was made sensible of the superior advantages and benefits of this proceeding, he might be told of the fiction of the action of trover to try the truth of sales by supposing the goods to have been lost and found as the only way to "*evincere* the truth," of the great virtues of *et ceteras* and *videlicet*, *quod cum* and *absque hoc*, and the nonsuited qualities of *vi et armis*, or the necessity of declaring that there was force and arms where there was none, and that a close was broken where there was none to break; why ships are laid up under the charge of an officer called a *scilicet* or a *se-wis* in St. Martins in the fields, or in the town of Schoharie, and for brevity's sake he might be referred to that indispensable work in every American lawyers library, the ten volumes of Mr. Wentworth's pleadings as a table of reference to the copious stores of precedents. But would he not stand petrified as though he had seen the Gorgon's head with all the twisted serpents of which that on Minerva's shield was but the type?

In the fourth book, he would find a summary of the wars between the ancient common law and the statutory invaders; how the statute repealed the common law, and the common law undermined the statute; how hardly those acts that protect the life and liberty of the subject, were won from prerogative and despotism, from trembling usurpers and excommunicated monarchs, who in their weaker moments and precarious situations, were reduced to the necessity of granting to their subjects the benefit of the law, the trial by jury, liberty of speech, and the right of petitioning, and such other happy and boasted privileges, for which on one hand a sanguinary code, the denial of counsel to address a jury for a prisoner standing at the bar for life or death; and on the other guilt and atrocity after the fullest proof and conviction, exultingly, triumph over the justice of the law, by the misspelling of a word, or the leaving out of a letter, as, for instance, the writing of *undestood* for understood, and other such things, passing all understanding. He would see in every page the vestiges of ancient bigotry, ignorance, crafty superstition and ruthless persecution, against Jews and Quakers and Dissenters, Non-Conformists, Heretics, Witches and Papists, and many

running sores not yet closed nor cicatrised, and evils yet menacing and "potentially existing," which bad times, and corrupt judges may again call into activity, and as he contemplated "the dreadful accidents by flood and field" to which the most favorable changes have been due, and all the wounds and gashes which are visible upon the body of this common law, some before, and some behind, as the honor of the day happened to be lost or won, would he not say, this may have been a "champion grim, but not a leader sage"? and might not this disappointed Greek return at length, somewhat reconciled to the dominion of the Turk? For though he might with truth be told, that the great abuses of past times had, through the wisdom of our legislature, and of upright, patriotic and enlightened judges, (and to that truth we subscribe with all our hearts) been gradually corrected, and that *gradual reformation* would still farther proceed, and in time effected through succeeding decisions of the bench, as questions may arise before them, yet would the philosophic stranger be satisfied with such an answer? Would it appear wise or safe to a philosophic mind to have the law afloat, and its perfection depending upon the accidental occurrence of doubtful litigation, or that particular cases should make the general law, and that some victim must be devoted to the establishing of every principle, and, Codrus-like, throw himself into the yawning gulph. It is for these reasons that we feel ourselves bound to declare in favor of the written code. And since we have judges of such tried worth, let them be put in requisition to do that which the people require.

We shall conclude by strongly recommending the reading of "The English Practice," the first work at the head of this article, where many practical abuses very easy to be remedied, are pointed out with candor and precision. Its being imputed to the pen of Mr. Henry Sedgwick, is in itself the highest commendation.

William Sampson.

LETTER FROM V. DU C—— TO HIS FATHER.

New-York, 1823.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have been entirely occupied since my last letter in visiting the public institutions of the metropolis, and in studying the moral and political condition of this extraordinary people. Every day discloses some novelty to admire, or some singular incongruity for which I am at a loss to account. But neither the one nor the other creates any surprise, when I consider the government under which the nation exists—so different in its principles and its operations from all others in the world,—and the remarkable circumstances under which these colonies were planted, and under which they asserted and finally achieved their independence. The colonies were settled by men of the purest character and most inflexible attachment to principle; by men who to the polish of education, the fame of scholars, and the lustre of arms, superadded the embellishment of an unblemished life and an unspotted conscience. Some of the proudest names in English literature devoted their thoughts to these new communities, and labored to build up a state, the prosperity of which might deserve the application of the language of the Roman historian, "*rara temporum felicitas, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere, licet.*"

Williams and Berkley and Locke were engaged in the generous enterprize, and war made some recompence for its devastation, when it commissioned the gallant and accomplished Oglethorpe to plant the standard of civilization on the banks of the Savannah. The virtues and the precepts, the words and the example of these men, and many others of equal celebrity, must have had an influence on the character of a young and growing people, seizing with rapidity and retaining with pertinacity every impression derived from such sources. The constant wars in which the colonies were engaged, the necessity of a prompt, active and daring warfare against crafty and relentless enemies, conjoined with the circumstances to which I have alluded, established a character for the colonists which, in my opinion, they have transmitted to their children, stamped with all that is ardent in enterprise, and generous in courage. Long before the progress of events terminated in the independence of the Americans, the spirit and intelligence of the people were distinctly visible in their firm and intrepid resistance to the mother country, in whatever they supposed to be a violation of their chartered privi-

leges as citizens, or their rights as men. Their intellectual wisdom and their moral force were consummated in a successful revolution, which has given hope to the oppressed, and an example even to the free.

I have been led away by what has always been to me a very interesting subject, from the performance of a promise which I believe I made to you in one of my letters. Allow me again to repeat that I can only give you impressions and observations as they arise, with no other guarantee for their accuracy than the sincerity with which they are made.

I need not remark to you how ignorant Europeans generally are in regard to the moral attributes of the Americans, as well as the physical character of their country. It was once asked in your presence what language was spoken in this very place; and an actress of some celebrity repelled an invitation to the U. States with great indignation, at the supposition that she should condescend to appear before barbarians and savages. These clouds of error and prejudice are fast disappearing, but now and then masses of lowering vapor are still to be discerned—the lingering remnants of an obscurity which once covered the whole horizon. It is indeed true, that it no longer creates surprise that an American is white, but have we not often found Englishmen incredulous, even when they have found him speaking the language of their common ancestors with force, and purity, and elegance? If such be the melancholy state of European intelligence, respecting the most palpable objects of attention in any country, what can be hoped from it, when the form of government, its organization into different departments, its admirable system of counterbalancing powers, the harmonious co-operation of all the parts, together with the practical effects on the condition, moral and political, of the mass of the nation—become the subjects of inquiry and discussion. I repeat, can such a plan be understood and appreciated by those who are yet in doubt whether this people have made more than the first advances to civilization? We in Europe, therefore, are in general absolutely ignorant of the real situation and future prosperity of this people. A few of us indeed sometimes find our way here, and struck with the novelties before us, become diligent observers of the facts which pass before our eyes; but what a feeble impression do they produce, when they are afterwards related at home, upon our ancient prejudices and attachments, and upon that natural vanity which will not permit the children to arrogate to themselves more energy and more wisdom than their sires.

There is an opinion which always appeared to me very prevalent with us, and which I also have, till very lately, entertained, that the government of this country was extremely simple in its provisions, and intelligible in its details. People very naturally imagine, that economy in the expenditures of a nation has a tendency to destroy any complication in the administration of its concerns; and that, as sinecures cannot exist, society will not be overburdened by a crowd of dependants on its charity. Besides, among the ancient republics possessing small territories and a slender population, and ignorant of the principle of representation, government was, in truth, a much more simple machine than in the cumbrous monarchies of modern Europe. Whatever traveller expects to find the same absence of involution and intricacy in the political regulations of the federated republics of the United States will fall into a common, but in my judgment a very gross error. I have pursued with some attention this very interesting inquiry, and have conversed with some public men here of great talent, so that I cannot doubt that there is as much, perhaps even more of combination and variety in the American system than in any other whatsoever. The most discordant materials are frequently linked together in inseparable union; communities are represented at one and the same moment in their individual and corporate capacities; and, to finish the climax of incongruity, an absolute and an exclusive jurisdiction is every where exercised by different tribunals, on the very same spot, while they severally emanate from two independent and sovereign sources. Do not be startled at this statement; I believe I have not placed the facts in too great a relief. At any rate, if you can pursue so dry a subject, I shall attempt to put before you, as briefly as possible, the impressions, as well as the information, which so short a visit has produced.

The United States consists of twenty-four distinct communities, some of which, whether we regard their physical resources, their remarkable fertility, their rapidly increasing and enterprising population, and the felicity of their geographical position, are even now of no small consequence, but which are hereafter destined to compete in power, both political and intellectual, with the very first that Europe herself can boast. These communities are sovereign; and until they by compact parted with a portion of their powers, they exercised all the functions of independent states. But with a view to provide for the common defence and secure the general welfare, the great objects of all political arrangements, they constituted a new body, and divesting themselves of their undoubted rights,

granted to it such powers, and gave it such an organization, as they imagined would produce the results to which I have alluded. The states clothed the general government with most ample authority as well exclusive as concurrent; such as to make war, to regulate commerce, to levy taxes, and finally, amongst other matters, (and it is the most important as far as it respects my present object,) to establish a tribunal which should revise the decisions of the courts of the states, when, generally, the validity of any law or treaty of the United States is questioned, or their construction or that of the constitution becomes a matter of doubt, and the decision is against the right and authority of the United States or its laws. The states consented moreover to the creation of subordinate tribunals in their own territory, with exclusive jurisdiction of a most important and weighty character. And all these concessions appear to me absolutely essential to the support and maintenance of the powers thus conferred on this corporate body so constituted, under the name of the United States of America. From these circumstances arises the complicated and involved system of the American republics; from this double sovereignty of the states, and the creation of their own hands; from this qualified *imperium in imperio*, stripped indeed of all the fancied terrors it once possessed for the lovers of rational freedom. Abstractly, this plan is extremely difficult to comprehend, and in truth I have found few foreigners who had a correct idea of it, or at all appreciated its cardinal principles, or had any tolerable notion of those safe-guards which great political wisdom and foresight had fixed for the preservation of these distinct but not erratic bodies in their spheres of appropriate action.

Hence we may observe that the congress of the United States is composed on the one hand of the delegates of the state sovereignties, who are bound to watch over their rights as such and maintain them inviolate, forming a species of Amphyc-tionian Council; and on the other, of a chamber possessing different faculties, representing emphatically the popular interest, and subject by its immediate dependence on the people, to feel all the influence of their natural irritation and inconstancy. Hence we may sometimes remark the otherwise singular fact of the supreme legislature of a state *directing* their senators in congress, and *requesting* the representatives of the people, to give their influence and votes to the enactment or rejection of a particular law. Hence, also, we may witness a court of the United States, and that of a state, sitting under the same roof, and exercising jurisdictions perfectly exclusive

and independent of one another; jealous, perhaps, of their proper claims, and yet controlling the person and property of one and the same citizen, and commanding his perfect obedience and respect. I confess that I did mistrust the practical utility of such strange anomalies in government, and feared all that inextinguishable desire of authority on the part of the different officers of the rival departments, which might result in such a spirit of dissension, as would at last destroy the institutions themselves, and thus dissolve the confederacy; or perhaps, what is as much to be deprecated, finally consolidate it. But I have now examined for myself, and have seen the experiment actually making; and trusting to the virtue and general intelligence of the people, and to the definite terms of their constitution, I believe it will be successful.

Many other illustrations will occur to you which I have purposely omitted. I believe I have, however, said enough to show that this government, though it embraces one single principle, has made use of the most complicated organization for its development; has erected a political structure which seems rather the result of long and varied experience, than the full and complete offspring of a single exertion of the profoundest knowledge of human nature, and the most admirable political sagacity. There is a remarkable fact connected with the application of this system, to which my attention has been particularly directed by those who have been long conversant with it. Notwithstanding the apparent confusion of the proper power of the state and general governments, and the singular combination of delegated authorities, the laws of both have hitherto been applied to the various exigencies of a rich, enterprising and highly commercial population, with facility and despatch, and in accordance with the most rigorous dictates of a cultivated and enlightened jurisprudence. One might have justly supposed, that forms, and legal doubts, and constitutional difficulties, would have for at least some time postponed the complete realization of the views of the illustrious men who founded these republics; but when we consider the infirmity to which every human fabric is heir, and the uncertainty of even the most plausible projects in government, we shall rather admire the clearness and security with which institutions so practical, and yet so strange—so involved, and yet so intelligible, are applied to the protection of life, liberty, and property.

If we are to ascribe to the moral character of the people, and the civic virtues of their public officers, the remarkable promptitude and definite certainty with which

the laws of the union, and those of the twenty-four states are applied to the preservation of order and the furtherance of justice, there is yet another circumstance which has struck me most forcibly, and which I am somewhat at a loss to explain. When a foreigner walks about the streets of this metropolis, and observes its crowds busily passing along, intent on the pursuits of business or pleasure, divided by clashing interests, and exposed like all other communities to the disorders which vice generates and fosters, he asks himself in vain who watches over this mass of human beings, and restrains and governs those passions which once unloosed, would destroy their possessors.—He sees no ensigns of power in the street, no barriers to restrain his steps; he walks along unnoticed and undisturbed, and he might almost imagine himself in a society whose regulations depended solely on the primitive morality of its members. The operation of the laws here is in fact almost imperceptible, and the edicts of the people promulgated by their magistrates pursue their noiseless way into the recesses of every family, and do not here, as in less fortunate countries, require an armed force to execute them on their very authors. All this has produced a powerful impression on M— and myself, and we are never weary of discussing paradoxes of so singular a description. We find the system of laws complicated, nay, confused; and we see it applied directly and effectively. We find a wealthy, trading people, in daily intercourse with every part of the habitable world, and receiving with universal liberality, too often into its bosom, the vilest as well as the most enlightened members of European society, moving silently forward by the aid of a few almost invisible regulations, which seem not like bands of iron destined to fetter and restrain, but rather like the pillars of a beautiful edifice, which embellish while they support it. Americans with whom I have talked on this subject cannot appreciate this enviable distinction. They cannot see France, or the contrast would be too striking not to arrest immediate attention. They cannot see the streets of our Paris guarded by soldiers day and night. They cannot visit the theatre, and again meet an armed force at the door, and afterwards on their entrance into the house discover the gleaming arms of soldiers among the audience as well as the actors. Here no regular uniformed corps, payed by the government, performs the duty of firemen; but that service is rendered with alacrity by the instinctive feelings of benevolence.*

* The writer most probably alluded to the corps of *Sapeurs-pompiers*. These men form a strong regiment at Paris, are uniformed and quartered

No gaudy ensigns here inform you that government has assumed a monopoly in an article, which ministers either to our gratification or our artificial wants, and that at this place you may acknowledge your slavery and pay the impost which supports it.*

A widely extended system of *espionage* is here unnecessary to ensure the existence, much less the execution of the laws. Government does not intrude upon your privacy, by requiring you to procure passports to visit your friends in the next town, nor employ your servant to betray the sentiments, (*ces épanchemens du cœur*;) which I have without disguise laid open to you in this letter. If the Americans could once behold these things, and see how the arm of government ever follows you in other climes—how you are constantly surrounded by the trappings of state power, where the eye is too often pleased, while the heart might well be sad—they would be struck, as I have been, with the effect produced by the silent and imperceptible operation of the laws in this country, unsupported by any force than their own wisdom, and the sanction they carry with them.

I said before, that I could hardly explain to myself the causes of this singular phenomenon. I think however it may be traced to the rock on which this republic is founded; the individual morality and intelligence of the citizens. In other communities the supreme power is charged with the duty of causing the observance of the law; but here every citizen, knowing and understanding his rights and his interest, and always taking a personal share in the business of government, becomes himself an immediate and steady executor of a regulation, in whose enactment he has directly or indirectly participated; and acts from an infinitely better, as well as more effective principle than ever excited the activity of any pen-

in proper barracks, and though in truth soldiers, perform exclusively the service of the engines in case of fire. You may see parties of them in the evening stationed at the opera, theatres, &c. &c. *Trans.*

* We imagine that the writer here meant to censure that anomaly in political economy, the *regie des tabacs*. It is well known to our readers, that government in France has the monopoly in tobacco, and derives an immense revenue from it. The whole domestic consumption of this article is supplied from its own manufactories, and no person can buy it except from the authorized venders, where he of course pays an enormous tax. The royal arms over their doors however affords a truly republican consolation, while it forcibly illustrates the value of trade, in proving that royalty itself is not shorn of its beams, even when it is found in the humble occupation of a *marchand de tabac*. *Trans.*

sioned *gendarme*. Society will always assume this aspect of energetic simplicity when the laws are made *by*, and not *for* its members.

I have thus thrown out speculations on a very grave subject, which I am afraid that you may find but too crude. May I hope that you will kindly attribute the deficiency to the shortness of my residence in this part of the world; and pardon me for the almost interminable length of this prosing epistle.

I return to subjects which are much nearer my heart to the welfare and happiness of those I have left behind me; these occupy my morning and my evening reflections, and every letter which confirms them, affords me a consolation which I cannot express.

* * * * *

M—— still remains with me. We are inseparable; and I enjoy the greatest satisfaction in visiting with him every object of interest, and comparing his impressions with my own. We frequently differ in opinion, and I often have to yield, owing to my imperfect knowledge of facts. We have been to see the courts of justice in company with a young barrister of our acquaintance, and were equally surprised at the want of dignity of the judges and the lawyers, in their personal appearance and demeanor, as well as pleased with an eloquent address from one of the latter. I shall write again by the next packet. Embrace my dear sister and all the family for me.

Adieu, je vous embrasse mille fois tous, et je suis pour la vie
votre fils dévoué,

VICTOR DU C——.

SONNET.

Solo e pensoso, i piu deserti campi—Petrarcha.

Lonely and lost to rest, o'er desert plains
With slow and silent pace afar I stray;
My shrinking brow still bending to survey
If man's rude step my solitude profanes.

Nor other home, nor better hope remains
To hide me from the gaze of all away;
For tears and struggling sighs too well betray
The fire within that feeds upon my veins.

And now where'er I rove, I fondly deem
That glade and glen, lone hill and mountain-stream
Know of my life what none may know beside.

Yet den so distant, waste from man so wide
I have not found, but Love is by my side
In converse still with me, and I with him.

O. P. Q.

Report from the Secretary of the Treasury, on the state of the Finances, January 3, 1825. Read and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. Washington. Gales & Seaton. 1825. pp. 40.

It was not till after our January number was published, that the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury was transmitted to Congress. On the communications from that department, of December 14, 1824, proposing a discrimination between foreigners and American citizens in the payment of duties at the custom-house, we have heretofore indulged in a cursory remark;* and we are happy to find, from the inquiries which we have made among merchants, that the Secretary's project is properly understood by that important class of our fellow-citizens.

As a means of oppressing trade, and giving a monopoly to those who have invested their capital in *manufactures*, in preference to employing it in *commerce* or *agriculture*, an attempt was made, at the last session of Congress, to withdraw from the merchants the facilities which have, from the origin of the government, been accorded to them in the payment of duties. To say nothing of the obligation incumbent on every state to make its taxes bear as lightly as possible on the people, and to place out of view the unconstitutionality of *imposing* duties, or *collecting* them in any way not necessary to produce the revenue requisite "to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States,"† the sole ground on which imposts can ever be established by Congress, the peculiar condition of the American people offers many arguments in favor of the present credit system. Some of the objections to the proposed alteration might be obviated by the *warehousing system*, to which we shall presently have occasion to refer. But, as long as the capitals of individuals continue small, and no alteration in that respect can ever take place to any extent, while our statute of descents operates as a true "agrarian law," business must be principally transacted by those who would find it extremely inconvenient to make advances to government, before they themselves have received any portion of the proceeds of the merchandize, out of which the duties must be satisfied. With respect to any risk to the revenue, from allowing the accustomed credit, it may be remarked, that government can scarcely be said to be exposed to those losses by bankruptcy and insolvency, to which traders

* Vide page 228.

† Const. U. S. art. 1. s. 8.

are subjected. The legal priority of the United States is effectually secured, and if it be competent for the different states, in any case, to pass laws absolving a debtor from his obligations, they can never do any thing to release either the principal or surety of a custom-house bond. The Secretary has himself put to rest all discussion on this subject :

“ To require the prompt payment of duties, would certainly prevent any loss in future ; but it would probably diminish the amount of duties in a greater proportion than it has diminished by the loss actually sustained under the credit system. It is also probable that the amount of duties would be diminished by shortening the credits, inasmuch as the length of the credit for the duties operates as an encouragement to importations. With a view, therefore, exclusively to the revenue, it is believed that no advantage would result from abolishing or curtailing the credits now given for duties.”*

The advocates of the measure alluded to, tell us that the government constantly lends a large capital to the commercial interest. Duties on importations are not taxes on merchants only, but on the consumers, that is to say, on the whole people. If they did affect importers alone, it would really be a singular perversion of terms, to regard credits as a *favor* to them, from whom the whole revenue for the support of the public establishments of the nation would, by the supposition, be derived. It would amount to this : that instead of exacting from the merchants a large portion of the value of their goods the moment the ship reached the wharf, the government had *magnanimously* agreed, on their giving such security as put at rest all fears of eventual loss, to afford them a credit of a few months, to enable them to sell some of the articles imported before satisfying the claims of the Treasury. We are not the friends of any particular class. It is the interest of the consumers—of the whole nation, that we wish to have consulted. The greater the facilities of business, the cheaper will commodities come to the consumer. Every tax levied on an article, foreign or domestic, is ultimately paid by the last purchaser. Imposts are collected in a manner less harassing than excise or internal taxes. This constitutes the sole ground of preference for that mode of raising a revenue, and in consequence of the government's obtaining their taxes from the importer before the merchandize has undergone the various exchanges necessary to bring it into general use, the profits by the different dealers are successively estimated upon the value of the articles increased by the duties. Thus every suit of clothes costs considerably more by reason of

* First Report, Dec. 14, 1824.

the government tax being levied on the piece of cloth in the hands of the importer, than if it was paid by the person who procured it for his own use from the tailor. The credit at the custom-house counteracts this evil to a certain extent; and ordinarily before the bonds, which are in general payable at periods varying from three to twelve months, become due, the importer has transferred his goods to subordinate dealers, and never having advanced his own capital to government, he is not obliged to charge a *profit* on the amount of the duties to place his *profits* on a level with those of other capitalists. Indeed, the universal adoption of cash payments would operate much against the principles of the *exclusive system*. They who argue against the introduction of foreign capital, should remember that now, when money will scarcely command three per cent. in Europe, and interest must always, for a variety of reasons, be lower there than with us, those who can conveniently make advances of the duties, are the British capitalists, and not the American merchants.

In the entry of goods, our system makes no discrimination between those which are intended for immediate consumption and those which are to be re-exported. In England, duties are paid in cash on the entry of the merchandize for home consumption, but the effect of this regulation is there obviated by the large capital of the traders and by the *warehousing system*, "a system," in the language of the learned and experienced statesman who presides over our department of foreign affairs, "to which may be justly attributed the vast extension of the British commerce; it allowing a period of from two to five years, in some cases, for the payment of duties, and by reserving constantly in *dépôt* an immense stock of merchandize, preventing violent fluctuations of prices, and enabling its merchants to avail themselves of every favorable opening for exportation to any part of the world."* This remark was made with reference to the *warehousing system*, when, comparatively speaking, it was confined to a few enumerated articles. The first section of 4 Geo. IV. c. 24 declares that "it is expedient for the general encouragement and increase of commerce that ALL GOODS and MERCHANTIZE WHATSOEVER, should be allowed to be imported into *any part* of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and secured in warehouses and otherwise, under regulations to be made for that purpose; notwithstanding any prohibition or restriction now in force upon the importation of any such goods; and that

* Digest of the Commercial Regulations, p. 210.

certain goods and merchandizes should be allowed to be taken out of such warehouses either for the purposes of *exportation*, free of any duty whatever, or (on the payment of the duties) for *home consumption*, at the option of the proprietors.”*

Notwithstanding the general terms above used, there are several articles not subject to the new regulations. The exceptions are, however, not of sufficient consequence to effect the general principles of the act. The new law went into operation July 5, 1823. Ample provision is made for the selection of ports and warehouses, under the direction of the commissioners of the treasury, “where goods of any description, or of any particular description, may be lodged and secured without payment of duties.” In the United States there is a special regulation as to teas, by which they may be entered to be placed in store for two years, and the payment of duties deferred for that period, but in no instance have we provisions resembling the *warehousing system*. Our laws permit drawbacks on exportation, and they also form a distinct branch of the English commercial regulations; but where they apply with us a portion of the duty, is always retained.

Now, it is precisely a transit duty that tends to defeat the objects proposed to be effected by the *warehousing system*. We cannot better express our ideas on this point, than by quoting from a work to which we, in our last number, had occasion to refer.

“As illustrative of this principle, we may mention that foreign *linens* were formerly allowed to be freely warehoused in this country; but in compliance with the solicitations of the manufacturers, they were loaded in 1810, with a transit duty of 15 per cent. Their importation was thus entirely stopped; and the foreigners, who had previously been in the habit of shipping German linens from our ports, because they could get their cargoes conveniently completed with an assortment of our own goods, were in consequence obliged to resort to Amsterdam and Hamburg, and complete their cargoes with the goods of the continent; so that by this injudicious proceeding, we not only lost the advantages of the *entrepôt*, but had the market for our own produce considerably narrowed.”†

The recent events in the southern part of our continent, will probably produce a most sensible effect upon our future commerce. In supplying the states formerly under the dominion of Spain, ample employment will be given to the enterprize and capital of our countrymen. Mexico is very deficient in harbors, on the Atlantic coast, and the want of commercial knowledge and capital will, without doubt, give to the merchants of the United States great advantages over those of all the new republics. Many articles of our own manufacture are already

* Digest of the Commercial Regulations, p. 272. † Ed. Rev. No 76. p. 491.

in great request among them, and by affording every facility to the introduction of merchandize for exportation "free of any duty whatever," our country would soon become the great *entrepôt* of America, and obtain those advantages, which, if we disregard our best interests, will be procured for Great Britain. Let the manufacturers look to the effect of the Spanish American demand on the price of their commodities, and let them bear in mind that the possession of an abundant supply of foreign goods facilitates the disposal of our own domestic fabrics.

In our notice of the documents from the other departments, it gave us much pleasure to trace the principles of free trade adopted by our government since its establishment, and we referred with satisfaction to that part of the President's Message which alluded to the disposition of other countries to place our commerce with them upon a footing of perfect reciprocity. This the Secretary of the Treasury seems disposed to counteract by a measure which must provoke the hostility of nations with whom we have treaties of commerce, lead to "*embarrassing commerce under piles of regulating laws, duties and prohibitions*," while it would be in principle at variance with the true doctrines of national wealth, and in practice entirely inoperative.

"But whatever motives," says the Secretary, "there may be for allowing a credit for the duties to our own citizens, no sufficient reason is perceived for continuing it to foreigners, who are not domiciliated into the republic. A discrimination, in this respect, between the citizens of the United States and others, would tend to confine the commerce of the nation to its own citizens, and would aid in restraining the practice of shipping merchandize to this country, upon consignment, for foreign account, which has hitherto been found to interfere with the interests of our own regular merchants."

We would ask how does this proposition accord with the spirit of our existing conventions, with foreign nations? If it would not contravene their letter, it would at least induce a repeal of all laws passed in the spirit of amity by which particular favors have been accorded to the citizens of the United States. In the case of the *Trinity House Dues*, American are the only foreign vessels besides those of Portugal, which are placed on an equality with British ships,† and "by 59 Geo. 3. c. 54. sec. 3. all goods and effects imported in vessels of the United States, duly owned and navigated into Great Britain, are exempted from the auction duty at their first sale on account of the original importer, if within twelve months from

* Report of Dec. 14, 1824.

† Digest, &c. p. 233.

the time of importation.”* In one of the new states of South America, the remains of the old Spanish prejudices, which excluded from the colonial trade the subjects of other nations, led to the adoption of a rule that goods should be consigned to citizens of the country. The foreign merchants resident in that republic soon gave their correspondents to understand that all requisite arrangements had been made, and that by means of the names of Colombians, their business would be transacted without interruption. When perusing the able articles which appeared about a year since in “*El Colombiano*,” we little thought that we should so soon be obliged to apply their reasoning to our own country. The new republic listened to common sense, and the obnoxious regulation no longer forms a part of its code.

It can hardly be necessary to prove that the use of capital creates wealth, and that consequently the more foreign means of carrying on business we possess, the more rapidly will our condition improve. Suppose the capital in this country to be merely adequate to our present industry, it is obvious that nothing can be appropriated to new pursuits, except the surplus revenue which may remain after supplying the present branches of industry. The accumulation from these sources would probably allow something to be annually applied to new experiments, but it is perfectly clear that our improvements would be greatly circumscribed in comparison with what would take place if there was a supply of capital from abroad. To illustrate this position, we may take the case of a state in the interior of the union, which should resolve to confine its improvements to its own resources, and interdict, by discriminating regulations, the application of the capital of non-residents to its agricultural or manufacturing industry. What would all enlightened men say of such a policy, which is the same in principle as the Secretary of the Treasury’s proposition? The right to hold land was interdicted to aliens by the common law. The rule was the result of feudal policy; but though this property has ever been peculiarly favored in this country and in England, yet the provisions in relation to foreigners have been in a great degree, and wisely, defeated by the special acts passed at every session of the legislature. The sole reason assigned for them, was that the state would be benefitted by the introduction of the capital invested here by the privileged aliens.

If the proposed regulation should in any case be operative,

* Digest, &c. p. 222.

the American commission merchant, not the foreign trader, would be the sufferer. Our commission merchants must either abandon their employment, become importers, for which purpose capital must be withdrawn from sources more profitable both to the country and to the individuals, or to place their correspondents on a footing with rival importers "domiciliated into the republic," they must deduct from their commissions the discriminating duty. The withdrawing of credits would amount to a duty of one per cent., but as it is calculated on the invoice price and the commission charged on the proceeds of the sale, the loss to the commission merchant would not much exceed the half of one per cent., a sum which, if borne by the foreign merchant, would be too inconsiderable to affect importations, but which would be seriously felt by the American consignee. It has been said that the rate of duties paid on importations on foreign account, were less than those which are received from our own merchants. It has been supposed that the British manufacturer invoices his goods at the price which they cost him, while the American importer adds to the amount of the invoice the manufacturer's profits. This remark can of course only apply to *ad valorem* duties, the *specific duties* not being affected by the invoice charges. Though had the fact been as stated, it would not have been material, on our principle; yet it may be proper to observe that the law has effectually provided that the invoice shall be according to the market prices.

By act of April 20th, 1818, sec. 5. "in addition to the oath now required by law, to be taken by any owner, consignee, agent or importer, on the entry of any goods, wares or merchandize, imported into the United States, such owner, &c. shall, on the entry of any goods, wares or merchandize, imported, and subject to an *ad valorem* duty, declare on oath, that the invoice produced by him exhibits the true value of such goods, wares or merchandize, in their actual state of manufacture, at the place from which the same were imported." And by the 8th section of the above act, no goods, &c. can be admitted to entry on behalf of a person residing out of the United States, unless the invoice is verified, as required by the 5th section, before an American consul; and "such owner or owners shall farther declare on oath, whether he or they are the manufacturers, in whole or in part of such goods, wares or merchandize, or are concerned directly or indirectly, in the profits of any art or trade, by which they have been brought to their present state of manufacture; and if so, he or they shall farther swear, that the prices charged in the

aforesaid invoice, are the current value of the same, at the place of manufacture, and such as he or they should have received, if the same had been then sold in the usual course of trade." The 9th section provides for the appointment of suitable persons at the principal ports, to "examine such goods, wares and merchandize, as the collector may direct, and truly to report, to the best of their knowledge and belief, the true value thereof when purchased, at the place or places from whence the same were imported."

The method of carrying into effect the proposed regulation is hardly less objectionable than the measure itself. The Secretary in his second *pitky* communication, of Dec. 14, 1824, observes,

"I have also the honor to submit, that importations made by aliens, or on foreign account, may be distinguished from those made by citizens of the United States, by requiring of the persons by whom the same are entered at the custom-house, to state, on oath, on which account the importation is made."

The immoral tendency of requiring oaths on trivial occasions, was well examined in a report to the Assembly of this state, in 1821, by a learned gentleman recently elected to Congress, from this city, and who was then a member of our legislature. By the law proposed by him, oaths were dispensed with from thirty or forty thousand persons, who were formerly compelled, every year, to go through the form of swearing. As the revenue laws now stand, the government not content with a close scrutiny by the custom-house officers, and an appraisement by an authority specially established for that purpose, require a multiplicity of oaths; and every one who is at all acquainted with the details of our revenue system, must be convinced of its tendency to diminish that awe which an appeal to Heaven ought always to excite. Custom-house oaths have in all countries been treated with great levity, and administered in a way little calculated to induce those who take them to appreciate the guilt of false swearing. How easy would it be for an American citizen, not particularly conscientious, by the transfer of the legal title, by means of a supposed or real lien on the property, to satisfy himself that he was the owner and not the consignee? The discriminating system would thus, like most regulations of trade, benefit the unprincipled at the expense of honest men.

It appears from one of the statements annexed to the treasury report,* that the importation of articles paying *ad valo-*

* Report, &c. p. 36—6.

rem and specific duties into eight of the principal ports of the United States during the third quarter of 1824, was less in value by \$818,196 than during the corresponding quarter of 1823. By reason of the new tariff, however, the nation paid, in three months, at the ports referred to, \$409,980 additional taxes while the articles from abroad, which contribute to the comforts and necessities of life, were diminished by an amount exceeding eight hundred thousand dollars. Were these exactions made to enable the government to support the dignity of the nation by defending its rights against foreign aggression, they ought to be submitted to without murmuring; but we are little acquainted with the principles of equal rights on which our institutions are based, if the spirit of the constitution authorizes the enriching of manufacturers at the expense of all other classes of the people. As the wealth of the nation is the aggregate of that of individuals, any few additional dollars brought into the public treasury can be of no avail in the consideration. Indeed, money is seldom as productively employed by governments as by individuals.

Various estimates are made of the portion of the public debt, which may be annually redeemed, so that the whole loan may be repaid in 1825.* We have doubts whether there is occasion to felicitate the nation on this apparently favorable state of our financial concerns, considering that the increase of revenue has been the result of additional taxation.† When money is borrowed and consumed in the support of armies or in the other expenditures incident to war, it is absolutely lost to the nation. It is not intended to say that cases do not arise in which a nation must make a sacrifice of a portion of its wealth to support the rights essential to its sovereignty, and it sometimes happens that this is even required by the true principles of political economy. Should, for example, a million of our property be illegally captured every year, an annual expenditure of half a million in such warlike measures as would prevent future depredations, would be productive of a clear saving of national wealth. But generally the capital disposed of in war is not *reproductively* employed, and does not remain either with the government or among individuals so as to contribute to the aggregate of the riches of the country. To repay the money borrowed, it is neces-

* Report, &c. p. 13.

† Our readers will recollect that duties on merchandize are *taxes* to all intents and purposes.

sary to take from the subjects of the nation, and from its *reproductive* capital, an amount equal to what has been expended in the vast majority of cases *unproductively*, to use the language of political economy. The payment of a debt cannot, therefore, make a nation richer; and as loans are frequently contracted abroad, or, at least, a large amount of the stock held by foreigners, by the redemption of the national debt, the capital employed in branches of industry is greatly diminished. By the payment of the existing public loan of the United States, nearly twenty four millions of dollars would be taken from our efficient capital,* unless the facilities of reinvestment should induce the foreign stockholders to place their money in our local stocks. An ignorance of our moneyed institutions would probably prevent this being done to any extent. The public debt of the union has a definite value 'on 'change' in London and Paris, and an interest even a half per cent. greater than can be procured by investments in English or French funds would induce purchasers. Not so with regard to other American securities. The foreign capitalists may be individually satisfied of their sufficiency, though in this respect they must, in general, yield to government stocks; but as they want the faculty of being at any moment converted into cash, and of always commanding a value in the market, they lose, in the view of the speculator, no small portion of their value.

We would certainly not wish to be the advocates of the creation of a national debt, but its principal evil—the unproductive consumption of wealth, has already taken place in relation to the existing public stocks. In a political point of view, the repayment of the loan is to be regretted as weakening the the chains which bind together the members of the confederacy. The proprietors of the government stock residing in different sections of the union are attached to the existing order of things by considerations of individual interest, the most powerful motives that can govern the actions of men. That

* Of the amount of the public debt of the United States due on the 1st of October 1824, there was held

By the British,	\$18,515,764,50
By the Dutch,	3,382,366,46
By all other foreigners,	2,072,241,97

Amount held by foreigners,	\$23,970,372,93
The amount of stock held by domestic credit is	66,695,240,90

\$90,665,613,83
Nat. Journal.

patriotism sometimes requires aid from such sources, the history of every country will demonstrate.

The most singular part of the Treasury report is that which relates to the last loan negotiated with the Bank of the United States. Not to be charged with misrepresentation, we give the Secretary's own words.

"Although the individual offers are, apparently, more favorable than that of the bank, yet, taking into consideration that the government is the proprietor of one-fifth of the capital of the bank, and that a portion of the means of the bank, equal to the amount of the loan, would otherwise have been unemployed; the offer of the bank at par, was decidedly the most advantageous to the government; being equal to an individual offer of 4 3-4 per cent. premium."*

We trust that we showed sufficiently, when speaking of "*Restrictions on Banking*," that a bank has not the power of increasing its issues beyond its means of redemption. It is not easier, therefore, for such an institution, than for an individual possessing the same capital and furnished with the same *deposits*, to lend a given sum of money. The Secretary's reasoning must proceed on the supposition that when capitalists and moneyed associations throughout the union were obtaining from five to seven per cent. for their loans, the Bank of the United States was so badly managed, that one-seventh part of its whole capital would have been absolutely unproductive if it had not been borrowed by government. If, indeed, the bank could have obtained for its money one per cent. per annum from other sources, the statement in the report is incorrect. But even if money was so little in demand that no one could be found to take it of the bank at one per cent., would not that fact alone have brought down the market price so that the government might have borrowed at a rate considerably less than that actually offered by individuals or given by the bank? Had the foregoing extravagant suppositions been correct, would it have affected the government's interest in the bank, if the offers of that institution had been refused, and the money procured from individuals? A demand in the market would have taken place equal to the void caused by the loan to government, and the bank would have been able to supply the deficiency at the rate at which those who lent to the United States previously furnished their borrowers.—Without pursuing this subject farther, we would ask what will be the effect of the Treasury decision on the biddings of capitalists for future loans?

In our view of the great national questions which we have considered, we have endeavored to take as our land marks,

* Report, &c. p. 14.

those immutable principles, which, like the discoveries of Galileo, may be proscribed, but cannot be refuted. We are aware that it has been fashionable for those who esteem it too much trouble to think for themselves, and who are willing to trust implicitly in the artificial theories of their forefathers, to stigmatise the science of political economy as a collection of "*new-fangled notions*." Nothing, however, can better illustrate who is right in the view of untutored common sense, than an anecdote related in the journal of a voyage made by a British officer to the coast of Spanish America, since the independence of the new states has been established. On enquiring of a mountaineer of Mexico, his sentiments as to the recent political events in his country, Captain Hall received this answer : — " My opinion of the free trade rests on this ; formerly I paid nine dollars for the piece of cloth of which this shirt is made, I now pay two ; — that forms my opinion of the free trade."

THE POET'S SOLILOQUY.

My thoughts are not like those of other men,
 I feel not as they feel ;
 But how, or why, or when
 The power creative moulded me to be
 Such as I am, and must be still,
 I know not ; but whate'er perchance I see
 Or hear, wakes thoughts to reason unallied,
 In union strange by fancy tied,
 Or wild caprice, the only law to me.

But this I know, that nothing mean or base,
 Or cruel or unkind,
 Can find a moment's place
 In my unfettered thoughts, where'er they go ;
 Nor will I bend the knee or mind
 To vulgar wit or vulgar greatness, though,
 Like the armed fowl, in gorgeous plumes arrayed,
 Before their fellows they parade ;
 I leave them, on their barn-yard heap to crow.

For I was called of nobler things to tell ;
 New worlds I can create,
 And in them I can dwell ;
 Worlds, that shall live and bloom, when I am dead,
 Beyond the power of time or fate :
 There others' spirits shall go, fancy-led.
 There hold communion with each breathing thought,
 And hail the genius of the spot,
 When earth's cold clods lie heavy on my head.

Mine is the fire the subtle Titan stole,—
That in the forms I choose
Can wake a living soul,
And bid them figure on the pictured page;
And with their strifes, their wrongs, their woes,
The young, the old, the unthinking and the sage,
Bound in deep trance of sympathy shall melt,
Shall weep for sorrows never felt,
And still the tale shall live, from age to age.

I can evoke the dead of centuries past,
For whom Fame's trump in vain
Once rang its deafening blast;
Can bid their navies hide the chafing seas,
Marshal their armies o'er again,
Mustering their squadrons as the muse may please;
The King of Men, his warriors and his host
Had in the o'erclouded past been lost,
Without the strain of old Mæonides.

I can make holy ground; and pilgrims there,
Shall after ages long,
With reverent feet repair,
And sacred relics find in every stone.
Winged words live in immortal song;
Sceptres may crumble, empires be o'erthrown,
Yea, those who tread their dust beneath their feet,
Their fathers' language may forget,
But in my strain their speech shall still be known.

My fame, like fire that in the noon-day beam
A sickly lustre shows,
On earth burns pale and dim:
And the dark grave may hide sometimes its light,
Like Rosicrucian lamp that glows
In charmed cavern; but emerging bright,
In its full time, thenceforward it shall shine,
In the clear cope, with beams divine,
Through the long future's undiscovered night. A. M. Z.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New-York. Vol. I. Part I.
8vo. Wilder & Campbell. New-York. 1825.

NAPOLEON, in a fit of spleen, once called the English a nation of shop-keepers, and we believe this annoyed them quite as much as his victories. Some of their writers very foolishly winced under this epithet, and attempted to show that "the free and haughty Briton" could not, by any possibility, have the humble condescension of a shop-keeper, and that it was exceedingly ridiculous to associate the idea of "the world's last hope," with the traffick in rum, molasses and tobacco. A better class,

however, boldly maintained that trade in itself was not degrading; that its exercise gave scope to the highest powers of the mind; and as a proof that it occasioned no narrow views or parsimonious habits, they demonstrated clearly, that all, or nearly all the charitable and literary institutions in Europe, were originally founded by merchants, and were supported by them down to the present day. This dispute was, however, an idle one. Men naturally take their standing in society, in the exact proportion to their usefulness, or their importance to the common weal. Thus at Rome the priest is pre-eminent, at Paris the soldier, at London the merchant, at Gottingen the learned man, and at Washington, per-adventure, the politician. In this country we are unconsciously imitating the slang of the lowest Grub-street scribe, when we attempt to ridicule the honorable standing of the merchant. He may not, it is true, be profoundly acquainted with "longs and shorts" of prosody, but he understands them thoroughly when applied to the staple of the country. He may be ignorant of the value of the Greek article; but, what is far better, he comprehends the value of every article of commerce. He may even affect to smile at the niceties of book learning, but he takes care that his own books will bear the most rigid inspection. He cultivates the society of "good" men; and surely no one regrets more sincerely the *failings* of his neighbors.

We have been insensibly led into these remarks by the perusal of the volume before us. It comes from a society which has silently risen up among us; and the first notice we have of its existence, is the appearance of this unpretending volume. Composed, as we believe the society chiefly is, of young merchants, it is not only highly creditable that they have devoted their leisure hours to the study of the Natural Sciences, but that they should have exhibited (as this volume testifies) a proficiency that will bear an honorable comparison with the labors of the learned of Europe. Among the contributors, we perceive few of those titled gentlemen who, from immemorial usage, are considered essential to the well being of a scientific society; and few indeed of those "*doctores sed non docti*," who so often figure before the public with all the consequence derived from the addition of a few cabalistic letters to their names. It strikes us, indeed, as exceedingly curious, that the members of a liberal profession, whose reputation for learning has arisen from their labors in these sciences, should in this country bestow so little of their attention to the cultivation of Natural History. "On such researches and such studies," observes the justly celebrated Lawrence, "on a foundation no less extensive than the whole empire of living nature, the science of medicine must be established, if indeed it be destined to occupy the rank of a science; if, in short, it shall be permanently raised above the early state of an empirical and blind belief in the virtues of herbs, drugs and plasters, or above its more modern, but equally deplorable condition of servile submission to the dogmas of schools and sects, or subjection to doctrine, parties, or authorities." From this quarter we must expect the future improvement of the profession,—not from the addition of new medicines to a catalogue already too long—not from fresh accessions to that mass of clinical observations which lie unread on the shelves of our medical libraries. An acquaintance with these subjects is necessary to the rational improvement of the *science* of medicine, but by no means so to the mere routine of practice, and the very successful prosecution of the *trade*. But we are wandering from the subject. It is perhaps natural to express surprise at finding merchants more learned than the members of a learned profession.

Natural History promises to become, ere long, a favorite study in America; and the encouragement afforded to the Boston Journal of Science, to the New-Haven Journal, to the Journal of the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia, strengthens this opinion. Independent of the charms which it holds out as a pleasing relaxation from the graver duties of life, its study may be urged on higher grounds: through it, we become acquainted with the laws and operations of nature, the great variety and beauty of her forms; and the classification of these numerous objects forms a most excellent exercise and discipline of the mind. We say nothing of the actual benefit the country derives from all researches into its botanical and mineralogical treasures, as these must be obvious to the most unlearned of our readers.

In a short and modest advertisement prefixed to this volume, the following are stated to be the reasons which led to its publication.

"The object of the Lyceum in publishing its annals, is to record new and valuable facts in Natural History; and to advance the public good by the diffusion of useful knowledge. The importance of this science is, at present, every where acknowledged; and the attention bestowed on it in our own country, has already been amply repaid. A great variety of new, useful and elegant productions have been discovered; and important facts connected with the agricultural, commercial and manufacturing interests, have been elucidated. In our attempts to bring to light the hidden riches of our country, we solicit the assistance of the public; we ask no emolument, we expect no gain; we cherish the hope that our exertions will be encouraged, that we shall be enabled to proceed in the course which we have now commenced."

The contents of the volume are obviously of a multifarious nature, and are illustrated by thirteen plates highly creditable to the art of engraving in this city.

But we wish our readers themselves to become acquainted with the book; our own pages are too limited to make extracts. To those who feel an honest pride in the literary and scientific character of the city, we hope that enough has been said to secure their patronage. To the members of the Lyceum, we tender our warmest wishes that they may continue to display the same industry and zeal in the study of these noble and ennobling sciences, and earn the high reputation of "accurate observers of nature." May they be encouraged to proceed in their career of usefulness by the reflection that their pursuits are intimately connected with the best interests of their country!

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1. *Lectures on the Elements of Botany. Part I.* By Anthony Tod Thomson, F. L. S. 8vo.
 2. *Elements of Physiological and Systematic Botany.* By T. B. Stroud. 8vo. London. 1824.

To the mere observer, who regards only the beauty and fragrance of nature, who finds in these alone sufficient sources of enjoyment, and who cares not to inquire into the exquisite organization by which Providence has chosen to produce the wonders he admires, the physiology of botany will always appear an unnecessary and uninviting branch of study. Regaled with the odors of fruits and flowers, or pleased with the richness of natural colors, he is satisfied with the grateful sensations which these qualities afford to his senses, and the pleasures which their skilful arrange-

ment imparts to his taste. Indeed, a great part of the world go no farther than this, and stop short in the pursuits connected with natural history, when their general effect only is perceived. They suppose it unnecessary, if not presumptuous, to proceed beyond the limits of our senses; and from them proceed the ridicule and opposition which have so much retarded the progress of the natural sciences.

On the other hand, however, botany has had its enthusiastic admirers, and generally captivates, even on the slightest acquaintance. The dangers of unknown seas have been incurred, the inhospitality of distant shores, and the cruelty of ferocious savages have been braved, to make new acquisitions in her cause. Indeed, the biography of most botanists is but a repetition of misfortune, and a narrative of continual exposure to poverty, disease, disaster and death. We should therefore regard, with especial favor, a science for which so much has already been done, but for which there remains so much to do; and if any of us should not immediately perceive the tendency or utility of preliminary pursuits, we should remember that it is only by a laborious collection and compilation of facts, that the foundation is laid upon which the sublime truths of natural philosophy repose.

Botany is ordinarily divided into the three following branches:

1. The description and arrangement of plants.
2. The anatomy and physiology of plants.
3. Their agricultural, economical, and we may add, their medicinal uses.

This arrangement has been found the most convenient, and is, therefore, for practical purposes, decidedly the best. The system at present observed in the description and arrangement of plants, is synthetic in its method, for it proceeds from general principles to their widely spread results; and in a concise and comprehensive classification it embraces the whole of the vegetable world. The artificial arrangement has happily superseded the necessity of a tedious and analytical process of investigation. Yet this method must necessarily have been adopted in the infancy of the science. Man, in his uncivilized state of being, goaded by hunger, eats the natural food which surrounds his habitation. Chilled by the inclemency of the weather, he converts to his use the skins of animals, or unites the leaves of plants by their fibres into temporary covering. Over-taken by disease, he seeks restoratives among the spontaneous productions of the earth, and learns from experience their peculiar properties and uses. The child of nature relieved from want, then tears them in pieces to find their hidden qualities, and wonders at the singularity of their interior structure. In new searches after food and medicine, he classes insensibly, what is nourishing and what injurious, what is beautiful and what deformed, and learns gradually to distinguish, by similarity of external appearance, the different families of plants.

But art beginning where nature left off, retraces her steps at ease through all her modifications. First she seeks and examines the individuals, embracing all their numerous varieties; next collects them into groupes; then investigates their internal structure and cause of life; examines their hidden springs of action, and stops at last where the child of nature commenced, in applying them to the necessities and comforts of life.

The collection and classification of plants have as yet occupied the principal attention of botanists. Ray, Townesfort and Linnæus have successively been engaged in this pursuit, and their chief care was so to arrange them, naturally and artificially, that order should be maintained, in their respective ranks, and that each individual should be known by the definite characteristics. In short it was a system, which they aimed at,

not the intimate knowledge of what they were systematizing. It would at this time be useless and irrelevant to discuss the peculiarities of the different systems of these distinguished men, as their works can be easily referred to, and are within the reach of every one. The system of the Swedish naturalist has been generally adopted; and even in France, where all the passion of originality and love of invention which distinguishes that nation, have been exercised in the formation of a natural arrangement, it has now very recently been acknowledged, that *their* methods are only productive of confusion and disorder.

While, therefore, the industrious collector has every facility in the classification of his plants, and while we must, with unfeigned pleasure, admire his zeal, his perseverance and his success, we fear that there is too general a disposition to stop at the confines of the vegetable kingdom, without attempting to pass its boundaries, penetrate into its interior, and explore the wonders of that almost undiscovered region.

The second head of the arrangement before mentioned will therefore, for the present, receive our more particular attention. According to Mr. Thompson, the recent historian of the Royal Society, and the author of one of the works before us, most if not all the discoveries by which the physiology of botany has been advanced, have been made since the year 1800; and indeed, the silence of the elder botanists corroborates, if it does not establish, the assertion. Grew, Hale and Malpighi, scarcely advanced the general principles of the science. The physiology of plants implies the knowledge of their nature, their habits, their health, and their anatomy. To make this apparent and palpable, it has been common to compare plants with animals, as far as their functions are similar, and if the comparison will hold between them, their physiology is not more amusing than important to the botanist.

Thus the bark of plants is like the skin of animals; it clothes and defends them, discharges moisture, and absorbs it. The medullary substance of pith, like that in the human body, may perform the offices of exhalation and absorption, and may be a part of a nervous system of plants. The wood of plants in their trunk and branches, gives, like bones, figure, stability and permanence. The sap is the vital fluid, the blood of plants. They have also proper juices, which are their necessary diluents and solvents, varying in strength with the constitutional habits of the individual. The pores of the wood and bark, so apparent when subjected to a magnifying power, are of different sizes and formation, each having respective duties in facilitating the passage of the fluids, conveying the nutriment of the earth, and assisting the rise of the sap to the remotest branches of the plant. These are the veins and arteries of the tree; and without these both fruit and flowers would die upon "the parent stem." The leaves are compared to the lungs of animals; they expectorate, imbibe moisture, and decompose air.

Thus far the comparison is pretty obvious, and the general resemblance is readily acknowledged; but a wide field of inquiry is here offered to investigation. The offices of the constituent parts already named are scarcely understood, and their action is still a secret which is almost entirely unknown.

We shall now briefly mention the different topics for consideration, which fall within the limits of the physiology of botany, and state what yet remains to be done with regard to them.

I. *The propagation of plants* is one of the first importance. This is effected by buds, seeds, bulbs, and cuttings, which are variant with the nature, climate and locality of plants. It has also been found that by the

interchange of the pollen of plants, varieties may be, and actually have been produced in fruits and flowers.

The former well-known methods are familiar to gardeners and nursery men; and some of the finest of the stone-fruits have been obtained by experiments dependent on this branch of the physiology of botany. This is, then, truly important, and the reward which it promises is fully adequate to the labor required for the research. The whole world is interested in the result.

II. *The culture of Plants.*—This must depend upon a knowledge of their habits, their structure, and their modes of action.

Among the desiderata necessary to acquire this knowledge, is an acquaintance with physiological botany, as far as it respects, 1. The office of leaves. 2. The flowing of the sap. 3. The food of plants. 4. The decay of plants. Mr. Thos. Knight, an able and indefatigable physiologist, has demonstrated, that the office of leaves, is to decompose the sap, and the result is by them sent back to the bark, and there deposited, giving it the character of gummy, resinous, astringent, &c. If we add to this ingenious theory, the well-known power of leaves to absorb carbonic acid gas and emit pure oxygen, the subject must be acknowledged to abound with interest. The purity of the atmosphere, the advantages of trees and shrubberies in cities, the clearing away of forests, have all an intimate connection with the subject. Priestley, Henry, and Saussure, jun., have indulged in some interesting speculations with regard to this subject; but much remains to be learned, and many investigations must be made, before any one certainty shall be established.

2d. *The cause of the flowing of the sap* is still a mystery. Grew accounts for it by its *levity*; but what particular levity exists in this fluid, which is unusually consistent, and by what law would its specific gravity be overcome? Malpighi supposed it was owing to the dilation of the air vessels; but why should not the flow of the sap be lateral as well as perpendicular, if it be owing to the air vessels, which exist in every part of the wood? Capillary attraction has been also mentioned as the cause; but by the law of capillary attraction, the fluid would remain suspended between the two contiguous rings, which, at some given and permanent height, attracted the column. Another writer speaks of suction in the most unphilosophical manner, but does not particularize how it is to be produced, or how it is to affect the rise of sap.

Mr. Knight supposes an expansion of the internal air, and the operation of valves upon the sap vessels; but no valves have yet been discovered; and, indeed, if they were, they could not be of any service, as they would be obliged continually to open both up and down for the rise and fall of the sap, and be equally fixed whether moving up or down. We know of no such kind of valves.

The former part of the theory, however, seems plausible and satisfactory, although the royal academicians have chosen to condemn it. Call Mr. Knight's expansion rarefaction, and the remaining difficulty disappears. Mr. Hales asserts, however, that the sap ascends with a force sufficient to balance a column of mercury of 38 inches, and that to produce such a velocity, 608 degrees of Fahrenheit would be necessary.

To this may it not be answered—first, that the velocity alluded to must rest in assertion only, which no experiment has yet confirmed? But is it not certain that wood contains air, and that it often remains in confinement, even after it is dried, until rarefied, and exploded by a still greater accession of caloric? May not the following fact accord, at least generally, with the supposition of Mr. Knight?

In the spring, when the weather becomes mild and genial, (and the flow of the sap is surely dependent upon the weather.) the tops of the trees and their different branches present a large surface to the action of the sun and warm air. The natural effect must be a rarefaction of what air and juice remained in the tree. By the laws of pneumatics the fluid within must rise from the roots in order to replace in the partial vacuum the loss of the former moisture driven to the bark, or evaporated in the sun. The pressure of the atmosphere will not be felt in this atmosphere, where the expansion of the air has already overcome its weight, and where a direct pressure cannot possibly be felt or ascertained. The sap *must rise* to the extremities, and will continue to rise until the opening of the leaves in the maturity of the season. This must necessarily prevent the farther operation of direct heat upon their own trunk and branches, and will, of course check the former perceptible rapidity of the circulation. In autumn and in winter, when the evaporation necessarily ceases, the sap descends again to the earth, where, if the reservoir of the plant be sufficiently deep, it is sheltered until once more called into action as above.

Upon a correct knowledge of this department of Botany, the cutting and seasoning of wood depend; and to this alone must we look for the remedy against the rot in timber, so important in commercial and domestic uses, in the building of ships, and construction of frame houses—and so essential to the beauty and durability of household furniture. Botany seems in this light almost indispensable to our ease, safety, and enjoyment.

3d. *The food of plants.*—It is well known that many plants which are absolutely poisonous in their native state, have become very nutritious under the influence of cultivation. This must depend upon the change of food alone. The power of plants to take up in solution their proper nutriment is almost incredible. In some plants, silex is found, and iron is a common constituent of the colored plants. This branch of physiology is almost totally unknown, and yet eminently deserves the most assiduous cultivation.

It is the basis of the whole system of manures—vegetable, animal and mineral; and our grains, grasses, fruits, flowers and vegetables can never be materially improved until this part of the physiology of botany be better understood. Experience alone will not do; and it is a fact well known, that foreign gardeners do not succeed in their management of American plants, because they depend solely on an experience, not fully applicable to our peculiarity of climate and soil. When this subject receives the attention it deserves, we may expect to see plants, now strangers to our soil, and only artificially produced, springing up with all the beauty and verdure and luxuriance of indigenous productions.

4th. *The decay of plants.*—This branch is almost wholly uninvestigated. Mr. Knight has assigned as the proximate cause of the decay of trees, their inability to produce leaves. He has established the singular fact (18 Rep. 238.) that their appearance differs essentially at different periods of the tree which produces them. It is very certain that there are many phenomena attending the decline of fruit-trees in this country, which have never been explained. If these can be remedied, it is only by a series of close investigations that the remedy can be discovered.

Having briefly discussed those parts of the physiology of botany, which are yet open to critical observation, we trust we have not pointed them out in vain. May we not hope that some of those gentlemen who have so distinguished themselves as terminologists and collectors, will ere long apply their learning to these far more important inquiries. The mysteries of science may delight the profound and curious student, but we are of that school which only regards learning and science and philosophy as subser-

vient to useful information and the general welfare of mankind. True, if there be any merit in the mere acquisition of knowledge, it is far inferior, in our opinion, to that which belongs to the practical benefactor of our race. The philanthropy of scientific pursuits is after all their chief recommendation, and the man who practically applies his knowledge to the benefit and advantage of his fellow men, must ever rank far before him who sits within the magic circle of useless and inapplicable learning, and regards every disclosure of its mysteries as a profanation and a sacrilege.

C.

Theodric, a Domestic Tale; and other Poems. By Thomas Campbell.
New-York. 1825.

It is now more than fifteen years since Mr. Thomas Campbell favored the public with 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' and more than twenty-seven since 'The Pleasures of Hope' first saw the light. The literary world has been long eagerly watching for the redemption of the pledge virtually given by the publication of those poems. Such a hope was excited no less by the intrinsic merit and deep fund of poetical talent evinced in them, than by that universal popularity which held forth such inducements to their author, again and again to make 'his skill awake the weary Nine.' But, with the exception of some occasional stanzas, containing in themselves the fullest evidence that the will, and not the ability, was wanting. Mr. Campbell, after remaining silent for fifteen long years, has not, until now, offered to the public a poem of any considerable length. We greeted its appearance with a hearty welcome, and opened the little volume with the appearance of being well pleased in the perusal. How far our anticipations have been gratified, we do not deem it necessary to declare; but proceed, without farther delay, to give a faithful analysis of the story on which 'Theodric' is founded.

The poet, accompanied by a friend, supposes himself to be wandering in a churchyard in Switzerland. A monument of white marble attracts his attention, and his friend thereupon communicates to him the history of the maiden whose remains slumber beneath it. Her younger brother, Udolph, it appears, had joined the Austrian Army, at the age of sixteen, and had the good fortune to be put under the command of Theodric. To this officer Udolph became zealously attached, and, as was very natural for one of his age, in his letters to his parents and sister (Julia,) gave a very exaggerated account of his leader's bravery. His parents, as was very natural for them, 'dried their tears and smiled' at such 'hyperboles of youthful style;' and his sister, as was, no doubt, very natural for her, fell bitterly in love with this darling theme of her brother's praise. It so happened, that

"Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
Our arriere guard had checked the Gallic van,"

Theodric, in visiting the outposts, discovered Udolph 'wounded, weltering on the ground;' wherewithal he was moved with compassion, that he took the young man to his own tent, sent for the doctor, and had his wounds attended to. Nor was this all: the charitable commander, fearing that the newspapers might exaggerate the state of Udolph's wounds as much as they had exaggerated his own merits, dropped a line to the old people, assuring them that their son was but slightly injured, and enclosed in his letter a certificate from the regimental surgeon to the same effect. Udolph's

parents returned a very polite answer, giving Theodric an abundance of thanks for all his kindness. (p. 11, 12.)

The poet then takes occasion to introduce, if we may so say, a *hiatus*—would we could add, *valde defendus*! He passes over a campaign of three years' continuance, at the expiration of which, there came a peace. The camp broke up, and Udolph, with much sorrow, leaves his old commander and returns home, carrying with him a portrait of Theodric, which his sister Julia instantly recognizes as a perfect resemblance of a certain gentleman, who, as she tells Udolph,

“ ——— methought in sleep,
When you were wounded, told me not to weep.”

In the mean time, Theodric, who had learned to speak English like a native, makes up his mind to pay a visit to the Island, to see

“ Her women fair, her men robust for toil;”

Which he does accordingly, and, after seeing all the sights, he finds it time to return home, however reluctantly. Some unexpected affair, however, detained him a day or two longer than he had anticipated, and gave him an opportunity of seeing an English jubilee caused by some ‘public tidings.’ On this occasion, London, where our hero resided, was illuminated; and he sallied forth, in the course of the evening, on horseback, (a very dangerous mode of travelling on such occasions) to join the throng and see the lights. Among these groups, Theodric remarked a young lady more beautiful than he had ever seen; and the slow motion of her horses, impeded as they were by the crowd, gave him time to read the motto and mark the coat of arms painted on the carriage door. (p. 15.) He determines not to leave England until he is introduced to her. She improves on acquaintance; he falls desperately in love with her; gains her affection in return, and determines like a second Anthony, to sacrifice all for love; or in other words, to settle in ‘merry old England,’ for the sake of the lady with the motto and the coat of arms. But before their union, ‘matters of concern’ demanded his return to Austria. On his way, he stopped at the house of Udolph’s parents, and the family was delighted beyond measure to see him. ‘The boy was half beside himself;’ the old gentleman

“ Of speedy parting would not hear him speak.”

So Theodric agreed to remain a month with them. The first part of this month passed very pleasantly; but at last he begins, from certain symptoms, to suspect that poor Julia entertains a *tendre penchant* for his person, which his engagement to the English lady renders it improper for him to return; and to prevent farther mischief, he determines to have an explanation with her. The poor girl takes it all very kindly, plays such a tune on the piano ‘as mock’d all skill her hand had e’er displayed;’ and finally, when Theodric drops a hint that he had intended to visit her long before his voyage to England, the tender interview is concluded as follows:

“ ‘Ah! then,’ she cried, ‘you know not England’s shore;
And had you come—and wherefore did you not?’
‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘it would have changed our lot!’”

Shortly after this interview, the captain took an opportunity of conversing with the young lady’s mother, who assures him, that she never expected him to marry her daughter, notwithstanding all that Udolph had said

about it; that she finds no fault whatever with his conduct, and that she thinks him very much of a gentleman indeed. The morning after this sentimental interview with the old lady, he ate a hearty breakfast prepared for him by Julia, and took his leave of the family.

After accomplishing his business in Austria, he returns to England, and marries Constance.

With one exception the match was a happy one. Constance was all that the fondest husband could desire. 'But midst her kindred there was strife and gall;' and with the exception of one of her sisters, who, as the poet says, was *bland*, all his wife's family was quite disagreeable, being frequent visitors, and much given to wrangling. To be sure, Constance tried her best to keep them in order, but her exertions do not appear to have been particularly successful. Theodric, however, was not destined to remain very long in such disagreeable circumstances; but shortly after his settlement in England, he receives news that war had again broken forth in Germany, and he determined, with his wife's permission, to rejoin his former companions in arms. Constance had no objection to his departure for the field of battle, provided he would take her in company; and to induce him to grant her this permission she uses many specious arguments, but all in vain. He promises, however, that she shall join him after the first campaign; but the lady, although 'she expected assent' secretly resolved that they should not part so easily. The concealment of this private determination 'wrought their whole mischance:—but how it did so, we can by no means understand from the sequel of the story, which appears to be most preposterously entangled. Constance

"—— makes repair

Again to kindred worthless of her care,"

And Theodric being thus left 'in his home a lonely man,' began to muse upon past events. Switzerland—Udolph—Julia—the lonely walks—the piano forte—the delightful breakfasts—all rose up in due perspective before his eyes. Poor Julia! was she well or ill?—He had received no letters from Udolph since his marriage:

"And deep misgiving on his spirit fell,

That all with Udolph's household was not well."

Just at this moment, Udolph enters the room; Theodric thought at first it was his 'sprite' (p. 26.) but soon discovers that it is Udolph himself, who proceeds to inform Theodric of all that had taken place since his departure from Switzerland. Julia had long borne up 'high-mindedly and well' against her cruel passion for the captain, but was now dying, and her only desire was to see Theodric once more before her death. Udolph confesses that he, and he alone, is to blame; that his insane ambition for the name of brother to Theodric was the cause of Julia's love, of her disregard of her mother's sage counsel, of her present sickness, and of her anticipated decease. He then states, that notwithstanding the length of the journey, and the fact of his being a married man, he doubts not that Theodric will have 'ruth' enough to go to Switzerland, and thus concludes his pathetic petition.

"And she who shares your heart, and knows its truth,
Has faith in your affection, far above
The fear of a poor object's dying love."

This was irresistible, and Theodric was just on the point of expressing his acquiescence with Udolph's request, when their conversation was in-

interrupted by an unexpected visit from the aforementioned disagreeable members of Constance's family, unaccompanied by the 'bland' sister. These good people made themselves quite at home—told Theodric that he need not expect his wife back in a fortnight—laughed because they saw this gave him some uneasiness—and laughed still more heartily when he found fault with Constance's conduct—turned up their noses at Udolpho, instead of bidding him 'good bye,' when he departed—and at last went off themselves, leaving a letter for Theodric from his wife, 'explaining all:' that is, stating that she was only staying at her father's house a short time to keep things in order, and praying his permission to accompany him to the continent. In reply to this, he forthwith despatched a note granting assent; but the letter, for no reason that we can imagine, missed her on the way, and in six hours' time she was in her own house again, in such trepidation lest Theodric should be 'wroth,' that he, kind soul! was afraid she had a fever. When she resumed her usual demeanor, he stated Julia's case to her, and received, not only her consent, but even her express command, to go off the next morning with his friend Udolpho. Although he had a dark presentiment that some ailment lurked in Constance's system, occasioned by her fear of a scolding the preceding day, he nevertheless takes his departure; leaving, however, particular directions with a faithful page to let him know if any thing should happen to his wife.

Julia dies, and she scarcely had expired, when Theodric was summoned to the door by a special messenger, direct from England, who informed him that Constance was dying too. Theodric reached home a few moments too late. Constance was no more. Theodric was afraid that her death had been occasioned by his having blamed her for intending to stay a fortnight away from him; but her only genteel relation, the 'bland' sister, already more than once alluded to, assured him that he was laboring under a mistake. Poor Constance *had not died* for fear of being scolded by him, but of an *actual bona fide* scolding, given to her by her mother, in consequence of her determination to accompany her husband to the wars! She then handed Theodric a letter in the proper hand-writing of Constance, which gave him great comfort. After putting himself into a becoming suit of black clothes, following his defunct wife to the grave, and mourning a decent length of time, the Captain made up his mind to the important truth that 'grieving's a folly,' and manfully resolved to survive his misfortunes.

If the plot of this 'domestic tale' is thus unmeaning, dull and incoherent, the character of the poetry admirably corresponds with that of the materials. It is as tame and weak as the feeblest parts of Montgomery's 'World before the Flood;' and is never of a higher order than the lackadaisical story of Jacqueline. Who would believe that such specimens of heroic versification as follows, could ever escape the pen of Thomas Campbell?

"How jocund was their breakfast parlour fanned
By yon blue water's breath—their walks how bland!"

"They brought not her, nor 'midst their kindred band
The sister, who alone, like her, was bland."

"Fair being! with what sympathetic grace,
She heard, bewail'd, and pleaded Julia's case!"

"Foreseeing their event, she dictated,
And signed those words for you. The letter said"—

But we will not proceed farther in this new and ungrateful province of finding blemishes in a poet who has hitherto not unreasonably been considered the most elegant and fastidiously polished of living bards. There are two or three fine passages, scattered like angel's visits through the performance; which, however, are insufficient to redeem the insufferable mediocrity of the whole poem, or add any thing to the writer's reputation. The ill natured remarks of the Edinburgh Review upon Montgomery's earlier pieces, that they seemed to be the productions of a lad who had become intoxicated with green tea, might be applied to the greater part of Theodric, with justice. If we wish to see the fire and splendor and musical versification of our old friend Tom Campbell, we must appeal to "Philip sober," and turn over to some of the splendid lyrics in the end of the volume, which, as they have occasionally appeared in the New Monthly, have shown that the vigor of the poet was unimpaired; and have continued to nourish expectations which this abortion cylept Theodoric has most sadly disappointed.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN PRESS.

Thompson's Conspectus of the London, Edinburgh and Dublin Pharmacopœia, with the addition of the United States Pharmacopœia, Magendie's Formulary, and the other Pharmaceutical preparations. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

A Treatise on the Law of Mercantile Guarantees, and of Principal and Surety in general. By Walter William Fell, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. First American from the second and last London edition. With copious notes and references to American Decisions. By Charles Walker, member of the New-York Bar.

Village Dialogues. By the Rev. Rowland Hill.

Mr. Timothy Pitkin of Connecticut is preparing for the press, Sketches of the Civil and Political History of the United States, from their first settlement to the close of the Administration of President Washington.

Proposals are issued for the republishing, by subscription, the Mechanics' Magazine, Museum, Register, Journal and Gazette; a new weekly Publication, exclusively devoted to the instruction and amusement of the operative classes, embellished with beautiful engravings. *J. V. Seaman, Agent, New-York.*

The Collateral Bible; or a Key to the Holy Scriptures, in which all the corresponding texts are brought together into one view, and arranged in a familiar and easy manner. Five volumes quarto. *S. F. Bradford, Philadelphia.*

Legal Ana, with Portraits and Engravings, under the title of "Law and Lawyers." Three volumes of which are printing.

George Percival is preparing for the press "The History of Italy, from the fall of the Western Empire to the extinction of Venetian Republic."

Correspondence between Horace Walpole and the Earl of Hertford. Sayings and Doings. A second series.

Madame de Genlis' Memoirs. 4 vols. 8vo.

A Novel, in 3 vols. 8vo. by the author of the "Rejected Addresses." *Philadelphia.*

Gil Blas de la Revolution, on les Confessions de Lawrent Giffard. By M. Picard Is translating and will shortly appear.

"Highways and Byways." Second series. 3 vols. 8vo.

Butler's Reminiscences—Second Edition. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

[*New Publications and Republications omitted for want of Room.*]

Message of De Witt Clinton to the Legislature of the State of New-York, January, 1825. G. F. Hopkins. New-York. 1825. pp. 25.

THE restoration of Governor Clinton to the chief magistracy of New-York, has occurred under the existence of circumstances unparalleled in the history of the state. Three years ago he abandoned the gubernatorial chair, hopeless of re-election, and laboring under a weight of unpopularity, of which his powerful mind, distinguished services, and conspicuous character, could afford no alleviation. Only nine months have elapsed since he was hurled from the only public trust which he continued to hold, and which he exercised without personal emolument, in a spirit of jealousy worthy of the proscriptions of ancient democracies. He is now recommending the labors of administration under the auspices of a majority of nearly twenty thousand of his fellow citizens. It may seem difficult to account for these changes without resorting to the anti-republican reproach of popular mobility, and of ascribing to the population of New-York a character of instability, which does not belong with equal justice, and in equal degree, to the other members of the confederacy. But it is to be remembered, that questions touching the very principles which lie at the foundation of our social system, have been discussed with extraordinary interest and passion; that the feelings of the whole people have been roused and agitated; and that the decision of these questions in hostility to the great doctrine of popular supremacy, has diffused throughout the community a spirit of unexampled excitement. It is not within the scope of our purpose to examine these questions; but it may be fairly concluded that the excitement to which their agitation has given rise, has had a powerful influence in elevating Governor Clinton again to the chief magistracy of the state. With these causes, others of an auxiliary nature have co-operated; and among the most effective of these may be ranked a sense of gratitude, however tardy, for his distinguished merits as a public benefactor, and a feeling of indignation and resentment on account of the political persecution with which he has been pursued to the very verge of domestic retirement.

The great physical power of New-York as a member of the union, the vast economical improvements which she has framed and executed at home, her prodigious resources, and the distinguished men who have for several years figured in

the different departments of her government, have given her an elevation of ground which has exposed her to the observation and criticism of surrounding states. The tribute of attention has been paid undivided to her, which was shared by Virginia and Massachusetts in the early days of our confederacy. Under such circumstances, an artificial prominence and interest have been communicated to the minutest features of her policy, whether national or domestic, which would not have attached to subjects of greater intrinsic importance in a state of inferior note and power. The fate of her public men has been marked, the course of her legislation has been followed and observed, her political augurs have been consulted, and the feelings of approbation, censure, and excitement of various kinds, which were felt within her limits, have been accompanied by corresponding emotions without.

The elevated position of New-York, and the conspicuous part which Governor Clinton has acted in her public concerns, have rendered every stage and vicissitude of his career objects of general interest and notoriety throughout the union. His retirement from the government of the state, his ejection from the canal commission, and his late triumphant restoration to power, have been noted in the most distant sections of the country, and have, in each case, called into action the sentiments of applause and condemnation, gratification and disappointment, according to the particular tempers, prejudices and interests of different observers. It was to be expected that much interest would be felt to know in what manner he would treat, on the occasion of resuming the administration of New-York, the various topics which would naturally fall under his observation, and those especially with which his individual reputation has been in some degree connected. And it is upon the manner in which this interest has been satisfied, that we found the first, and perhaps the most trifling objection to his message, viz. :—that the discussion of most of the topics is carried to an extent, and prosecuted with a degree of minuteness, which give the whole message the air of a labored defence of measures with which he was previously identified. But without a reference to any personal relation of this nature, we conceive that a more general discussion, boldly delineating the outward forms of each subject, and leaving the details to be added by others, would have been in more strict accord with the character and duties of his station, without diminishing the utility of the message as a vehicle of intelligence between the executive and deliberative departments of power. This criticism may perhaps seem fasti-

dious; but we believe its justice will be admitted, when the message of Governor Clinton is put in comparison with the unrivalled inaugural speech of Mr. Jefferson; a paper, by the bye, to which, as a standard, it is almost invidious to bring any production of the same species. Upon every sentence of the latter a page of commentary might be written, and yet every part is clear, lucid and explicit. Governor Clinton, on the contrary, leaves nothing to be supplied, uniting in his own labors the combined effects of text and commentary. If this result could have been secured consistently with a due regard to brevity and precision, the union would have been a beauty and not a blemish; but it has been followed by the inevitable consequence of giving his message a compass which almost puts it out of the reach of any but men of leisure.

The tone in which the Governor has discussed the leading topics of popular interest, as the choice of electors by the people, and the operation of our political and social institutions, does him credit as a writer, a statesman, and a philanthropist. The style of these portions of his message is manly, spirited, and impressive; his views are sound and republican, and he advocates with distinguished firmness and enthusiasm that general extension of political privileges, enlightened and sustained by general intelligence, upon which, not only the stability of our government, but the moral improvement of society essentially depends. We cannot refrain from presenting an entire paragraph on one of these topics.

"In thus improving our social institutions, it is pleasing to contemplate their benign influence on individual happiness and general prosperity; and to feel assured that a republican government may be transmitted in full purity and vigor to the remotest period of time. Even the troubled democracies of Greece and Italy, with all their deprecated vices, were preferable to the hateful tyrannies that surrounded them. The former were sometimes relieved by ennobling virtues; but the latter were always engulfed in hopeless debasement. Now that the representative system is well understood, and its capacity to unite liberty and power by federal combinations has been successfully tried, it will be our own fault if its duration prove not as permanent as its blessings are inestimable. In all governments, whether republican or monarchical, free or despotic, cupidity and ambition will address themselves to the sovereign authority for gratification. In free states, these applications will of course be made to the people, who confer either directly or indirectly the honors and emoluments of office; and hence the excitements which arise from the operation of these passions, as well as from real differences of opinion. But with all these evils, republics still exhibit a decided superiority. Their agitations and attendant mischiefs are more diffused and more feeble. And the people who feel their influence have, generally speaking, no inducement to act wrong. It is their interest, as well as their duty, to select meritorious officers, and to establish a wholesome administration. The vices of faction, intrigue, falsehood, dissimulation and corruption, are

rendered more intensely profligate by their concentration round the person of the monarch. His interest, and that of his favorites, too often becomes distinct from that of the community, and the general welfare is merged in personal gratifications. A republican government is certainly most congenial with the nature, most propitious to the welfare, and most conducive to the dignity of our species. Man becomes degraded in proportion as he loses the right of self-government. Every effort ought therefore to be made to fortify our free institutions: and the great bulwark of security is to be found in education—the culture of the heart and the head—the diffusion of knowledge, piety and morality. A virtuous and enlightened man can never submit to degradation; and a virtuous and enlightened people will never breathe in the atmosphere of slavery. Upon education we must therefore rely for the purity, the preservation, and the perpetuation of republican government. In this sacred cause we cannot exercise too much liberality. It is identified with our best interests in this world, and with our best destinies in the world to come.”

We should have been glad to present a succinct view of the canal policy of the state as marked out by the Governor, exhibiting the progress that has been made, and the objects that remain to be accomplished; but we have found it impossible to abridge in such a manner as to leave the interest and accuracy of the view unimpaired. We, therefore, limit ourselves, before passing to other objects, to saying that the Erie canal,—a work which has no parallel in vastness of extent and importance of benefit, the labor of a single state, planned and executed by her own citizens,—is on the eve of completion; and that the proceeds of the work, with the other public sources of revenue, are so considerable as to render it certain, that the debts contracted by the state in its execution, amounting at this time to nearly eight millions of dollars, will (to use the language of Governor Clinton) “be speedily satisfied without resorting to taxation, without discontinuing one effort for similar improvements, and without staying the dispensing hand of government in favor of the great departments of education, literature and science, or the cardinal interests of productive industry.”

We now arrive at a position which is of vast importance as connected with the permanency of our political institutions, and as involving an alteration in the fundamental charter, by which our popular rights and privileges are secured. We propose to examine it at large, and shall, as introductory to the discussion, state the proposition itself at full length.

“Natural justice prescribes that no man should be a judge in his own cause, and that between contending sovereignties, neither should pronounce the law of the case. A new tribunal ought to be constituted, to decide upon the power of the national and state governments, and to keep them within legitimate boundaries. I know of none that can be formed with a character so imposing, with a responsibility so imperative, and

with a position so dignified as the Senate of the United States. Composed of the most distinguished and talented men of the several states ; its decisions would be formed with integrity and ability, and received with respectful acquiescence. As a co-ordinate branch of Congress, and as a component part of the executive power, it would be a safe guardian of the just authority of the national government ; and as a representation of the states with a periodical change of members, it would be their natural and efficient protector against unconstitutional invasions. In these suggestions, I have not the most distant intention of violating the habitual respect which I entertain for the supreme judiciary of the union."

In stating several considerations, by which the measure above recommended is opposed, the question may be elucidated by laying down, in a preliminary view, some familiar principles of government.

It is a first principle in government that the legislative authority should be dependent, so as to subject those who exercise it, to the influence of all the personal and local interests of those by whom it is delegated. By this means, where the will of the constituent is carried into effect by the representative, the general voice and interest of the majority are sure to form the basis of every legislative enactment. With a view to this end, the formation of laws should be opened to every influence which the political, geographical, party or industrious divisions of society can supply. But the public will, as executed by legislative provisions, must be applied exclusively to the decision of questions of interest, and not to the decision of questions of law.

It is also a principle in government that the judicial authority should be independent. It is charged with the construction of the written constitutions and laws of the land, and with the application of their principles, as derived from a consideration of the terms of those constitutions and laws, to particular questions of right arising under them. From the decision of such questions every bias of interest or prejudice should be carefully excluded. The utility or inconvenience of a law, as proclaimed by public sentiment, should have no influence upon the authority which adjudges its application ; it is a subject only for the legislative or enacting authority. Questions of interest, unrestrained by law, should be controlled by the public voice. Questions of law should be independent both of considerations of interest, and of the influence of the public voice. The latter should, therefore, be referred for a decision to bodies so constituted as to be free from every influence of interest and prejudice.

The legislative and judicial authorities, then, depend upon principles directly at variance in their character and tendency.

The purity of the former is to be secured by the admission, and the purity of the latter by the exclusion, of every species of influence connected with the general welfare. It follows as a corollary from these premises, that these two branches of power should be confided to distinct bodies of men; for, where two powers, depending upon hostile principles, are delegated to the same body, there is danger that the class of cases, which properly comes under one of those powers, will be decided on by a reference to the principles which regulate the exercise of the other. It is in this manner that the fundamental distinctions in authority are broken down, leading to that accumulation and confusion of powers, which constitute the very essence of tyranny.

Let us bring Governor Clinton's proposition to the standard of the principles here laid down.

The Senate of the United States is composed of individuals, who are chosen by the legislatures of the states, and are consequently dependent on them for the tenure of their offices. These individuals may be regarded in a twofold view: 1st, as representing, indirectly, the people of the United States; and 2d, as representing directly the individual states, by which they are severally chosen. In the first capacity, they would naturally bring to the decision of questions of law the same feelings and interests which actuate the great body of citizens; and there would be danger that their judgments, amid the conflict of influences growing out of their official relations, would swerve from the rigid considerations of law, upon which their determinations should be founded. In the second capacity, their relation to the states gives rise to a more formidable class of objections. As before stated, the members of the senate, being appointed by the state legislatures, are dependent on them for their continuance in office. This object could be secured only by cherishing the interests of the states, and a vote, on the part of any member, in opposition to the express sentiment of the state which he represented, in any case involving its cardinal interests, would be attended with the certain effect of precluding his re-election. To suppose a different result would be to suppose the absence of those invariable principles by which the actions of men have been controlled from the earliest periods of society and government.

The national government, then, would, on every question of authority between itself and a state, be placed precisely in the situation of an individual charged with a crime, and brought for trial before a jury composed entirely of his opponents.

The past and present tranquillity of our government, and the harmonious administration of its powers, are owing principally to the wisdom of its organization; but the existence of this order and harmony so far, is no pledge of their preservation hereafter. The relations of society are constantly becoming more extensive and complicated; individual states are acquiring a consequence, from the multiplication of their resources, unknown to the first stages of the union, and evidences of collision between the central and state governments on questions of sovereignty, are visible in the policy and proceedings of both, which render a rigid adherence to the most salutary forms of constitutional restraint, an object of greater importance than ever. Systems, which are intended for permanency, should be framed with a view to meet every exigency which is likely to arise out of the natural progress of society, and the growth and development of human passions; and it is upon the ground that the proposition of Governor Clinton is calculated only for a state of public feeling from which interest and passion are entirely excluded, that we rest our leading objection to it.

But conceding, for the sake of argument, that the senate should resist all the influences which are calculated to move them in favor of the interests of the states, and that they should be disposed, on any given question, to decide, upon legal principles, in opposition to the policy of the states; they might, notwithstanding, be overruled in their determinations by a vote of instruction from the local legislatures, and thus be compelled to sacrifice their own judgment, and the principles of law, to the temporary and local interest which led to the vote of instruction. The general recognition of the principle, that the representative is bound by the will of the constituent, gives to this apprehension a degree of probability, which is well worthy of being considered and guarded against.

It has been said, in support of Governor Clinton's proposition, by some of his commentators, that the cases proposed to be referred to the senate of the United States for decision would be between the national government and a particular state, and that the representation in the senate of 23 of the states out of the 24, would be disinterested. This objection takes a very partial view of the subject, by overlooking the important fact, that questions of sovereignty may, and probably will arise, between the national government and a particular state, wherein every state in the union will have as vital an interest as the particular state which happens to be a party to the dispute. In this class of cases the interests of the national and

state governments will come directly in collision ; and they would, if the measure in view were adopted, be decided by a tribunal under the control of one of the parties to the controversy. This objection becomes more serious, when we reflect that the questions referred to are destined, in all probability, to excite a deep and pervading interest in the community in less auspicious times than the present, when many of the states shall have acquired within themselves the energy and consistence of empires. Jealousy between contending powers will become more fixed and inveterate, and the passions will be hurried into a broader and more active theatre of excitement. Under such circumstances, there is certainly ground of apprehension, that the decisions of a body organized and sustained by one of the parties will be influenced, rather by a consideration of the policy of that party, than by the principles of the constitutions or laws under which the questions arise. When it is considered that these questions will always grow out of circumstances sufficiently doubtful and intricate to afford reasonable ground for a public controversy, it will not be deemed derogating from the wisdom or virtue of the senate to apprehend, that the interests with which they are charged, may so bias their judgments as to procure decisions uniformly in favor of the states. But if, contrary to every legitimate inference from the known laws and principles of human action, they should remain disinterested and immovable in the midst of interests setting in one uniform direction, a vote of instruction would supply the inadequacy of interest and passion.

It has been alleged that the senates of particular states have been erected into courts of errors for the revision of judgments pronounced in the superior courts of those states, and that no inconvenience has grown out of the system. These cases have no analogy with the measure under review. The questions, with the decision of which those bodies are entrusted, are questions between individuals and corporations, and the members of the senate have no interest, in their collective capacity, between the parties. But the senate of the United States would be intrusted with the determination of questions between two authorities, being itself the representative of one of them. It is obvious that any inference from the operation of one of these judicial systems would be entirely inapplicable to the other.

We have seen that the senate of the United States, from the nature of its constitution, does not possess that independence which is the essential principle of all judicial authority. We

also seen that the questions proposed to be entrusted to that body are of a nature to render it subservient to one of the parties to every controversy which it would be required to decide. On these two grounds we hold the proposition of Governor Clinton to be indefensible. But to render the view of this subject entire, let us briefly examine the constitution and character of the national judiciary. This body is independent both of the national and state governments for the tenure of office, and for compensation. They are, therefore, above all influences of interest and authority. They have no powers to enlarge, nor will to execute, their office being confined exclusively to judgment. They have consequently no motive to excite, nor power to gratify, ambition. They have but one interest—reputation—an interest which can only be elevated and sustained by adhering inflexibly to established principles of law and government, and by applying to the cases arising within their jurisdiction, a wise and uniform course of decisions. They are selected on account of their legal knowledge acquired by long and laborious study, and of their general fitness for the business of judgment. A systematic course of usurpations is not to be apprehended from them, because they could not profit by such a course. The supposition that they would usurp for others, powers which they could not exercise themselves, furnishes ground, to say the least, only for a very remote apprehension. But the proposition of Governor Clinton supposes a disposition on their part to extend the powers of the federal government beyond their constitutional dimensions, in derogation of the rights of individual states. We do not see how this supposition is to be sustained: they are independent, both of the national and state governments, and we cannot discover in what manner they are exposed to influences in favor of either. Until some good cause is assigned for believing that there is danger of their encroaching upon the reservations of state sovereignty, we shall continue to think that the framers of the constitution of the United States have made the best possible provision, consistently with the imperfection of all human institutions, for a just distribution of powers between the different departments of the government.

In setting out with his proposition, Governor Clinton states, as a rule of natural justice, that no man should be a judge in his own cause, without perceiving that this rule is violated by the very measure which he recommends for the purpose of securing it. He proposes to transfer powers from a body (the national judiciary) which is, from the nature of its constitution, independent, to another body (the senate of the United States,

which is, from the nature of its constitution, dependent. If the views which we have taken be just, the former of these bodies would be entirely neutral on the questions between the national and state authorities, and the latter of these bodies would inevitably be under the control of one of the parties. By reverting to our reasonings under the extract which we have last quoted, it will be perceived that this proposition defeats itself by fancying in one body a principle of dependence where none exists, and by ascribing the independence necessary for judicial purposes to another body, which is exposed to all the influences attendant on local, political, and party divisions.

We cannot dismiss this subject without adverting to a final objection, which has an importance equal, if not superior, to any other which we have stated; we mean the effect which Governor Clinton's proposition would have to destroy the established divisions of authority, and to assemble powers of a different nature in the same hands. History has furnished so many fatal instances of this accumulation of powers as to invest the slightest approach towards it, in the view of a sagacious forecast, with the forms of solemn admonition. In almost every case, where free institutions have been subverted, tyranny has had its origin in the corruption and enlargement of legislative power. The faculty of judgment, when exercised singly, has led to no great abuses, even in the ill-organized governments of antiquity, except by generating individual cases of hardship and injustice, and by lending itself, in some instances, to the purposes of personal malevolence and revenge. Standing alone, it has no power under the conditions of our system, except to prevent the movement of other powers beyond their legitimate boundaries. Associated with another power, depending upon a different principle, it would be liable to partake the nature of the latter, and lose that character of singleness and purity upon the preservation of which its efficacy entirely depends. Impressed with the justness of these considerations, we shall be compelled to regard any transfer of the powers of the national judiciary to the senate of the United States, as tending to build up the powers of individual states, and to dissolve that central confederating principle which binds them together, and gives to the whole, without impairing the individuality of the component parts, the air and energy of a single empire.

Independently of the objections which we have stated, the message of Governor Clinton is a very able and valuable document. A vast amount of useful information is presented;

many of the practical subjects of public concern are pursued into their details, and topics involving abstract principles of philosophy and law are discussed with a spirit of liberality, and with evident traces of scientific research. It does credit to his character and attainments, and, as a picture of the domestic prosperity and greatness of New-York, we do not see how any citizen of the state, not excepting his opponents, can peruse it without feeling within him resistless movements of pride and gratification.

Governor Clinton is one of those who leave the impress of their character and actions upon the age in which they live. Few men have the power, independently of great personal merits, of subduing opposition, and of converting the popularity which they acquire to their own purposes of public or personal utility. Governor Clinton is not one of these: even with undisputed claims to the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, he could, perhaps, never have been called popular in the true spirit of the term. But his fame will be sure to follow him, and secure that public justice, which is not always rendered until the angry passions of party have passed away. We would not be understood to say or insinuate that the career of Governor Clinton has been faultless; but we should do him injustice by forbearing to say, that his eminent public services render it obligatory on the pride, if not on the justice of New-York, to give his administration a fair and honorable support. To this countenance he will establish a double claim, if, besides cherishing, as heretofore, the great interests of the state, he avails himself of his official patronage to heal party animosities, to annihilate all political distinctions except those which have their origin in principle, and to rally his fellow-citizens in support of those great schemes of domestic improvement which have elevated the character of New-York in the eyes of the nation, and the character of the nation in the eyes of the world.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. In four volumes. Boston. Published by Cummings, Hilliard & Co. 1824.

WE never comprehend half so distinctly the curious perils and delicate responsibilities of criticism, as when we venture to publish our opinions of the manner in which a poet or romancer has accomplished the task he has undertaken to perform. In discussing a moot point in political economy,—in examining a doctrine in morals or metaphysics,—in disputing pretended facts in history or science,—the critic must be greatly to blame if he does not support his objections with a reasonable share of success. In all matters within the pale and influence of argument, he who has truth and justice and reason on his side, need never despair of convincing, though he may not silence, his antagonist; for here, at least, there must exist in the mind of the most unreasonable disputant, some fundamental truth, some universal principle, some of the indisputable axioms of philosophy, to which appeals from the decisions of prejudice and passion may be made with some confidence in the result. But the case is quite different in disputes about the merits of any literary production of an imaginative character. If the critic is not pleased with some part of a poem or a novel, he has very little chance with the reader, and absolutely none with the author, of justifying his disapprobation or dislike. If he urges in defence of his opinion, a train of arguments deduced from example or authority, he is told that the doctrine of *stare decisis*, in literature at least, is growing fast into discredit and disgrace. The *argumentum ad modestiam* being thus summarily disposed of, the reviewer has two courses to pursue. He may (as some of the fraternity occasionally do) declare his sovereign approbation or displeasure, without deigning to assign the grounds of his opinion, or the rule of his decision; or else, he must support the sentence he has undertaken to pronounce, by virtue of such general principles of taste, as he may have reason to believe will be admitted as valid and authoritative by those with whose opinions he is at issue. But here is the difficulty. The very existence of such general principles of taste has been strenuously denied,—at least by those who apprehend the effects of their application. It is contended, that as the object of a poem, a picture, a temple, or a statue, is to administer to the imagination a pleasurable stimulus, and

to gratify the intellectual taste with a healthful and appropriate aliment; the question of success becomes a matter of sentiment, and is wholly excluded from the province of argumentative investigation. The author refuses to acknowledge the jurisdiction and authority of reason; and puts himself and his performance upon the common sense and common feelings of mankind. Now, we candidly confess, we never could distinctly understand what is meant by an appeal for a decision on the merits of an imaginative performance, from the judgment to the feelings,—from the head to the heart, as it is sometimes prettily denominated. Surely it cannot be pretended that the understanding can mislead the imagination into a false admiration of that which is not apt in design or beautiful in execution. Fancy would be laughed at for her folly and her falsehood, if she ventured to complain that she had been seduced and led astray by the wiles and the witcheries of grey-bearded Reason. All influence that argument may gain over sentiment is salutary and legitimate;—*salutary*, because utility is the very first object of the exercise of reason, and *legitimate*, as far as it is salutary. If this be admitted, the champion of the sovereignty of sentiment is reduced to the necessity of maintaining, that argument has, in fact, no influence whatever over taste; that the works of the artist can never (in the language of the German metaphysicians) be *objective* to the understanding; that he who is once pleased with a landscape, an opera, or an ode, will continue to be pleased through all possible modifications, mutations and improvements of the faculties of reasoning whatsoever; and that what is once repelled by the imagination can never be regarded with complacency again, unless some *accident*, beyond the influence of reason, remove the antipathy by acting on the organic sensibilities of the percipient. If this were true, it must be admitted that nothing would be more preposterous than criticism on the works of the imitative artist. It would be as idle to discuss the merits of an epic poem, as to dispute about the fragrance of a flower or the flavor of a sauce. All conversation on subjects of imaginative gratification would be confined to the mere expression of the quantity of pleasure appreciated by the taste of the *amateurs*. The only question on every such occasion would be, "how do you like it?" and the only answers, "very much," "so so," or "not at all." There would be an end of all remark; for it is plain that every thing beyond the mere avowal of the degree of satisfaction which an object in the fine arts has communicated, is criticism to all intents and purposes, whether it be uttered by the lips or set

up by the compositor; whether it be announced at a supper table, or put forth in a Monthly Magazine.

The fact is, however, we believe, that the doctrine that no reasons need be given for liking or disliking, is now maintained by those only who have none at all to give; and who, therefore, would be glad to enjoy the prerogatives of an irresponsible opinion. Such men are, nevertheless, particularly unwilling to acknowledge their total ignorance of the general principles they affect to undervalue, and seek to hide their incapacity to discriminate judiciously, beneath the jargon of unintelligible rhapsody. Accordingly, we find that no men are more dogmatical and absolute in the utterance of their opinions than your sticklers for the infallibility of sentiment. In this respect they very much resemble those Mystics in morals and religion, who pretend to reject, in the investigation of their duties, the authority of reason, and exclusively rely on the *unassisted* suggestions of what they term, by a convenient figure of speech, *the inward sense*. And both may not unaptly be compared to those practical philosophers who are sometimes heard gravely maintaining, that in the business of real life, *first thoughts* are always best; that caution and deliberation only serve to confound and bewilder; that prudence is imprudence, and timidity temerity; and that, in short, the safest policy is ever to reverse the old adage, to speak before you think, and leap before you look.

The profession of these doctrines is at times exceedingly convenient, as well in literature as religion. They enable the adventurous to shake off the ignoble fetters which the understanding is obstinately endeavoring to impose upon the fancy, and relieve the indolent from the intolerable toil of exercising that most tiresome and vexatious of our faculties, the faculty of reason. Accordingly, it happens that the system of these Antinomians in literature is gaining ground and making proselytes. Many, if not most of that very respectable brotherhood who have chosen to take their seats upon the critical woolsack, have adopted the tenets of the *raving* school of criticism, and deliver their oracular ejaculations with all the reckless vehemence of a Pythia's inspiration. Hear, for instance, one of these Fanatics, when speaking of a poem, of which the following are given by the critic himself, as favorable specimens:

" The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled and roared and howled,
Like noises in a sround !

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!"

And again :

"All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
And not a drop to drink!"

"To our *feeling*," says the Reviewer *seriously*, "this poem is by far the most wonderful, the most original, and the most touching of all the productions of its author. From it alone, we are inclined to think, an idea of the whole poetical genius of Mr. Coleridge might be gathered, such as could scarcely receive any very important addition, either of extent or of distinctness, from a perusal of the whole of his other works. To speak of it at all is extremely difficult; above all the poems with which we are acquainted in any language—it is a poem to be felt—cherished—mused upon—not to be talked about—not capable of being described—analyzed—or criticized. It is the wildest of all the creations of genius—it is not like a thing of the living, listening, moving world—the very music of its words is like the melancholy mysterious breath of something sung to the sleeping ear—its images have the beauty—the grandeur—the incoherence of some mighty vision. The loveliness and the terror glide before us in turns—with, at one moment, the awful shadowy dimness—at another, the yet more awful distinctness of a majestic dream."^{*}

All this is certainly very excellent mystery, very magnificent nonsense, and very worthy of the delectable "Rime" it attempts to immortalize. But the reviewer, fearfully apprehensive of the taint of meaning, and shunning with religious horror all possible imputation of intelligibleness, bids adieu to the upper world of reason and reality, and plunges thus to the lowest depths of the beautiful obscure.

"The whole essence of Mr. Coleridge's poetry is more akin to music than that of any other poetry we have ever met with. Speaking generally, his poetry is not the poetry of high imagination—nor of teeming fancy—nor of overflowing sentiment—least of all, is it the poetry of intense or overmastering passion.—*If there be such a thing as poetry of the senses strung to imagination—such is his. It lies in the senses, but they are senses breathed upon by imagination—having reference to the imagination, though they do not reach to it—having a sympathy, not a union, with the imagination—like the beauty of flowers.* In Milton there is between sense and

* See Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, No. XXXI.

imagination a strict union—their actions are blended into one. *In Coleridge, what is borrowed from imagination or affection is brought to sense—sense is his sphere. In him the pulses of sense seem to die away in sense.* The emotions in which he deals—even the love in which he deals—can scarcely be said to belong to the class of what are properly called passions. The love he describes the best is a *romantic and spiritual movement of wonder, blended and exalted with an ineffable suffusion of the powers of sense.* There is more of aerial romance, than of genuine tenderness, even in the peerless love of his Genevieve. Her silent emotions are an unknown world which her minstrel watches with fear and hope—and yet there is exquisite propriety in calling that poem *Love*, for it truly represents the essence of that passion—where the power acquired over the human soul depends so much upon the awakening, for a time, of the idea of infinitude, and *the bathing of the universal spirit in one interminable sea of thoughts undefinable!!!*

Such are the glorious results of the raving school of criticism, the followers of which, to our minds, are infinitely more lunatic than those of the raving school of poetry. When the bard takes his seat beside the sacred cave of Delphi, we look upon his most intemperate paroxysms with pity or indulgence, and listen to his better modulated ecstasies and more methodical outpourings with wonder and delight. But when the critic mounts the tripod of Apollo, we are scandalized at his hypocrisy, amazed at his audacity, and shocked at his extravagance.

The fact is, that common sense, conscience, and taste, are in all cases determined by a system of associations, which reason and argument, in some form or other, may frequently and easily control. As common sense is the sum of those general principles of prudence and propriety which every man acquires from his intercourse with men; and as conscience is the sum of those moral sentiments which every man imbibes from the influence of authority and the admonitions of experience; so is taste the aggregate amount of those agreeable or disagreeable emotions which objects that move the imagination are calculated to produce by virtue of associations, depending themselves upon resemblances determined by circumstances, discovered and declared by the curious researches, and perpetually augmented by the various opinions and increasing knowledge of mankind.

But this very variety of knowledge and diversity of circumstance create, of necessity, in the minds of different individuals, a corresponding difference in those associated trains of ideas of emotion (to use the accurate language of Alison) on which the pleasures of imagination essentially depend. It is from the existence of this difference that the science of criticism is derived; for this difference induces a necessity of

studying the most *prevalent* and most *permanent* associations in the circle of the art, whose principles philosophy may lead us to investigate, or whose powers our profession or our interest may oblige us to consult.

To these considerations we have been led, not by the pretensions of the great Apostles of the Protestant school of poetry, (for they, as every body knows, have attempted to build up a system *raisonné* of poetical psychology;) but by the vague and fanciful speculations of some of their adherents, and the violent, pertinacious and indiscriminate admiration of many of their partisans and imitators. Wordsworth, the great champion, if not the founder of the Lake School, did not venture to attempt the grand work of reformation without a definite avowal and elaborate defence of the new doctrines he had undertaken to promulgate. In the preface to the second edition of his *Lyrical Ballads*, published, we believe, in 1800, he endeavors to explain and illustrate the new theory of poetry, which he candidly confesses must derive its exclusive support from the force and validity of the *reasons* he employs in its behalf. The ballads, as every body knows, enjoyed a very great, though temporary popularity; a popularity, however, arising not from the efficacy of the system by which they professed to be constructed, but growing out of merits independent altogether of the characterizing tenets of the author. Their success, we are inclined to believe, may be mainly ascribed to the goodness, the gentleness, and generosity of purpose which, even in the meanest of them all, was conspicuous and predominant. Their grossness, their childishness and their vanity,—the genuine results of the leading maxim of the school,—were forgiven, and not unfrequently forgotten, in the contemplation of their unquestionable kindness of intention, justness of conception and occasional propriety and prettiness of diction; qualities estimable doubtless, and perhaps not sufficiently required or recommended; but no way, most assuredly, determining the legitimacy of poetical pretensions, nor by any means (and this is more to our purpose) exclusively or of necessity confined to the low-life school of poetry. In short, the lyrical ballads appear to have succeeded, (if the qualified and temporary approbation of their readers can be said with any justice, to constitute success,) in *spite* of the false philosophy to which the imitators of their author, at the time of their popularity, attributed the favor and distinction they seemed destined to enjoy. In 1807, Mr. Wordsworth, regarding this general approbation as indisputable evidence not only of the triumph, but

of the truth of his poetical philosophy, again presented to the public two volumes of "Poems," in which the author seems to have determined to put the merits of his theory to a severe and unobjectionable test. The poems were constructed with a careful and perpetual reference to the rules he had adopted and so strongly recommended, as the genuine ordinances of the art. With very few exceptions, the subjects were selected from the incidents or attributes of humble life; the *nuclei* of most of his associations were objects taken from the kitchen-garden or the cottage, 'daisies,' 'butterflies,' 'drab cloaks and cloaks of duffil grey,' 'leech-catchers,' 'spades,' 'sparrows' eggs,' 'strawberry-blossoms,' 'tabby-cats,' and 'wash-tubs;' the language was kept down to a sympathetic degradation and due correspondence with the thoughts, and every thing, in short, was as household and domestic as the most extravagant admirer of low-life could desire. And what was the result? A most conclusive refutation of the high pretensions of the Cumberlanders. The friends of a more liberal and general exercise of the imagination than the rustic school admitted, were now thoroughly convinced of the ridiculous inefficiency of the plan, and were shocked at the ineffable absurdity of limiting the province of the poet to the humble occupation of inditing beggar-ballads and daffodilly-ditties; while the Lakers, discomfited and disheartened at the failure of their leader's great experiment, drew off their forces in confusion and dismay.

The next operation of the Master was an admirable stroke of policy, to which he owed, as we have almost thought, his poetical salvation. The disappointment of his last anticipations shook his confidence in the infallible efficacy of his method, and led him naturally to speculate upon the real causes of his past success. In the course of these wholesome meditations, it seems to have occurred to him to think that the popularity of his lyrical ballads might be owing quite as much to 'Tintern Abbey,' 'The Old Cumberland Beggar,' 'The Boy,' or 'The Brothers,' as to 'Betty Foy' or 'Simon Lee,' or 'Goody Blake and Harry Gill.' How indeed he could remain for ten long years without suspecting this before, is to us absolutely inconceivable. The former are as exquisite specimens of melodious versification, beautiful imagery, and noble thoughts, as the whole circle of English literature can afford; while the latter are not exceeded in meanness and inanity by the veriest doggerel that ever was heard within the precincts of the nursery. This singular partiality for the silliest of his effusions can partly be accounted for, no doubt, by referring

it to a natural and very excusable parental fondness for what had cost many throes and pangs in the delivery, and many cares and anxieties in the bringing up, just as we see affectionate and tender-hearted mothers (Betty Foy herself is an admirable example,) fondle their 'idiot boys' with the tenderest concern, and contemplate with the proudest satisfaction, the most sickly and unsightly of their progeny.

Nevertheless, the unfavorable reception of the "Poems," the manifest disappointment felt by all his unpretended friends, the triumphant outcries of his literary enemies, and more than all, (for nothing, we are convinced, could more have mortified the Master,) the vulgar, weak and clamorous defence set up by some of the ultra-methodistical disciples of the school,—all conspired to raise in his mind most serious doubts of the reality of the anticipated energies of the new system, and to urge him to break through the paltry fetters which, from a fond aspiring after a worthless originality, he had foolishly imposed upon his own young, healthy and vigorous imagination. He was doubtless driven from the last hope of establishing his favorite hierophancy, by the rude and inconsiderate interference of his proselytes, and still more by their lawless and dogmatical fanaticism. Wordsworth (to his credit be it spoken,) never countenanced that arrogant disdain of the prerogatives of reason which some of his rash Neophytes affected to entertain. He never sought to bolster up his theory by blustering and dogmatizing, by denouncing the unbelievers in his creed as men of sordid hearts and cold imaginations; nor did he hope to propagate the faith he preached, by hypocritical pretensions to celestial missions, mystic ecstasies, and evangelical affatusses. What he taught, that he believed, and believed too after a patient investigation of the grounds of his belief. But we are wandering from our subject.

The unpopularity of the "Poems," as we have already observed, gave reason to Mr. Wordsworth to apprehend, that the thoughts and language of low life were not *exclusively* required for the purposes of poetry; or rather, that the minds of men were not sufficiently refined, nor their tastes sufficiently regenerated to appreciate and comprehend 'the elementary feelings and philosophical language' of leach-gatherers and washer-women. But his theory, in the main, Mr. Wordsworth still believed to be a true one, and he felt "an assurance, more or less authentic, that the products of his industry would endure." In the mean time, nevertheless, it was tedious waiting for the slow approach of fame; and accor-

dingly, the poet had recourse to the manœuvre to which we have alluded as the cause of the redemption of his name from the oblivion that otherwise awaited him. This consisted in a virtual abandonment of the pernicious practice into which the doctrine of the all-sufficiency of rustic incident, imagery and expression, had hitherto so needlessly betrayed him, and a return to the fine Miltonic language and construction of his earlier blank verse; at the same time that the form and the externals of the system was preserved by *calling* the persons of his drama, pedlars, peasants, cottagers and herdsmen. We are not sure that we are just, when we call this a *manœuvre*. It is possible, though scarcely probable, that Wordsworth was not aware, that instead of the 'Excursion' being a poem of rural life and rustic incident, the truth is, that it is very difficult to imagine any thing more remote from the conduct and conversation of humble life than the language and deportment of the personages introduced. If he was aware of this, he was unquestionably bound in common candor, to acknowledge the incompetency of the system he had endeavored to establish. And surely it required no great forbearance or humility, to accept, in lieu of the renown of having founded the Wordsworthian school of poetry, the incalculably greater honor of having shown himself most worthy of a place by the right hand of his great preceptor, MILTON; an honor which is fairly worth the glory of surpassing any of the far-distanced competitors of that immortal bard.

If Wordsworth had not been seduced by the vain hope of revolutionizing the established tastes and opinions of mankind; if he had studied better the extensive and unnumbered uses, purposes, appliances and influences of the "faculty divine;" if he had reflected that the object of *his* poetry was but one of the infinite variety of ends to which the art may be applied; he would have quietly and unresistedly obtained the honors which now must be deferred to a distant generation, and which even then will not be given to him with general assent, until the follies of his youthful aspirations are forgotten, and the childish and fantastic singularities which now deform to profanation, the pure, beautiful and lovely features of that Nature which he has given to our eyes to look upon unveiled, are removed from the notice, and effaced from the memory of man.*

* There is good reason to believe, that the original intention of Wordsworth was to *extend* (and not to *limit*) the domain of poetry to the incidents and language of the lower orders of society. "It might appear," says Mr. Coleridge, "from some passages in the former part of Mr.

Much of the noisy controversy that grew out of Mr. Wordsworth's proposition to confine the business of the poet to the portraiture of the relations of low life, may be ascribed to the arbitrary, and sometimes fanciful definitions of the words—imagination, taste, and poetry, assumed by the various disputants to support their various systems. While Mr. Wordsworth insisted that true poetry regarded only the elementary feelings and simple emotions of our nature, such particularly as are found in humble life, others maintained, in a spirit equally exclusive, that the passions and affections, such as they have become by the refinement of the educated classes, are the proper objects of poetical contemplation. A similar effort was made to limit the sense of the terms Taste and Imagination, within the bounds which the respective theories established around the power and the province of the poet. Surely there cannot be a more useless, more unpromising, and more unmanageable controversy than this. Why should the attributes and influences of poetry be confined by any limits than the boundaries of that part of the imagination which takes cognizance of *all* associations in which *any* of the affections or emotions of our nature are concerned? Why should poetry be confined to religious pastorals and devotional georgics on the one hand, or polished satire, chivalrous sentiment, or dramatic dignity on the other? It is idle to allege, in justification of the former limitation, that the modes

Wordsworth's preface, that he meant to confine his theory of style, and the necessity of a close accordance with the actual language of men, to those particular subjects from low and rustic life, which by way of experiment, he had purposed to naturalize, as a new species, in our English poetry. But from the train of argument that follows; from the reference to Milton; and from the spirit of his critique on Gray's sonnet, those sentences appear to have been rather courtesies of modesty than actual limitations of his system. Yet so groundless does this system appear on a close examination; and so strange and overwhelming in its consequences, that I cannot, and do not, believe that the poet did ever himself adopt it in the unqualified sense in which his expressions have been understood by others, and which indeed, according to all the common laws of interpretation, they seem to bear. What then did he mean? I apprehend, that in the clear perception, not unaccompanied with disgust or contempt, of the gaudy affectations of a style which passed too current with too many for poetic diction, (though, in truth, it had as little pretensions to poetry as to logic or common sense.) he narrowed his view for the time, and feeling a justifiable preference for the language of nature and of good sense, even in its humblest and least ornamental forms, he suffered himself to express, in terms at once too large and too exclusive, his predilection for a style the most remote possible from the false and showy splendor which he wished to explode. *It is possible that this predilection, at first merely comparative, deviated for a time into direct partiality.*"—Coleridge's *Bibliographia Literaria*.

and manners of rustic life are more general and abiding than any other, and therefore warrant an exclusive claim to the consideration of the poet. As well might it be contended, that as agriculture is the principal and essential occupation of the great plurality of mankind, prose ought therefore to be restricted to the discussions of those subjects in which the husbandman is interested or concerned. Such a proposition would be a monstrous and a palpable absurdity ; yet no more a one, we think, than the attempt to turn the undivided industry and energy of poetry towards the study of the " incidents and situations of low and rural life."

Among the proselytes of Mr. Wordsworth, there are some who thought it prudent to acknowledge that ethical eclogues were not the *only* legitimate objects of the poet's consideration ; but they insisted that these, at least, could boast the high distinction of being acceptable to all classes of readers capable of the enjoyment which true poetry administers. Now, we are not of those who believe in the existence of any such species of poetry as is adapted to all tastes, and adjusted to all capacities. We think, that as the taste of every man depends upon the associations which are liable to be excited in his individual case, and, that as these associations are variously determined by a multitude of circumstances impossible to enumerate, and difficult to control ; so tastes must necessarily differ, as long as differences exist in the conditions of mankind ; that is, we conceive, as long as man himself continues to exist. We hold, with Alison, (and the doctrine, we opine, is not very original or profound,) that the poetical productions which all men peculiarly admire are those which suit that peculiar strain of emotion, to which, from their original constitution, or peculiar habits of feeling, they are most strongly predisposed.*

Of the two systems, however—that which excludes "low and rural life and common language," and that which excludes every thing else, we cannot help thinking that the latter is vastly the more narrow and preposterous. There is some

* "The ardent and gallant mind sickens at the insipidity of pastoral, and the languor of elegiac poetry, and delights only in the great interests of the tragic and the epic muse. The tender and romantic peruse with indifference the *Iliad* and *Paradise Lost*, and return with gladness to those favorite compositions which are descriptive of the joys or sorrows of love. The gay and the frivolous, on the contrary, alike insensible to the sentiments of tenderness or magnanimity, find their delight in that cold but lively style of poetry, which has been produced by the gallantry of modern times, and which, in its principal features, is so strongly characteristic of the passion itself."—*Alison's Essays on the Principles of Taste*.

appearance of propriety, (to say no more) in the canon which proscribes the introduction of mean and vulgar images or incidents; but nothing can be more absurd than the endeavor to deny to poetry the privilege of employing for her purposes, the thoughts and sentiments of elevated life,—the interests and changes incident to lofty station, generous enterprise, and wide dominion,—the peculiar shades of passion and endless modifications of affections, developed by the innumerable relations subsisting between the different orders of a civilized community. It would, indeed, be scarcely worth the trouble to point out the fallacy of this doctrine; nor would we have so long insisted on this matter, if the rustic system had not still its advocates, who would not hesitate to declare that the various chance and doubtful end of “ladye-love and war”—the pride of courts and pomps of chivalry,—the fears of tyrants and the faith of martyrs,—“the royal banner and the plumed troop,”—the steed, the trump, the tourney, and the tented field—that none of these are worthy of the song of the true bard. Surely Mr. Wordsworth’s friends ought, long since, to have perceived that his fame rests on a foundation incalculably sounder and more lasting than the theory which the poet and his followers endeavor to sustain. Jeffrey was never more mistaken in his life than when he said that “the ‘Excursion’ must be recommended by the system, and could only expect to succeed where that had been established.”

It is curious to see how far prejudice will sometimes blind the eyes of the most acute. The ‘Excursion,’ shortly after its publication, was reviewed by Jeffrey, who, in spite of his frequent disingenuousness, is unquestionably the ablest critic of the age. It is difficult to conceive how a writer, whose essays give perpetual demonstration of the finest taste and soundest judgment,* could have allowed his pride and his resentment so far to overcome him, as to close his eyes to the

* We are sorry to see a very respectable writer (vide United States Literary Gazette, No. xvi.) speak in depreciating terms of the talents of Mr. Jeffrey, for it always hurts a good cause, unduly to undervalue the acknowledged powers of a literary adversary. We are surprised, too, to hear the author of this article speak of *Jeffrey’s* assault upon Lord Byron. That Jeffrey did not write the critique on “The Hours of Idleness,” we thought was perfectly well known. If it be said, that he was responsible, as the principal editor of the Review, we have only to reply, that the volume reviewed is generally admitted to be utterly destitute of merit; and we cannot see how, from such a very unpromising specimen, a reviewer could be bound to anticipate that sudden and unexpected development of Lord Byron’s talent, which afterwards took place, and which, in part, may be ascribed to the wholesome severity of the discipline he underwent.

extraordinary beauty of the greater part of the 'Excursion.' Yet so it was, and the circumstance may perhaps be, in some measure, accounted for, by supposing that the reviewer was betrayed into a tone of unconscious reprehension by the *apparent* pertinacity of Mr. Wordsworth, and the seeming repetition of some of his old offences. It is still a matter of surprise, that Mr. Jeffrey did not perceive that the introduction of the old machinery of waggoners and pedlars was a mere apology for not abandoning the theory altogether, and did not in the least affect the character or value of the work. This mere show of vulgar life, however, operated on the temper of the critic, like the flag of the *bandalero* on the rage of the Spanish bull. Jeffrey rushed upon the humble calling of the hero of the fable (the mere cloak, as we may say, of the *Excursion*) with wild and reckless fury, goring it and rending it, it cannot be denied, with magnificent ferocity; but leaving himself exposed, by this imprudence, to the assaults of the *picadores*, who stood ready to take advantage of his careless and uncalculating rage.

The 'Excursion' (we are sorry that our limits will prevent an analysis of the poem for the present) contains within its compass more true and manly poetry, more beautiful embodying of pure and noble thoughts, more definite revealing of the secret influences which so wonderfully sway our complicated being, than can be found in almost any other poem published since the great English Epic was given to the world. Most sincerely and most painfully do we regret that an obstinate and petulant adherence to the mere form and shadow of a theory, utterly unworthy of the noble mind of Wordsworth, still desecrates, by its intrusion, the sacred structure he has reared for immortality. It is a marvel and a mystery indeed, that the architect of an abode that might be rendered singularly fit for the dwelling place of wedded Poetry and Virtue, can endure to look upon the profanation of his goodly work, to see (and all for the sake of the poor honor of a puerile persistency,) its dignity degraded, its integrity impaired, its chastity polluted, and (we had almost said) its usefulness destroyed.

Yet nothing can be easier than the removal of this blot. The change of the word Pedlar as often as it occurs, (we believe it occurs but once,) to any other of the appellations of the old man, the Itinerant, the Traveller, the Wanderer, or the Solitary,—the erasure of some half a dozen lines, and the alteration of as many more,—would obviate the very reasonable complaint of those in whose minds the name of Pedlar is in-

separably associated with 'base uses' and vulgar recollections.

In 1815, Wordsworth published the "White Doe of Rylstone; or the Fate of the Nortons." This beautiful poem was most absurdly mis-reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review*, and damned with praise unaccountably faint in the *Quarterly*. It is to be particularly observed, that scarcely a trace of the author's system is visible in the "White Doe;" which seems, indeed, to have been written by an enemy of the system, not as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* strangely insinuates, to make it ridiculous by caricaturing its faults, but in order to show the folly of its limitations, by producing a beautiful poem constructed on the very principles to which that system was diametrically opposed, and which, indeed, it emphatically reprobated and denounced.

The story is briefly this: In the twelfth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a "Rising of the North" took place, which terminated in the ruin of the rebels. Among these was Richard Norton of Rylstone, a gentleman of large fortune, who, in spite of the remonstrances of his eldest son Francis, joins the insurgent cause, and is followed by his nine sons; Richard, the second son, bearing a banner embroidered for the purpose by his sister Emily, and Francis following unarmed and naked, with 'bare breast and empty hand,' and full of dark presentiments of their fate. His fears are realized. His father and brothers are made prisoners and led forth to execution. Before his death, old Norton had charged his son to regain the banner; to 'bear it to Bolton Priory and lay it on St. Mary's shrine.' Francis succeeds in recovering the banner, but is overtaken near the Priory and slain. Rylstone's halls are desolated, and the orphaned Emily wanders from place to place, attended by a beautiful white doe which long had been a favorite in the family. Emily dies, and is buried in Rylstone church-yard, and the doe continues, for a long time after her death, to visit the grave of her mistress, to whom she had ever been so tenderly attached.

None of these incidents, it is plain, are taken from low life, and none of them, assuredly, are the worse adapted to the purposes of poetry. The language, as well as the events, is strictly poetical, and cannot be considered as the language of prose on any principle whatever. This entire departure on the part of Mr. Wordsworth from the ground he had originally taken and had so long maintained, might have satisfied the critics; but they had censured too severely to retract. The 'White Doe' was pronounced to be "the very worst poem

for the supply of her wants and the protection of her person; for the gratification of her affections and the employment of her understanding; for the solace of her afflictions, and the appropriation of all her active powers. It is the great provision for the equal honor and dignity of woman, and primarily constitutes the basis of all moral excellence, all political security, and all rational dignity among the whole species.

Look at the history of those states where the marriage of one man and one woman consecrates the mutual affections and duties of two individuals, devotes them to the same love and the same fortunes, appoints to them the same interests and the same objects of attachment, leads them hand in hand through this world, and points to them the same eternal rest, sets before them the same motives for their conduct, and the same God for their father—which makes the virtue of each an honor to the other, and the want of that virtue in one an implied reproach even to the meritorious party. Look upon society, any where among civilized men, built upon this foundation, and compare it with the state of those people whose religion, laws, and customs, concur to degrade female character. There are countries whose religion would exclude women from heaven itself, and deny to them the existence of their own souls, and whose public sentiment and customs, without moral selection, without respect, and without mutual confidence, appropriate large numbers promiscuously to the appetite and will of a single man. What is the character and condition of such a people—what are their political virtues, their social pleasures, the state of their knowledge, the education of their children, their habitual conversation, and their prospects and hopes in another life?

In such countries, might is right, and political power is established and maintained by the sword—a high-handed despotism subjugates the reason and the free will of the class of slaves, without enlightening or elevating the class of tyrants, and the corruption that results from abuse of power debases and brutalizes both. Social pleasures, so far as admiration and esteem enter into them, or domestic intercourse refines and heightens them, cannot be found among such people. Pleasure among them must be resolved into the love of excitement estranged from all sentiment, from all calm of reflection, and all approbation of conscience. Such pleasure consists of sensations which in their action and re-action vacillate from frenzy to palsy, and subside to gloom and dreariness of soul. What can be the state of knowledge where the infant is never fed with truth and wisdom, where the first

wants of the soul are not supplied from the very fountain whence the life blood first flowed, where the demands of the mind create for it no gratifications, and no provided gratifications solicit demand? The answer is in the fact,—as a man soweth so shall he reap. Where no elements of truth and wisdom are wrought into the character, all that is adverse in the passions, appetites, and natural blindness of man, will overrun and extirpate his better qualities, and make a whole community, thus formed, as truly miserable as it must be degraded and unworthy. Children cannot be taught to be wise and good by parents who never loved one another. It is an implied instruction of all civilized and christian parents.—The will and example of thy father, the care and conversation of thy mother, are equally good for correction and reproof, and both are designed to guard thee from all evil, and lead thee to all happiness. But where the force of love is wanting, where no blended virtues give effect to example, and no equal helps from equal minds rear weak and ignorant infancy to the manhood and strength of knowledge and practical goodness, no character can be formed in the stronger sex but that of physical power, which is not spiritually but carnally minded, and none in woman but imbecility and frivolity, which reduce her to the rank of an insect that sparkles for one day in the lustre of summer, but spends the rest of its existence in obscurity and gloom.

Dr. Johnson, in *Rasselas*, has given a good representation of the state of the female mind in countries where polygamy prevails. How far it agrees with actual report we are not curious to inquire. It is in such a tone of rational probability, that it serves admirably to illustrate the inquiry—What is the habitual course of female conversation in that condition of the sex under consideration? “The diversions of the women were only childish play, by which the mind accustomed to stronger operations could not be kept busy. They ran from room to room, as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They danced for the sake of motion, as lambs frisk in a meadow. One sometimes pretended to be hurt, that the rest might be alarmed; or hid herself, that another might seek her. Part of their time passed in watching light bodies that floated on the river, and part in marking the various forms into which the clouds broke in the sky. Nor was much satisfaction to be hoped from their conversation: for of what could they be expected to talk? They had seen nothing; for they had lived from early youth in that narrow spot. Of what they had not seen they could have no knowledge, for

they could not read. They had no ideas but of the few things that were within their view, and had hardly names for any thing but their food and their clothes.—They do not want that unassuming and ignoble beauty which may subsist without sprightliness or sublimity, without energy of thought or dignity of virtue.

“But to a man like the Arab, (the individual to whom these women appertained,) such beauty was only a flower casually plucked and carelessly thrown away. Whatever pleasures he might find among them, they were not those of friendship or society. When they were playing about him, he looked on them with an inattentive superiority: when they vied for his regard, he sometimes turned away disgusted. As they had no knowledge, their talk could take nothing from the tediousness of life: as they had no choice, their fondness, or appearance of fondness, excited in him neither pride nor gratitude; he was not exalted in his own esteem by the smiles of a woman who saw no other man, nor was much obliged by that regard, of which he could never know the sincerity, and which he might often perceive to be exerted, not so much to delight him as to pain a rival. That which he gave, and they received, as love, was only a careless distribution of superfluous time, such love as man can bestow upon that which he despises, such as has neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow.”

Concerning the religion of these poor creatures there is small room for speculation. They may, like Pope's Indian, “see God in clouds and hear him in the winds,” but he never addresses himself to them in the gracious words of Him who was the friend of Mary and her sister Martha, who forgave the mourner that loved much, and who comforted her that watched by his tomb, saying, “Woman, why weepest thou?” He has never ascended up before the eyes of their faith, never opened for them the gates of Paradise, never called to them made dull of hearing, to become partakers with the saints in light, and to await the day when all nations, kindreds, and tongues, from the east and from the west, shall sit down under the reign of his righteousness. And the religion of the men can be no more enlightening and purifying than that of the women. It may suggest some duties, may teach temperance and honesty, may cherish a blind devotion, but if it teaches a perfect misconception of the true nature of one half of the human race, if it excludes the better influences of all the natural virtues and natural intelligence of women, it circumscribes so much the sympathies and reciprocated plea-

asures of life, as to leave but a small share of comparatively low and imperfect gratifications to form the amount of worldly happiness, and by losing sight of that revelation which inspires christian hope, it must give to eternal life the character of mortal existence, and make heaven itself a state, earthly, sensual, and animal.

These are the beings who have no just conception of what women are and of what is due to them. From whence is it that true notions of female character are derived, from whom comes the acknowledgment that they are children of one father in common with men, that they are worthy of the same moral honor, sharers in the same hopes, and partakers of the same heavenly inheritance? The acknowledgment of their natural claims may be found among all highly gifted men of all times and countries. Of Hebrew, Greek, and Roman women it is well known what the few among them were, and the many were not. There was a considerable number among the Greeks and Romans who added the finest accomplishments to the most admirable genius, and who inspired the respect and enthusiastic affections that great and highly cultivated minds among one sex always must command from equally endowed minds in the other; but this number was only sufficiently large to show what proper estimation, suitable education, and liberty of thought could effect in that very race of beings whom general prejudice, neglect, and absurd modes of life, condemned to a "loveless, joyless, unendeared" existence—loveless, joyless, and unendeared because no just value can be attached to our lives when others attach no genuine value to us, when our undeveloped faculties rust in us unused, and when the inspiration of God has given us understanding that is artificially debased almost to the state of brutes that perish. To nature and to reason we may indeed look for the suggestion and the proof of the true elevation of the female sex, but, as truth and justice when appealed to in the human breast, seem in need of other helps than our natural love for them; that gracious authority which uniformly agrees with truth and justice, and which is the very oracle and interpreter of both—the divine religion of Christ, explains all that might be doubtful, and settles all that was undetermined in respect to the relative excellence of man and woman. It makes no difference between them; it gives to both all the liberties of wisdom and virtue, and it grounds their mutual confidence and admiration upon faculties of large discourse, and virtues of equal self-denial, equal devotedness, and equal efficacy, according to their proper application and by permitting an in-

terchange of all intelligence and all useful knowledge, of all tenderness and all good offices, it points out and secures the happiness of both. It is under the influence of christianity that public opinion, as well as private feeling, has diffused through civilized society, sentiments and conduct towards women which have, for the most part, made them as dignified and respectable as they can be—at least has put them upon a moral footing as elevated as that of the men in the same classes of society. Wives, mothers, daughters and female friends are respectively, objects of love, veneration, careful solicitude and generous fidelity; and these various feelings are apportioned upon the same principles, and by the same discerning preference that determine virtuous men to honor one another's virtues, and cherish one another's happiness. In respect to mere friendship between persons of different sexes, there may be some imprudence and danger in very early life; but in the maturity of the understanding, great enjoyment and exquisite propriety connect, very delightfully together, the interests and pleasures of minds formed by different influences of sex. The opportunities and sympathies of females, limited to few duties and a small sphere of observation, tend of themselves to produce a recurrence of the same ideas, to confine their curiosity, originally as importunate and almost as discursive as that of men, to pursuits and inquiries of small importance, and instead of aiding their progressive intelligence and natural charities, to narrow their understandings and deaden their sensibility. But this remark applies to women under peculiar circumstances, to the sedentary, the solitary, and the uncultivated.

When the female mind derives superadded intelligence from the other sex, when the genius of man blends its effulgence with the softer lustre of feminine imagination, when the higher responsibilities, the loftier aims, the more effective activity of man, are made intelligible to woman by the intimate confidence of a sincere friendship, the character and the intellect of each is modified and improved by the other. No jealousy or rivalry can exist between them. Man has the great cause of truth, of honor, and of national glory to support; these noble ideas inspire his thoughts and feelings, they give life to his efforts and power to his motives; and these ideas perfectly explained by him whose principles and actions they govern, make man to woman, the illustration of all her moral sentiments; and she can behold in his active powers the only means to attain all, in relation to human beings, which she can conceive, of what is elevated in purpose, sublime in genius, and

perfect in beneficent effect. That woman can comprehend all which is excellent in the nature of man, that she can devote herself, by a humble instrumentality, to the same interests of society, that she is equally formed after the first perfect and first fair, that by her situation she is less exposed to denilement of "the inward part," and more tenaciously and incorruptibly retains the "divine property of her first being," makes her, to an elevated mind of the other sex, the dearest, the sweetest, the safest, and most trust-worthy of human friends; and as affinity is not resemblance, but attraction, fitness, and combination, so minds thus constituted, from their difference produce harmony, and mutually animate, sustain, encourage, and console each other.

There is nothing in literary history more beautiful than the attachments of this character, that have existed among men and women of exalted intellect.—Such as the friendship of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, or perhaps with more exact accord, Cowper and Lady Austin, Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, Johnson and Anna Williams, Pope and Martha Blount. Whatever may be said of any of these ladies, of their want of personal attraction, or of elevated powers and motives, the fact will not be disputed that *each* of them, (perhaps Mrs. Blount is an exception,) respectively, felt all that was exalted in the character of the individual to whom she was devoted, and that each, in her turn, was the object of sentiments suitable to him by whom they were cherished.

It is in the character which deserves the highest esteem, which enjoys and confers the highest happiness, that we love to regard the female sex. Are women all that they ought to be, considering their means and capabilities? Are men, distinctly considered, all that they ought to be? No, the millennium is not seen even in prospect; it is still a prophecy rather than an anticipation. But if rational religion and sound philosophy concur to point out the probability that human society is constantly tending to a better condition, then it is well to facilitate and accelerate the moral progress of mankind; and while orators are raising their voices, and opulence is pouring out its treasures, in order to forward the great march of mind, and the general melioration of character, it would be well to inquire by what universal means this work is best to be aided.

Societies, whether they collect and distribute cents or dollars; whether they disseminate tracts or the Bible; and schools, whether they teach the alphabet or the classics; whether they furnish the manna of the Sabbath, or the daily bread.

are but the sowers of seed which falls into the good soil, the arid or the stony, just as it has been formed by external causes. These causes may be resolved into two;—the influences of conversation, example and instruction,—which, collectively, may be called the social influence,—and self-discipline. Every man has two educations, the one which he receives from others, and the one that he bestows upon himself. In the social influence is included, as the principal part, the domestic influence; and this is chiefly derived from females: this teaches the first direction of curiosity, and the first application of intellect; it presents the first objects to the affection, and creates the primitive tone of sentiment. If this theory of original impressions be true; if the moralist would cherish the virtue that exalteth the nations, it is obvious that the female mind is the first object of improvement among a people professedly aiming to be workers together with God for the well being and elevation of mankind. Instruction and self-discipline are the only means to exalt the female character; the first must be given by the enlightened and conscientious to the young; the last is the work of the individual upon her own reason, her own affections, and her own conduct. Besides, that word of God which Mrs. More calls the *spirit*, and not the *letter of the law*, there are some excellent works upon self-cultivation. Dugald Stewart, and some other intelligent metaphysicians, afford great light upon this subject; and the works of some females are very clear and practical helps to those who would yield themselves passively to the prejudices, the ignorance and the examples, among which, by the circumstances of birth and consanguinity, they may have fallen. We cannot omit to enforce this suggestion by the words of a man who was too early lost to the world, but whose respect for women, and whose solicitude to make them respectable, ought to embalm his memory in the hearts of those to whom he has left his instructions.

“Is it not time that female education were generally directed to a higher mark, not of accomplishments as they are called, for of them we have enough, even to satiety, but of intellectual furniture and vigor? Is it not time that a race of females should be formed, who may practice with intelligence and with confidence on those rules which have been given, and those ideas which have been suggested in the immortal works on education, which we already owe to the extraordinary women of the present age? Is it not time that some plan of more liberal and extensive female education were devised to form the mothers of our children’s children; an edu-

cation which shall save many a ripening female mind from that feebleness to which it might otherwise be destined, in this age of vanity and books, so that women may be more generally furnished with principles as well as sentiments, with logic as well as taste; with true knowledge as well as with a morbid thirst for entertainment; to all which should be superadded a religious fear and love of God and his Son, so that, as they draw towards the close of life, visions of celestial bliss may fill their minds, instead of those vanishing scenes of pleasure which are now so frequently gliding before their idle fancies."*

To achieve the object of these suggestions, it is necessary more particularly to discourage the selfishness, the love of pleasure, and the indolence, which now are allowed to prevail among females of the higher classes; to divert the thoughts and attention of young girls from the exclusive consideration of themselves, and their own gratification, to make them, by example and by precept, disinterested; compassionate, and affectionate. It is thus that the enlargement of their sympathies will extend the range of their ideas, that they will allot to themselves only a relative place in their estimate of important things, that they will learn to render to all their dues—that veneration, honor, love and pity, awarded with discrimination, and regulating their conduct as well as forming their sentiments, will give a charm to their manners, a spirit to their conversation, and a character to their enjoyments, altogether in accord with the injunctions of the gospel, and the example of Christ.

Good housewifery is an essential qualification to a virtuous woman; but good housewifery provides only for the physical comforts of a family, though it may possibly be said to include that economy of time which affords leisure for every rational pursuit, and that economy of money which procures for self-denial the means of generosity. But admitting that

“—— to study household good
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise,”

still, after she has acquired this knowledge, and deserved this praise, thereremain to her occasions for other knowledge, and claims to other praise; and when a young woman studies the models of her sex in the examples exhibited by their recorded history, she will learn that those women who have produced the greatest effect upon the age in which they lived, added high

* Mr. Buckminster's Sermons.

motives, generous sacrifices, various knowledge, and often elegant accomplishments, to that "prime wisdom" which regards more exclusively the duty that "before us lies in daily life." When we read the letters of Lady Rachel Russell, that ornament of British aristocracy, brighter than all the gems of all its coronets, that best of wives, most exemplary of mothers, most devout of christians; when we trace the learning of Thomas Gray, and the wonderful industry of Sir William Jones back to those widowed mothers who turned the first ambition of their children to the last beautiful results of their labors; when we think of that wonderful Frenchwoman, Madam Roland, self-taught in obscurity, and self-sustained even with the bloody axe over her head, we must comprehend that there are for woman a higher lot and a nobler exercise of the understanding, than merely to contrive with her head, and to labor with her hands for what she and those she loves shall eat, and drink and put on; that her cares for to-morrow need not absorb her thoughts for eternity, and that her existence terminates not in herself, but that, by the transmitted and diffused light of mind, her spirit governs when her clay is cold, extends over multitudes, and descends through all ages.

These examples, and many more that might be added to them, and the destiny which Providence has appointed to women, are noble incentives to do all, and to become all that such capacities for virtue will permit, and such a glorious recompense will reward. We do not wish to see women with the genius of Sappho, if it leads them to the promontory of Leucate; nor do we wish to see in them such a passion for learning as distinguished Christina of Sweden, who loved men because they were not women, and left the country she was born to govern, to lay her dust in a land where she had conferred no benefits, and could command no gratitude; but we would desire to see them taught from the oracles of books, and adding to the lessons of experience the fruits of study; we would lead them to the treasures of poetry and into the depths of man's moral frame; would teach them natural theology in the wonders of nature, —the wisdom of God in the works of his hands, and carry them back to antiquity, and forward in the light of philosophy; we would display before them different modes of life in different times and countries, store their memories with maxims of prudence, and enliven their thoughts by the associations that produce wit. We would form them with

"Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;"

yet not without passions, nor yet without will; for passions give ardor to virtue, and an enlightened and powerful will determines our duties, and commands their fulfilment. We would gladly see them incited to industry of the best kind, active in benevolence guided by discernment, purified by religion undebased by fanaticism, rich in true knowledge but lowly in humility—adorned with taste enjoyed in all they see and displayed in all they do, acquainted with all the blessings they possess, and grateful to Him who gives them all, happy in the life that now is, and fitted for that which is to come.

A Few Days in Athens; being the Translation of a Greek Manuscript discovered in Herculanæum. By Frances Wright, author of "Views of Society and Manners in America." New-York. 1825.

WE have already (Vol. I. p. 365.) given a brief sketch of the design and general merits of this charming little book. Since that time, we are very glad to find that it has been republished in this city, and we shall therefore seize the opportunity to recommend it once more to the notice of our readers.

It has always been considered a *desideratum*, to devise some more inviting method of acquiring a knowledge of the great men and great events of antiquity than the study of the formal historian or chronologist. Accordingly, fictitious travels, novels, narratives and letters have been written, in order to beguile the languid reader into an acquaintance with ancient government, philosophy and manners. With this view, the "Athenian Letters," a work admirably illustrative and explanatory of the history of Thucydides, was written, and a few copies published in four volumes octavo, 1741, by several classical scholars of the University of Cambridge; and purported to be a correspondence between some of the cotemporaries of Pericles, Socrates and Plato. On the same plan, the Abbé Barthelemi composed his *Travels of Anacharsis, the Younger, into Greece*; and Lantier, his *Travels of Antenor*. The author of Valerius, by resorting to a similar expedient, and by combining with his narrative a well contrived and interesting plot, deludes the unsuspecting novel-reader into sudden familiarity with the habits and affections of the ancient Romans, and the primitive christian converts. The "*Viaggi delle Scimmie*" seem to have been suggested by the

same considerations ; and it is, no doubt, from a kind regard to the indolence of modern readers, that the dead are compelled to leave their graves and hold discourse for the benefit of the living ; that we are permitted by the enchanter Fontenelle, to hear "*les Dialogues des Morts*," and are conducted by the wiser and severer Verri into the sepulchre of the Scipios, to be instructed in the maxims of ancient policy and the lessons of ancient virtue, by the spirits of departed heroes, statesmen, and philosophers. With the same objects, and with quite as much success as many of her predecessors, Miss Wright adopts a fiction extremely well adapted to the end she has in view. The work feigns to be the translation of a Greek manuscript found in Herculaneum, recording the adventures, and unfolding the philosophical *experience* of Theon, a young Corinthian, who had been sent to Athens by his father, with injunctions to attend all the schools, and fix on that which gave the highest views of virtue. Theon had imbibed from the conversation of his father, who had been a pupil of Xenocrates, a prepossession in favor of the doctrines of the Academy. On hearing Crates, therefore, (the successor of Polemon, we presume, and not the Cynic,) he regards his object as accomplished, and continues to believe that flame and fuel are tied together by numbers, until, by chance, he is persuaded that it is unbecoming a lover of truth *errare cum Platone* ; and is finally convinced, by a young Pythagorean, that he who eats no beans, and practices self-catechism, has the highest "*views of virtue*." From this heretical persuasion he is converted to the Peripatetic philosophy, out of which misbelief he is fortunately plucked, like a firebrand from the fire, by the eloquent and orthodox Cleanthes. By this zealous and thorough-going stoic he is brought safely within the pale of the Portico, and is taught the precious truth, that the highest of all enjoyments consists in being indifferent or insensible to them all. Yet, although a faithful follower of Zeno, he shows an edifying example of liberality and toleration ; visits the Lyceum and Academy, and keeps up his acquaintance with the young Pythagorean. This latitudinarianism, however, has its limits, and the story opens with a spirited description of young Theon's holy horror of the blasphemies of Epicurus. Timocrates, it seems, a young Athenian, had fled from the pollutions of the Garden to the purity of the *Stoa*, and had revealed to the followers of Zeno the "*secrets of those midnight orgies, where, in the midst of his pupils, the philosopher of Gargettium officiated as master of the execrable ceremonies of riot and impiety*." Struck with horror and dismay

at the recital, Theon rushes from the Porch, and traversing with hasty steps the streets of Athens, takes the road to the Piræus. Seating himself upon the banks of the Cephissus, he falls into a reverie, from which he is aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps. He turns around, and sees standing behind him a majestic and venerable figure, the beautiful serenity and calm dignity of whose features fill the young stoic with unspeakable awe and admiration. He is gradually reassured by the gentleness and kindness of the stranger, and a dialogue ensues, very beautifully written, but so connected as scarcely to admit of extract. Theon expresses his despair of equalling his master, and asks who can gaze on Zeno and ever hope to rival him. The stranger answers,

"You, my young friend: Why should you not! You have innocence; you have sensibility; you have enthusiasm; you have ambition—With what better promise could Zeno begin his career. Courage! Courage! my son!" stopping, for they had insensibly walked towards the city during the dialogue, and laying his hand on Theon's head, "We want but the will to be as great as Zeno."

The young philosopher regrets that the stranger is not Teacher in the Garden, in place of Epicurus.

"Do you know the son of Neocles?" asked the sage.

"The gods forbid that I should know him more than by report! No, venerable stranger; wrong me not so much as to think I have entered the gardens of Epicurus. It is not long that I have been in Athens; but I hope, if I should henceforth live my life here, I shall never be seduced by the advocate of vice. Ye gods, what horrors has Timocrates revealed!"

"Horrors, in truth, somewhat appalling, my young friend; but I should apprehend Timocrates to be a little mistaken. That the laws of virtue were ever confounded and denied, or vice advocated and panegyriized, by any professed teacher, I incline to doubt. And were I really to hear such things, I should simply conclude the speaker mad, or otherwise that he was amusing himself by shifting the meaning of words, and that by the term virtue he understood vice, and so by the contrary. As to the inculcating of impiety and atheism, this may be exaggerated or misunderstood. Many are called impious, for not having a worse, but a different religion from their neighbors; and many atheistical, not for the denying of God, but for thinking somewhat peculiarly concerning him. Upon the nocturnal orgies of vice and debauchery I can say nothing; I am too profoundly ignorant of these matters, either to exculpate or condemn them. Such things may be, and I never hear of them. All things are possible. Yes," turning his benignant face full upon the youth, "*even that Timocrates should lie.*"

The stranger urges Theon to enter the Garden of Epicurus, and judge for himself of that philosopher's midnight orgies. Theon yields, and declares with a smile, that he can feel no fear where he has such a conductor.

"I do not think it quite so impossible, however, as you seem to do," said the sage, laughing in his turn, with much humor, and entering a house as he spoke, then throwing open with one arm a door, and with the other gently drawing the youth along with him, added "*I am Epicurus!*"

The astonished youth staggers backward in affright, but is led on by his conductor towards his pupils, who rise and receive him with the tenderest and most affectionate embraces. We have not room for any extract from the beautiful and touching passages in which the author recounts the scenes and conversations which ensue; and we must refer the reader to the book itself, for the fine portrait of Leontium, the calumniated female pupil of Epicurus; the well-discriminated characters of several of the followers of this philosopher, and the gradual and perspicuous development of the real opinions of the son of Neocles. Convinced by every thing he sees, that the doctrines of the virtuous Gargettian had been shamefully misrepresented; delighted with the aspect of the tranquil and substantial happiness around him, and instructed in the true principles of the philosophy of the Garden, Theon prepares to take his leave.

"The orgies are concluded," said Epicurus, rising, and turning with affected gravity to the young Corinthian. "You have seen the horrors of the night; if they have left any curiosity for the mysteries of the day, seek our garden to-morrow at sunrise, and you shall be initiated."

The next morning, the young stoic repairs to the place of invitation, of which the following fine poetical description is introduced with great propriety and effect:

"The steeds of the sun had not mounted the horizon, when Theon took the road to the gardens. The path he entered on was broad and even, and shaded on either side by rows of cork, lime, oak, and other the finest trees of the forest: pursuing this for some way, he suddenly opened on a fair and varied lawn, through which the Illissus, now of the whitest silver in the pale twilight, stole with a gentle and noiseless course. Crossing the lawn, he struck into a close thicket: the orange, the laurel, and the myrtle, hung over his head, whose flowers, slowly opening to the breeze and light of morning, dropt dews and perfumes. A luxurious indolence crept over his soul; he breathed the airs, and felt the bliss of Elysium. With slow and measured steps he threaded the maze, till he entered suddenly on a small open plot of verdure in face of a beautiful temple. The place was three parts encircled with a wood of flowering shrubs, the rest was girded by the winding Illissus, over which the eye wandered to glades and softly swelling hills, whose bosoms now glowed beneath the dyes of Aurora. The building was small and circular; Doric, and of the marble of Paros: an open portico, supported by twenty pillars, ran round the edifice: the roof rose in a dome. The roseate tints of the east fell on the polished columns, like the blush of love on the cheek of Diana, when she stood before her Endymion."

There he meets Epicurus, and the subject of the preceding

evening is resumed. "Ah!" cries Theon, in reply to the Gargettian's declaration of the identity of true happiness and virtue,

"Ah! how different is virtue in your mouth and in Zeno's."

"The doctrine of Zeno," replied the sage, "is sublime: many great men shall come from his school; an amiable world, from mine. Zeno bath his eye on man—I, mine on men: none but philosophers can be stoics; Epicureans all may be."

To Theon's observation, that some part of this doctrine would lead to the conclusion of the stoics, that pain is not an evil, Epicurus thus replies:

"By no means: so much the contrary, I hold it the greatest of all evils; and the whole aim of my life, and of my philosophy, is to escape from it. To deny that pain is an evil is such another quibble as the Elean's denial of motion: that must exist to man which exists to his senses; and as to existence or non-existence abstracted from them, though it may afford an idle argument for an idle hour, it can never enter as a truth, from which to draw conclusions, in the practical lessons of a master. To deny that pain is an evil, seems more absurd than to deny its existence, which has also been done, for its existence is only apparent from its effect upon our senses; how then shall we admit the existence, and deny the effect, which alone forces that admittance? But we will leave these matters to the dialecticians of the Portico. I feel myself virtuous because my soul is at rest: With evil passions I should be disturbed and uneasy; with uncontrolled appetites I should be disordered in body as well as mind,—for this reason, and for this reason only, I avoid both."

"Only!"

"Only: *virtue is pleasure; were it not so, I should not follow it.*"

This requires explanation, or the reader will be apt to break forth, with Theon, in indignant astonishment. Miss Wright has given Epicurus's justification of this bold and paradoxical assertion, and that was, doubtless, all that she was bound to do.* But the maxim stands in need of some restriction, or it will operate as a stumbling-block to the unwary.—The best form of government, or system of morality, is that from which results the greatest possible good to the greatest number, with the

* Triarius, in disputing with Cicero, on the subject of the Epicurean philosophy, thus illustrates the views and opinions of the Master, with regard to the dependence of virtue upon pleasure, and wisdom on utility. "If these exalted and exemplary virtues of which you make so much account, were not the means and the ministers of pleasure, who would deem them worthy of approbation or pursuit? Wisdom may be defined the art of living happily, and would not be the object of desire, if it ceased to be the guide to our enjoyments. Philosophy is only cultivated and admired as the artificer of pleasure; just as the sciences of medicine and navigation are never studied for themselves, but for the useful knowledge they impart."—*Cic. de Fin. l. 13.*

least possible evil to the least number of all the sentient beings included, or to be included, in its operation. This is an important proposition, and lies at the foundation (sometimes unperceived) of all sound theories of legislation and morality. The best rule of moral conduct, being thus determined by the circumstances of the sentients on which it operates, must necessarily vary with the variations of the circumstances of which it is a function.* In order to produce the greatest good to the greatest number in any given community, at a given time, and under given circumstances, it is necessary that each member of that community should execute certain offices determined by the relation and capacity of the agent, just as it is necessary, in order to bring out the greatest force in a given piece of mechanism, that every part of the machine should perform certain offices determined by the nature of the part. In other words, in order to effect the given objects, certain acts and movements *ought*, that is, are necessary to be done. Obligation we consider as merely another name for this necessity. But what forces are there to compel each member of the community to fulfil the obligations thus created? To this we answer, there are two great classes: First, *physical forces*, or necessities operating independently of the will, and these are either such as nature exercises over man, or as one man exerts upon another. The effects of these, as far as they are *felt*, (and all other effects belong to the department of the natural philosopher,) are called salutary or pernicious in proportion as they further or oppose the great end we have more than once alluded to, but the changes in the sentient being absolutely passive, involve neither merit nor demerit, and call for neither recompence nor punishment. Secondly, *moral forces*, or necessities determining the will; and these are various, as appetites, desires, passions and affections, self-love and conscience. These moral forces are so determined by the constitution of our nature, as to make that act which any given member of the community, under given circumstances, *ought* to do in order to promote his own greatest possible good, the very one which he *ought* to do in order to secure the greatest possible good of that community collectively.† This is true, no doubt, in the great majority of cases,

* Our mathematical and metaphysical readers (and we have not the least apprehension that any others will care to read this article, or at least to reach this passage,) will readily understand the sense in which this very necessary word is here employed.

† We believe that in all cases where the phraseology of obligation is made use of, it is necessarily *relative* to the ends which involve the obli-

and is one of the many proofs of exquisite contrivance in the constitution of the moral universe. This identity of private with public interest, arises, doubtless, in a great measure, from this circumstance,—that it is the obvious interest of every man to make it the interest of every other man to contribute to his happiness ;* but this would not avail if nature had not put in the power of almost every man to influence the interests of almost every other, in whose way he may happen to be thrown. If we trace the rise and progress of this influence, observing carefully the laws of the moral mechanism by

gation. The end of all the general obligations of morality, we hold to be, the greatest happiness of the greatest number of all the sentient beings in the system subject to these obligations, calculating this *maximum* of happiness throughout the whole *extent* and *duration* of that system. In common language the words *ought*, *duty*, and *obligation*, are generally used without mentioning the end, because the end is an invariable term of the relation. Thus, instead of saying *in order to secure the greatest happiness to the greatest number*, men ought to worship their Creator, keep their promises, honor their parents, forgive their enemies, &c. (which is nothing more than the expression of a law of the moral universe, as ascertained by reason and experience,) instead of this entire proposition, it is more usual to say simply, men ought to worship their Creator, keep their promises, &c. This ellipsis is always used, whenever the object of any given disposition of moral or physical force is known and understood. Thus, we say, the pendulum of this clock ought to be longer,—meaning if the object is to have an accurate time-piece; this patient ought to take this medicine,—understanding, in order to remove or palliate his complaint; this poem ought to have been written in blank verse,—that is, in order to impart more pleasure or instruction; the people ought not to be taxed for the exclusive benefit of one particular class,—meaning if your object is thermost rapid accumulation of national wealth. These are the expressions of certain mechanical, vital, intellectual and political laws, and so are always understood. In the same way, when we say, a mother ought to cherish and protect her infant, we never deem it necessary to add, if the general good be the object of desire; because this is understood. This clause is nevertheless part of the proposition, and the proposition itself nothing more than the expression of our belief in the existence of such a law (i. e. of such a connection of cause and effect) in our moral nature. Whenever the end is not a usual one, and particularly, when it is a corrupt or injurious one, it is customary to include it in the proposition.

* Where the conditions of men are very unequal, as under despotic governments, this principle operates with much less force, because the interests of the powerful may be secured without consulting the interests of the weak; and hence the interest of the subject becomes distinct from the interest of the state. But under a government of equal rights, this discrepancy is less apt to occur, and the interest of the citizen very nearly coincides with the interest of the republic, because the forces of each member by which he seeks to make the interest of the community subservient to his own, being equal or nearly so, there results an equilibrium of influence and advantage, in which all are equally concerned.

which it is secured, and the ends it is intended to accomplish, we shall find that the *moral principles of action* are its instruments, and the *virtues and duties* its results. These principles of action, except the few which are *instinctive*, will be found upon examination, to owe their active force to the pleasurable or painful emotions which the common interests of mankind may happen to have associated with their objects. These associations are of two kinds: those arising from a contemplation of the agreeable and disagreeable emotions or sensations which *we* shall probably experience in consequence of any act of ours, and those arising from a contemplation of the pleasure, and the pains which *others as well as ourselves* may experience in consequence of what we do. By observation, information and experience we acquire a knowledge (more or less exact) of how much pain and pleasure *we*, and how much *others* may receive in consequence of every act of ours. Certain associations are immediately, and by the original constitution of our nature, the uniform result. These associations (varying with the variations of the associated objects, and with every individual's means of information and abilities of judgment) constitute, according to the nature of the relations, and the strength and permanence of the impressions, all the active powers of man which are not essentially instinctive. Now, it is every man's interest to establish, in the mind of all his fellow creatures, pleasurable associations with the performance of those acts which will contribute to his happiness. Thus A and B and C, &c. will *each* endeavor to establish these associations in the minds of all the rest. A will endeavor by all the means in his power to make it Z's interest to do that which will promote A's interest, and so will B with respect to himself, and C with respect to himself, &c. and the consequence will be that Z will generally find it, or feel it his interest, to promote the interest of the rest. At the same time Z will endeavor to ascertain what conduct will secure his own happiness, in those cases (for these will occur) in which he does not perceive, or does not believe in, the identity of his interest with that of the public. Thus Z will be provided with two sets of *data* by which he may proceed,—opinions of his own interest, and opinions of the common interest, and is urged by the associations which belong to these two sets. It is not necessary that Z should formally compute these results antecedently to every act. On the contrary, in the great majority of cases, he will act according to the strength of the existing associations, without examining the sources from which they were derived. Nor is it of any consequence

whether he has formed his opinions and received his associations from his own observation, or from the information of others.

We are now advancing to our conclusions. As far as A is governed by the first set of opinions, he is called prudent or imprudent, according to the results to himself, which he was justified in anticipating. As far as Z is governed by the second set, he is virtuous or vicious, according to the results to society which he was justified in anticipating. In the first case, he is governed by self-love or a sense of interest; in the second by conscience or a sense of duty; for duty is the obligation to perform an act subservient to the general good, or in other words, the *necessity*, the *essentiality*, of an act to the promotion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Now the doctrine of Epicurus is simply this: that by the constitution of our nature, and by the laws of society which grow out of this constitution, an act of prudence, that is, one from which the agent has reason to anticipate the promotion of his own greatest good, is, in all cases, the same with an act of virtue, namely, that from which the agent has reason to anticipate the advancement of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. For this reason, Epicurus says, "Virtue is pleasure, (prudence); if it were not so, I would not follow it," and if it indeed be true that in no one instance are private interest and public good incompatible, then, doubtless, to be virtuous, it would only be necessary to be prudent, and every neglect of interest would be a neglect of duty. But in the expressions above, it seems to be admitted that virtue and prudence may not always coincide; and in that case, Epicurus "would not follow virtue." Here, we think, the doctrine is dangerous and unsound; for as prudence dictates what is every individual's real interest, and virtue dictates what is the interest of society, it is plain, whenever these interests are at variance, every man *ought* to sacrifice his own welfare to the welfare of society. Indeed, if our definition of *ought* be accurate, it is in fact, an identical proposition. Thus,

It is right [that is, it is necessary in order to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number,] that every man should sacrifice his interests to virtue; that is, should promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Thus by substituting plain definitions in an identical proposition, it appears that "no man ought to abandon virtue, even when it is incompatible with his true interest." Therefore, it appears that the best rule of conduct (that is, the one best calculated to effect the largest sum of human happiness) is,—not to be governed by

a sense of interest, (self-love,) however enlightened, but by a sense of duty, (conscience,) however uncultivated. For although, to act conscientiously, may *sometimes* be to act inconsistently with the general good; yet as there must be a general rule, the rule of conscience, on the whole, is most conducive to the welfare of society.*

It is true, no doubt, that "if virtue were not found to conduce to happiness, (that is, to the greatest happiness of the greatest number,) men would do well to shun her, as they now do well to shun vice," and for this obvious reason, that in that case it would be vice, and no longer virtue; but it does not follow, from this, that a given member of society, Z, would be justified in abandoning that conduct which the interest of the state still required, merely because society had not succeeded in making it the interest of Z to be constant to that conduct.

Theon, however, is not so slow a convert to this doctrine as we think we should have been, and he is almost persuaded to be an Epicurean, when they are interrupted by voices proceeding from the temple, to which, by a circular route, they had returned. They enter, and find Metrodorus engaged in painting a portrait of Leontium, who stands leaning against a pillar. In the conversation that ensues, there is, we think, an unpleasant and unnecessary attempt at sprightliness, smartness, and reciprocated compliment, which breaks the illusion of the scene, and transports us to the *boudoirs* and *coteries* of Paris. The entrance of a crowd of disciples, bringing in Gryphus, a Cynic, and Lycaon, a Cyrenaic, gives an opportunity to the author to draw the strong and striking contrast of their dresses and their characters. After they leave the temple, the Master takes occasion to expose the folly of irregular and inordinate ambition. The pride of lowliness is forcibly illustrated.

"Pride need not always lead a man to cut mount Athos in two, like Xerxes; nor ambition, to conquer a world, and weep that there is yet not another to conquer, like Alexander; nor vanity, to look in a stream at his own face till he fall in love with it, like Narcissus. When we cannot cut an Athos, we may leave uncut our beard; when we cannot mount a throne, we may crawl into a tub; and when we have no beauty, we may increase our ugliness."

Indeed, it may be fairly said, we think, that the false humility of the Cynic (ancient or modern) is much worse than

* It has been said, that, as what a man believes to be best, may not always be the best, therefore the rule of conscience is improper and unsafe. With the same propriety it might be said, that since what a man believes to be true, may not always be true, therefore the rule to declare in a court of justice what is believed to be true, is improper and unsafe.

the harmless vanity of the honest Aristippian, for the ascetic unjustly refuses to forego the pleasure of distinction and the pride of notoriety, although these make the price he is bound to pay for the honors of humility.

Theon leaves the garden, and as he issues from the house of Epicurus, meets his friend Cleanthes, who recoils from the young apostate with astonishment and horror. Theon endeavors to appease his friend, but in the midst of their polemics, they find themselves before the stoic portico. The different occupations of the scholars, who were waiting the arrival of their Master, are sketched with graphic truth and skill, and the portrait of Cleanthes is delineated with remarkable discrimination and good taste. The young stoic, filled with deep regret at the apostasy of his friend, and alarmed at the progress of Epicureanism, delivers an harangue, replete with eloquent reproof and lofty indignation, but, in our opinion, too impassioned for the character of the school. The following is an extract:

"Fie on that virtue which prudence alone directs! Which teaches to be just, that the laws may not punish, or our neighbors revenge;—to be enduring—because complainings were useless, and weakness would bring on us insult and contempt:—to be temperate—that our body may keep its vigor, our appetites retain their acuteness, and our gratifications and sensualities their zest:—to serve our friends—that they may serve us:—our country—because its defence and well-being comprehends our own. Why all this is well—but is there nothing more? Is it our ease alone we shall study, and not our dignity?—Though all my fellow-men were swept away, and not a mortal nor immortal eye were left to approve or condemn—should I not here—within this breast, have a judge to dread, and a friend to conciliate? Prudence and pleasure! Was it from such principles as these that the virtue of Solon, of Miltiades, of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, of Xenophon, of all our heroes and all our sages, had its spring and its nourishment? Was it such a virtue as this that in Lycurgus put by the offered crown?—that in Leonidas stood at Thermopylæ?—that in the dying Pericles gloried that he had never caused a citizen to mourn? Was it such virtue as this—that spoke in Socrates before his judges?—that sustained him in his prison—and when the door was open, and the sails of the ready ship unfurled, made him prefer death to flight; his dignity to his existence?"

At this moment Zeno enters the assembly, and we refer the reader to the book itself for a fine description of the Father of the Stoical philosophy. He moderates the violence of Cleanthes, and gives Theon an opportunity of defence. He concludes his justification by denouncing, in strong language, the slanderer of Timocrates.

"'Tis false!" cries Timocrates, bursting in fury from the crowd.—"'Tis false! I swear"——

"Beware of perjury!" said a clear, silver voice, from without the circle. "Give way, Athenians! 'Tis for me to take up this quarrel."

The crowd divided. Every eye turned towards the opening. Theon shouted with triumph; Timocrates stood blank with dismay—for they recognized the voice and the form of the son of Neocles.

The discourse of Epicurus is full of gentle and persuasive eloquence. We give an extract:

"I call from my Gardens to the thoughtless, the headstrong, and the idle—'Where 'do ye wander, and what do ye seek?—Is it pleasure? behold it here.—Is it ease? enter and repose.' Thus do I court them from the table of drunkenness and the bed of licentiousness: I gently awaken their sleeping faculties, and draw the veil from their understandings. 'My sons! do you seek pleasure? I seek her also. Let us make the search together. You have tried wine—you have tried love—you have sought amusement in revelling, and forgetfulness in indolence. You tell me you are disappointed: that your passions grew, even while you gratified them; your weariness increased, even while you slept. Let us try again. Let us quiet our passions, not by gratifying, but subduing them; let us conquer weariness, not by rest, but by exertion.'"

Epicurus ends by conducting Theon to his Master, and prevails upon the stoic to extend again to him his confidence and friendship. The assembly then divides.

We are sorry that we cannot follow our author through the volume. Our limits merely allow us to say that the subsequent incidents are well selected, as affording those topics of conversation which best elicit and illustrate the various opinions of Epicurus, on most subjects of moral speculation. His physical philosophy is not discussed; an omission which we have no reason to regret, and no intention to condemn. The tenth chapter consists of a discourse which Epicurus holds to his assembled scholars, and to this we refer the reader for an accurate and complete enumeration of all the arguments in favor of that school which teaches the identity of individual happiness and individual virtue. There is no danger in the doctrine, even if it were false, which maintains that he who lives not virtuously lives not happily; but we have our doubts whether it would be safe to teach (even if it were true) that he who lives not happily, lives not virtuously.*

There is much beautiful writing in the eleventh chapter, in which Epicurus attempts to defend the general justice of mankind, and extenuates their admiration of the showy, and their neglect of the substantial virtues. The chapter closes with an interesting incident, which is described with so much force,

* "Clamat Epicurus," says Triarius to Cicero, "(is quem vos nimis voluptatibus esse deditum dicitis,) non posse jucunde vivi, nisi sapienter, honeste, justeque vivatur; nec sapienter, honeste, juste, nisi jucunde."

Cic. de Fin. l. 12.

spirit, and effect, that we cannot help believing that Miss Wright would be no less successful in the narrative romance, than she has shown herself to be in the didactic dialogue. We have not room to give the entire passage; and as we do not wish to spoil it by compression, or to mutilate it by extract, the reader is again recommended to the book, which, although it will not give him "higher views of virtue" than a better Book will give him, will, at least, teach him, that duty and interest, though not always found united, are seldom found apart; and (that whatever the Cynic may say, who would teach us that pleasure is sin,) there may be a much worse system of morality than that of "Epicurus seldom understood."

TO *****.

No. I.

'Tis true my lips have never said
 "I love thee,"—but if thou hast not
 In every look this language read,
 'Twere better it were all forgot.

If thy cold spirit cannot see
 I love,—and meet with answering glow
 The unspoken flame that burns in me,
 'Twere better thou shouldst never know.

The vows which speak forth at the eye
 Are the heart's utterance uncontrolled;
 If thou canst not fit speech supply,
 'Twere better they were never told.

No. II.

Fleeting have been the hours and few,
 Since first we met, so soon to part;
 Yet faster than they fled, grew
 Thy empire o'er my willing heart.

While thou, tho' distant, conquering still,
 Wilt, with yet undiminished power,
 Rule o'er my vassal thoughts, and fill
 With sweet remembrances each hour.

Beneath thine eye I should not dare
 Breathe this presumption, and e'en now
 I shrink, thus darkly to declare
 Feelings thou else wouldst never know.

For doomed by fortune's harsh decree
 The ills of adverse fate to prove,
 'Tis only thus—in mystery,
 And hopeless, I can speak of love.

No. III.

That I may prove to thee how much
My heart and soul are bound to thee,
Devise some fitting labor, such
As love can grapple with, for me ;
And I will prove how much thou art
Prized-o'er all earthly things beside,
Dear as the pulse-drops of my heart,
And precious as its crimson tide.

Alas ! thou canst devise no task
So high but that untiring love
Would still a higher effort ask,
Its unexhausted strength to prove.
For even, love, to toil for thee,
To labor at thy bidding, were
Sweeter than Paradise would be,
Without thy smile to bless me there.

No. IV.

Were mine the powers of melody,
Words breathing forth an echoing tone
To the heart's feeling—then might I
Upon this page portray my own.

But when, alas, the heart would seek
Expression for the thoughts that rise
And swell the fancy ; words are weak,
And language in the utterance dies.

Then should I much thy worth profane,
And wrong my own heart—did I dare
In rude and all unpolished strain
Thy grace of mind and form declare.

Be silence, then, my eloquence ;
And think thy worth, tho' left untold,
Is felt with deeper, purer sense,
Than speech or music could unfold.

No. V.

I should but wrong the world, to say
Thou art the fairest earth has known ;—
All men have sworn this oath, and they
Find each, the fairest in his own.

I should but wrong the skies, to swear
That angels are not pure as thou ;
Else I should trembling shrink, nor dare
Profane thee with an earthly vow.

But I should wrong myself and thee
Much more, did I not own thou art
The fairest and the best to me,
And dearest to my eyes and heart.

W.

Pains of the Imagination; a Poem, read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Dartmouth College, August 19, 1824. By Nathaniel H. Carter. Published by request. New-York. 1824.

We are sorry that Mr. Carter has thought it necessary to acknowledge that this Poem was intended as a counterpart of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, by Dr. Akenside. It certainly is not a counterpart in any signification of the term. The Poem of Dr. Akenside is eminently didactic and philosophical. It is a poetical dissertation on the nature of the faculty; a metrical investigation of the principles which govern its phenomena, and a versified discussion of the qualities which characterize the sources of its appropriate enjoyments. The plan is thus essentially metaphysical, and all the illustrations are subordinate, serving sometimes to explain, and sometimes to embellish the main structure of the Poem. The graces of imaginative language are subservient, throughout, to the higher purpose of the poet, whose object is, as he himself declares,

“To paint the finer features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give color, strength, and motion.”

Now, Mr. Carter, after venturing a few short flights into the regions of philosophy, grows suddenly impatient of a task so uncongenial to his taste, and exclaims, with honest vehemence,

“Dull Metaphysics, hence! and let me choose
Topics more grateful to the devious muse”—

A request which Metaphysics most implicitly obeys, so that the poet is effectually relieved from her troublesome interference for the rest of the Poem; which consists in a brief enumeration and concise description of such of the more prominent natural objects as suggest to the imagination trains of painful associations. There is not the most remote attempt to trace the laws of such associations; no philosophical classification of the common qualities of the external objects of imaginative notice; no inquiry into the source or va-

riety of the relations by which the separate thoughts are concatenated, or by which the distinctive character of any given system of connected imagery is constituted and determined. Yet, without attempting something of this sort, we cannot understand how an author can expect to produce a Poem, which, in any sense can be called a counterpart of Dr. Akenside's, unless, indeed, it be urged that a *catalogue* of the *pains* has a double title to be called a counterpart to a *theory* of the *pleasures* of imagination.

This avowal of Mr. Carter's was entirely gratuitous and unnecessary; for the Poem did not stand in need of explanation. Every reader would have seen at once, that it belonged to the order of descriptive, and had no claim to the title of didactic poetry. It would then have been read under a just impression of its plan, and would have been criticized with a due reference to its design. As it is, he who reads the advertisement will be disappointed with the Poem, not because it has not numerous beauties, but because they are not of the *kind* he had reason to anticipate. At the same time, he has given to small critics, an opportunity for illiberal animadversion,—an opportunity they are seldom known to neglect. He has brought himself, by this inadvertence, within the jurisdiction of the ward-courts of criticism, and must expect from those enlightened tribunals, that sort of equity for which they are distinguished. For ourselves, we should be ashamed to take advantage of any such *lache* or informality of procedure, and shall cheerfully permit to the demandant, in this, and every other claim which comes before us, to rectify his declaration, and reassign his replication, as often as he pleases.

We shall therefore proceed to examine how far Mr. Carter may be said to have succeeded, on the supposition that his Poem aims at nothing more than a brief sketch of the principal objects of external nature with which the mind has established painful, but not repulsive associations. The Poem opens with a short, but perspicuous enumeration of its purpose; and to this succeeds an invocation to the Genius of Melancholy, very beautifully written. The following is an extract:

“ Oh ! guide my footsteps to the rugged glen,
Far from the world, the busy haunts of men,
To the deep shelter of some frowning wood,
Where solitude and silence ever brood,
And Superstition, in Cimmerian cells,
Recounts her tales, and weaves her mystic spells.
There, as I sit the livelong day alone,

Mute as a fragment of the mountain stone,*
 While Fancy, roving on excursive wings,
 Gleans for her song the shadowy hues of things;
 Prompt thou her musings, and attend her flight,
 Through regions mantled in eternal night,
 O'er barren rocks, waste waters, desert isles,
 And Lybian sands, where nature never smiles;
 Aid her to mount to heaven's remotest star,
 Trace, as it wheels, the comet's fiery car,
 Or point her view to lurid realms below,
 Where Plegethon and black Cocytus flow.

" 'Tis done; I hear thy soul-depressing wail
 Moan in the murmurs of the eastern gale;
 Thy gathering spectres throng before my eyes,
 And fiend-like forms on every side arise;
 Thy dark divinity my prayer hath blest,
 And all thy spirit labors in my breast."

Under this influence, the poet is led to contemplate the mysterious mixture of moral good and evil every where conspicuous, and acknowledge, that nothing but the strongest faith can enable us to comprehend how

" — pain and sickness, penury and distress,
 Are mercies in disguise, designed to bless."

There is some obscurity in the form in which this proposition is presented, in consequence of the great length of its four clauses, each of which consists, on an average, of twelve or fourteen lines; and this obscurity is increased by throwing the third clause, the Apostrophe to Faith, (which is excellent in itself,) parenthetically between the second and fourth. The author, while he confesses that a full view of the mysteries of God's providence is given only to a happy few, suggests, nevertheless, that most of the evils of this life arise from the distorted or discolored medium through which we are apt to contemplate every thing around us. Thus, fear, suspicion, jealousy, among the passions,—and disease, superstition and remorse, amongst our other moral and physical affections, conspire to slander (so to speak) the beauty and the goodness of creation. This cannot be denied, and indeed we have no doubt, that more of what we call unhappiness and misfortune is derived from this false estimate of things, than is generally imagined.

* If the minor critics object to this line, let Mr. Carter give as his authority these beautiful lines of Petrarch:

" — pur li medesimo assido
 Me freddo, pietra morta in pietra viva,
 In guisa d'uom che pensi e pianga e scriva."

But this consideration only serves to shift the difficulty, for the mischief is as great, whether it arise from the imperfections of the percipient, or the defects of the things perceived. The evil consists in the *relation*; and to him who *must* see things with jaundiced eyes, it is of very little consequence to know that the cause of the discoloration resides within himself. There is, however, this consolation to be derived from a knowledge of this truth; that if the malady be curable, we know where to apply our remedies; and indeed there is every reason to believe that much has been done, and much more can be done, to enable our limited understandings to distinguish real from imaginary evils. It is, perhaps, impossible to calculate the vast amount of pernicious error and detestable prejudice which has been removed by the operation of those three glorious principles of our beloved republic: SELF-GOVERNMENT in politics, TOLERATION in religion, and FREE TRADE in political economy. Would to God that the last were allowed to exert, undisturbed, its beneficent and all-pervading influence!

The author next proceeds to enumerate and describe some of the more conspicuous natural objects of painful or melancholy interest. The fearful associations which superstition once connected with the appearance of comets and eclipses, are introduced with great propriety, and described with considerable force. We shall take the liberty, however, to observe, that the expression of 'lawless mazes,' as applied to the paths of comets, is not astronomically accurate, for the orbits of all the heavenly bodies are equally under the control of fixed and invariable laws. The following reflections, although natural and common, are expressed, we think, with unusual tenderness and truth:

"Oh! who hath not, in melancholy mood,
Musing at eve, in some sequestered wood,
Or where the torrents foaming waters pour,
Or ocean's billows murmur on the shore;—
Oh! who hath not, in such a moment, gaz'd,
As heaven's bright hosts in cloudless glory blaz'd,
And felt a sadness steal upon his heart,
To think that he with this fair scene must part!
That while those billows heave, those waters flow,
Those garnish'd skies refulgent still shall glow,
He, that once watch'd them, shall have pass'd away,
His name forgot, his ashes blent with clay,
Unlike those glittering orbs, those quenchless fires,
Ordain'd to roll, till time itself expires!"

The poet then passes by a natural transition to a description of the effects of meteors, tempests, storms at sea, volcanoes and earthquakes. The striking points of each of these grand natural phenomena are judiciously selected, the proportions and relations of the several images successfully preserved, and the whole embodied, with no ordinary skill, in strong and appropriate language. We select as an instance, the following passage, which, although evidently a mere *ébauche*, is certainly a spirited sketch of the general outlines (if we may be allowed the expression) of a tempest in the abstract :

“ Lo ! where the horizon mingles with the deep,
Pillowed in clouds, the infant thunders sleep ;
Silence and night precede the coming storm,
And mid the gloom pale terror lifts his form ;
Now bursts the gathering tempests,—torrents pour,—
And hollow winds through shatter'd forests roar ;
Far through the storm the vivid flashes gleam,
From cloud to cloud careering volleys stream,
And thick and fast upon the prostrate world,
With vengeance wing'd, the angry bolts are hurl'd.”

From this description, short as it is, our readers may judge of the rest. As mere pictures of terrific natural objects, these passages deserve great praise ; but if they are designed as a collection of pictures intended to support or illustrate a principle, or brought together to furnish the groundwork of a system, we are compelled to say that they are not, in plan or execution, calculated to produce this effect.—The picture of an Arab desert, although drawn apparently without any reference to the process of the associating principle in the production of emotions of painful interest, is free from this objection. We give it without curtailment :

“ Oh ! who hath not, in fancy trod alone
The trackless deserts of the burning zone,
Nor felt a dreariness oppress his soul,
To mark the sands in eddies round him roll,
Like ocean's billows, threatening to o'erwhelm
His wilder'd march, through many a weary realm ?
No verdure smiles, no crystal fountains play,
To quench the arrows of the god of day ;
No breezy lawns, no cool, meandering streams,
Allay the fervor of his torrid beams ;
No whispering zephyrs fan the glowing akies ;
But o'er long tracts the mournful siroc sighs,
Whose desolating march, whose withering breath,
Sweeps through the caravan with instant death ;
The wandering Arab, startled at the sound,
Mantles his face, and presses close the ground,
Till o'er his prostrate, weary limbs hath pass'd,
In sullen gusts, the poison-breathing blast.”

"'Tis night: but there the sparkling heavens diffuse
 No genial showers, no soft distilling dews:
 In the hot sky, the stars, of lustre shorn,
 Burn o'er the pathway of the wanderer lorn,
 And the red moon, from Babelmandel's strand,
 Looks, as she climbs, through pyramids of sand,
 That, whirl'd aloft, and gilded by her light,
 Blaze the lone beacons of the desert night.
 From distant wilds is heard the dismal howl
 Of hideous monsters, that in darkness prowl:
 Urg'd by gaunt famine from his land and home,
 Along the waste, the tiger's footsteps roam,
 And, from afar, the fierce hyena's scream
 At midnight breaks the traveller's fitful dream."

This is eloquently written, and would sustain no dishonorable comparison with similar passages in Bowles, Rogers, and Montgomery, to the structure of whose versification, as far as regards the decasyllabic couplet, Mr. Carter's is a near approach.

The desolate sublimities of the polar and torrid zones next present themselves to the imagination of the poet; and from a description of "Oronoco's swamps," Mr. Carter proceeds, at some hazard, to recount the destructive effects of "Yellow Fever." He has however succeeded, we think, in giving a poetical interest to this unpromising subject; and this he has effected, with great knowledge of human nature, by availing himself of the popular superstition of its contagiousness. Any acknowledgment of the real nature of the disease, it is manifest would have rendered it unfit for the purposes of poetry; whereas by giving in to the popular belief, it becomes immediately invested with the attribute of a sublime unintelligibility.

In alluding to the 'moral sources' of the Pains of the Imagination, we do not think that Mr. Carter is as successful as when he enumerates the terrific sublimities of the physical world. The political disquisitions, we consider as particularly unfortunate, and the apostrophe to Byron is indifferently written and awkwardly introduced. The portrait of the maniac is out of place and painfully overwrought. Why a mad woman should be called *par excellence* "Nature's artless child," we confess we are unable to understand; nor can we comprehend how Mr. Carter could expect that we should sympathize with the lunacy of any woman who goes mad because her guardian, "measuring worth by stocks and rent," refuses to give his sanction to her marriage with the man she loves. Mr. Carter's anathemas against the cruel guardian we consider altogether too indignant; but this may be a matter of

opinion. For ourselves we are inclined to believe, however unsentimental the doctrine may be, that no great harm, on the whole, results from the prudence and vigilance of those disagreeable individuals, who are known by the name of "the old folks." Finally, (for we wish to get through, as soon as possible, with the odious business of fault-finding,)* we think that the misery with which Mr. Carter caps the climax of "imagination's pains,"—the painful reflection that he must leave, in a few days, his friends of the Phi Beta Kappa at Dartmouth, and come back to New-York,—is the most extraordinary sacrifice of poetry to politeness which we recollect ever to have seen. The conclusion is, however, very feelingly and forcibly expressed.

"Ye rural walks, ye hills, sequestered glades,
Ye haunted streams, and consecrated shades,
Groves hallow'd by the muse,—and classic bowers,
Scenes of my early and my happiest hours,—
Farewell!—To me, your unalloy'd delights,
Those days of study, and those attic nights,
Philosophy and science, ancient lore,
And wisdom's lessons, shall return no more!
One bright reflection gilds the parting tear,
That still the chosen few shall linger here,
Still o'er the Muses' vestal rights preside,
In genius, friendship, high pursuits, allied;
Maintain our brotherhood with generous aims,
And guard our ALPHA's, and our ALMA's fame."

We do not tell Mr. Carter that his essay is equal to any thing of Campbell's, and superior to any thing of Goldsmith's; because we know that his good sense would immediately reject such extravagant and unmeaning panegyric. But we do not hesitate to say that this Poem is highly creditable to his taste, and does great honor to his feelings as well as to his talents. He has shown himself master of a vigorous and polished vernification, a qualification which requires the combination of an ear, naturally attuned to the melody of verse, with habits of

* We put our hypercriticism in a note. Mr. Carter would do well to correct the accentuation of the 19th line of the 8th page, and the 27th of the 28th. The last line of the 22d page, has a trochee (or rather dactyl) in the second place, which, although an ornament in Spanish and Italian poetry, is a flagrant violation of the laws of the English decasyllabic. We are aware that in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, two instances of the sort may be found; but one of these, "With impetuous recoil and jarring sound," is made purposely discordant, in order to be an echo to the sense; and the other was probably an attempt to introduce into English verse a license very common in Italian, a language with which Milton very frequently betrays his intimate acquaintance.

assiduous exercise and study. The occasional presciants seem to arise, more from the haste with which we are told the Poem was written, than from any other cause. The defects which we have pointed out, (and we have been rigidly exact,) are; most of them, merely relative, and will vanish with an amendment of the advertisement. The merits of the Poem are numerous and positive, and give us strong assurance that if Mr. Carter has only time and opportunity to cultivate his powers, he will make one of that bright catalogue of names, which we foresee, we shall have it very soon in our power to present in silent but triumphant refutation of the slander which regards us as a people utterly and irremediably given over to the execration of the Muses.

[Although we do not hold ourselves bound to give insertion, as a matter of course, to Articles of the nature of the one which follows, yet, as the writer considers himself exceedingly aggrieved by what he is pleased to term our "vituperative language," we have agreed to waive, in this instance, a right which, by common consent, has been conceded to all journals inculcating and defending determinate opinions;—we mean the right of insisting that their opponents shall look to other journals for the means and opportunities of replication or retort. In the mean time the remarks which we have made by way of rejoinder to Mr. Carey's letter will assuredly satisfy every unprejudiced reader, that the charges we made (with the exception of a very insignificant one, which we are perfectly willing to retract) are abundantly established, and therefore fully justify the tenor, if not the severity of the language we employed.]

To the Editors of the Atlantic Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I have read with attention in your Magazine of January, a review of "Hamilton's Report on Manufactures," on which I wish to offer a few observations, for the insertion of which, in your next number, I rely on your impartiality.

The reviewer has used vituperative language, wholly unwarranted, being grounded on mistakes of his own; and, at all events, a manifest departure from the courtesy with which gentlemen should conduct literary and political discussions, from which personality and invective ought to be excluded.

He says "some impudent pretender has palmed the work on the public," and styles it a "spurious edition." This is an unjust and unfounded accusation. The edition is, in the fullest sense of the word, a genuine one. I defy the reviewer to establish the contrary. "Spurious," according to the most approved dictionaries, the standards of the language, means

"not genuine—counterfeit—adulterine—not legitimate—base." Let the reviewer prove, to the satisfaction of any candid individual, even the warmest advocate of his doctrines, that there is any passage "counterfeit, or adulterine," altered or omitted, and then his uncourteous epithet may appear justifiable. But if he cannot—as undoubtedly he cannot—he owes the public, and the respectable society under whose auspices the work was re-published, a sincere apology for a very erroneous accusation. I trust it follows, that the work being a genuine one, there was neither "*impudence*" nor "*pretence*" in its re-publication. But he rests his charge of *spuriousness*, on the use of italics, capitals, and indexes.

"Some hundred sentences and parts of sentences are printed in italics, and capitals, and occasionally interspersed with pointers (P, and notes of exclamation, none of which are to be found in the original."

It would be waste of words to prove that it does not render a work "*spurious*" to mark cogent passages in italic characters, or to direct the reader's attention to such passages by indexes. Were every second sentence in italic, provided the text were preserved inviolate, the edition could not, without a most manifest departure from propriety, be stigmatized as "*spurious*," nor the publisher be styled "*an impudent pretender*."

But, gentlemen, what must be your astonishment to learn that there is not a single note of exclamation in the whole work? Not a single one! It will not by any means diminish your astonishment, to learn that there are in it but *six pointers*, as they are styled, and not one word in capitals. There are, it is true, eight or ten words in *small capitals*, exactly as they stand in the edition from which this one was copied, which is now before me. Surely, gentlemen, if I were disposed to re-criminate, I might, on this occasion, make use of some of the harsh language which the reviewer has employed. But I scorn it. A good cause does not require such aid. A bad one cannot be supported by it.

The reviewer goes on to say,

"It purports to be printed by order of the House of Representatives, leaving the reader *falsely* to suppose that this order issued from the Congress of 1823—24."

This is a very coarse, I might have said a "*false*" accusation, and equally unfounded with the others. The title is printed verbatim et literatim from the original. But this is a very frivolous point, wholly unimportant. The work is *are perennius*, and will remain a standard one, the best of its kind in the world, when we and our children are laid in the peaceful grave.

I regret to have wasted so much space on matters which are merely personal; and now proceed to points of real magnitude—those are the doctrines of Alexander Hamilton, which the reviewer has wholly mistaken. He asserts that these doctrines are in exact accordance with those of Adam Smith. I quote his own words.

"It appears to have escaped general observation, that the main scope of General Hamilton's argument, while it deserves all the credit of originality, is in fact identically the same that Smith, Say, Ricardo, and others of that school, have demonstrated to be correct."

This is as erroneous a position as ever was advanced; and I hope to prove that the theory of Adam Smith (I pass over Say and Ricardo, because, if I prove my assertion as regards Smith, the proof will apply equally to those two writers,) and that of Alexander Hamilton are as diametrically opposite to each other, as the doctrines of Calvin to those of the Council of Trent—the maxims of Sydney, Locke, and Russel; to those of Palmer and Sacheverel; or finally, an American declaration of rights to fulminations of Ferdinand of Spain.

Mr. Webster, in his celebrated anti-tariff speech, made an assertion similar to that of the reviewer; and such an opinion prevails among many of our citizens. A thorough investigation of a subject so very important, and so much misunderstood, cannot fail to be extensively useful.

I shall assume, as too well known to require proof, that the basis of Adam Smith's theory, is—

1. That we ought to purchase abroad whatever can be had cheaper there than at home.
2. That bounties and premiums are pernicious and unjust.
3. That no manufacture ought to be protected by prohibitory duties or prohibitions.

All the residue of Dr. Smith's theory, as regards the points so ardently discussed of late, in the United States, are wholly unimportant. These alone belong to the question at issue.

I now proceed to prove that A. Hamilton advocated, in the most explicit manner, 1. Submitting to purchase domestic articles higher, temporarily, than foreign ones; 2. Bounties and premiums; and 3. Prohibitory duties.

1. Purchasing domestic articles, temporarily, dearer than foreign ones.

"As often as a duty upon a foreign article makes an addition to its price, it causes an extra expense to the consumer. But it is the interest of the society to submit to a temporary expense, which is more than compensated by an increase of industry and wealth; by an augmentation of resources and independence; and by the circumstance of eventual cheapness." Page 84.

"Though it were true, that the immediate and certain effect of regulations controlling the competition of foreign with domestic manufactures, was an increase of price, it is universally true, that the contrary is the effect with every successful manufacture." * * * "The internal competition which takes place, soon does away every thing like monopoly, and by degrees reduces the price of the article to the minimum of a reasonable profit on the capital employed." * * * "Whence it follows, that it is the interest of a community, with a view to eventual and permanent economy, to encourage manufactures." Page 66.

I trust that I have fully established my position, that, on the point of buying goods abroad, because they may be had cheaper than at home, the doctrines of the Smith and the Hamilton schools are diametrically opposed to each other.

II. *Bounties and premiums.*

Here the discrepancy is equally great. Alexander Hamilton most unequivocally advocates both measures.

"Bounties," says the writer, "are sometimes not only the best, but the only expedient for exciting the encouragement of a new object of agriculture with that of a new object of manufacture." Page 82.

"Except the simple and ordinary kinds of household manufacture, and those for which there are very commanding advantages, *pecuniary bounties* are in most cases indispensable to the introduction of a new branch. A stimulus and a support not less powerful and direct, is, generally speaking, essential to the overcoming of the obstacles which arise from the competitions of superior skill and maturity elsewhere. Bounties are especially essential, in regard to articles upon which foreigners, who have been accustomed to supply a country, are in the practice of granting them." Page 43.

"Premiums serve to reward some particular excellence in superiority, some extraordinary exertion of skill, and are dispensed only in a small number of cases. But their effect is to stimulate general effort. Contrived so as to be both honorary and lucrative, they address themselves to different passions, touching the chords as well of emulation as of interest. They are, accordingly, a very economical mean of exciting the enterprise of a whole community." Page 87.

In the conclusion of this report, Mr. Hamilton proposes the appropriation of an annual fund for various purposes, one of which, is—

"To encourage by premiums both honorable and lucrative, the exertions of individuals and of classes, in relation to the several objects they are charged with promoting, and to afford such other aid to those objects as may be designated by him." Page 128.

Here, again, I trust I have made out my case completely. I now proceed to show the very extraordinary and irreconcilable difference between Dr. Smith and Alexander Hamilton, on the subject of prohibitory and protecting duties. The former, I repeat, reprobates them wholly; but with the latter, they are the basis on which his whole system rests.

"Protecting duties, or duties on those foreign articles which are the rivals of those domestic ones intended to be encouraged, evidently amount

to a virtual bounty on the domestic fabrics; since, by enhancing the charges on foreign articles, they enable the national manufacturer to undersell all their foreign competitors. *The propriety of this species of encouragement need not be dwelt upon.*" Page 79.

This, I presume, would be sufficient—but I will produce a much stronger passage; the purport of which is the absolute exclusion of foreign articles, in favor of the national manufactures, which he wishes to have an absolute "*monopoly*" of the domestic market, in all "*proper cases.*" Those "*proper cases,*" must mean the manufactures made of the great staples of the country.

"Considering a *monopoly* of the domestic market to its own manufactures, as the reigning policy of manufacturing nations, a *similar policy* on the part of the United States, in every proper instance, is dictated, it might be almost said, by the principles of distributive justice; certainly by the duty of endeavoring to secure to their own citizens a reciprocity of advantages." Page 80.

The idea of *absolute prohibition* is still more clearly expressed in regard to the manufacture of ardent spirits and malt liquors.

"In respect to both, an exclusive possession of the home market ought to be secured to the domestic manufactures as fast as circumstances will admit. *Nothing is more practicable, and nothing more desirable.*" Page 108.

I think that it will appear, from a candid view of the preceding page, that I have fully disproved the accusations against the Edition and the Editor; and proved that the coincidence, of opinion asserted to exist between the doctrines of Adam Smith and Alexander Hamilton, is wholly unfounded; and that the reviewer has been betrayed into the use of language not merely unwarranted in the present instance, but unbecoming under any circumstances.

More anon.

MATHEW CAREY.

Philadelphia, Feb. 12, 1825.

Remarks on the foregoing Communication.

We cannot but think that Mr. Carey has suffered his feelings to warp his better judgment when he accuses us of a departure from the courtesy with which gentlemen should conduct literary and political discussions. We are not aware that we have departed in any instance, where literary or political

questions were under discussion, from the course recommended by Mr. Carey; on the contrary, it affords us pleasure to state that, on this point, our opinions are in perfect accordance with his own; nor can we admit that we have violated this principle in the instances alluded to by that gentleman. In the first place, *we did believe*, and we expressly stated our opinion, that no gentlemen were concerned in the mechanical execution of this edition of Hamilton's Report; and therefore we did not deem it necessary to be particularly courteous on the occasion. And now, although we must acknowledge our error in supposing an *impudent publisher** had *palmed* the work upon the public, yet we must add, that we consider the impropriety of the whole proceeding as aggravated by the preceding explanation. The ignorance, or the necessities, which might prompt an individual to do such an act, might be offered as some extenuation of it; but when gentlemen of education and fortune engage in an adventure of this kind, the matter must rest on its own merits, which we shall presently proceed to discuss.

In the first place, Mr. Carey charges us with *incorrectly* *termining* the work "*spurious*;" and he appeals to the dictionaries for the definitions of the word. We are certainly under no obligation to use a word in *all* the variety of meanings of which it is susceptible; it is sufficient for our purpose that the very first one quoted is precisely the sense in which we intended to use it; namely, "*not genuine*;" besides, this is of less importance, as we proceeded to state why we called it *spurious*. We would ask Mr. Carey whether he would regard an edition of the Bible or New Testament as *genuine*, if all those passages which were supposed to favor particular tenets and opinions were printed in italics;† if they were rendered more remarkable by *indices* placed wherever it suited the sectarian views of the publishers, and if, to crown the whole, a sectarian pamphlet (Dr. Ely's *Retrospective Theology* for instance) were inserted in the volume directly after the Apocalypse? We are sure that Mr. Carey will acknowledge that such an innovation would deserve the highest reprobation, particularly if it was the only

* This word, by an error of the compositor, (the writer of the article being out of town,) was printed "*pretender*" in our original article.

† We have the highest judicial authority in this state for saying, that if a publisher makes a passage emphatic, by printing it in italics, and leaves the reader to suppose that this was done by the original author, he may, in certain cases, be liable to an action; which could *never* be the case, if it were true that the publication, notwithstanding such alteration, continued to be a *genuine* one.

edition to be procured, and was industriously circulated among those persons who could scarcely be expected to know that these passages were not made emphatic by the inspired writers themselves, or by other competent authority. The principle, in both cases, is the same; for Mr. Carey acknowledges Hamilton's report to be a text book; and it is known that there is not a copy in the market, except it be of this sectarian edition.

But to place this point beyond all discussion at once, we shall state one other fact decisive of the matter. When Hamilton's Report was printed in 1792, he thought certain passages in it sufficiently emphatic to be printed in italics, which was accordingly done. In the Philadelphia edition some of these were preserved, but others which did not suit the views of the publishers were *taken out of their original type* and printed in the common roman letter, like the rest of the work. The following is an instance :

"The foregoing suggestions are not designed to inculcate an opinion that manufacturing industry is more productive than that of agriculture."

We think our readers will now be able to judge for themselves whether this work be genuine or not.

We are next called upon to express our astonishment that "there is not a single note of exclamation in the whole work—not a single one!" and also to express our astonishment that there are *only* six pointers (05), and not one word in capitals. We must admit ourselves to be in error so far as relates to the notes of exclamation and capitals; but as to the pointers 05 we do not recollect to have charged the board with the use of them oftener than six times. We next come to Mr. Carey's exception to our charge that "the report purports to be printed by order of the house of representatives, leaving the reader falsely to suppose that this order, issued from the congress of 1823-24;" and to his justification of the publishers on the ground that "the title page is printed verbatim et literatim from the original," which original was printed in 1792. To this we must reply that we consider this as a most extraordinary mode of justification indeed. What! to reprint a book after the lapse of thirty years with the same title page as the original, when part of that title related to the particular period when it was first printed! If the title page had declared the "copy right secured according to law," would it be strictly fair to reprint that also? Why not? the copy right of the present edition is as much secured according to law as the work is printed by order of the house of representatives. If one is justifiable so is the other. But even this strange attempt at

justification is not in the least available, for the fact is not exactly as our correspondent states. He overlooks the most important point; the identical one of which we first complained. In the original the title page, after setting forth the name, &c. adds,

[Printed by order of the House of Representatives.]

1792.

The present edition reads,

[Printed by order of the House of Representatives.]

1823.

Now, we do not call this verbatim et literatim; so far from it; we declare that, in our opinion, every body who has no previous knowledge of the fact will still "falsely" suppose that the order for printing, in the latter case, issued from the house in 1823. It must be recollected too, that this imprimatur is placed precisely in that part of the page where it would have been if the house had actually issued the order in 1823.

But why lengthen argument? every one who now reads the Report for the first time is deceived. He thinks that *this edition* is printed by order of the house of representatives, and that General Hamilton directed the report to be printed in italics, with indices to point to those passages which *he thought* the most material. If there was no intention of deception, why did not the Board, in their preface, state the fact, that *they* had marked out certain passages for the particular attention of the reader—that *they* had taken certain passages out of italics, and printed them in roman—that *they* had affixed indices—that *they* had selected an appendix which, in their judgment, was a proper addition to Alexander Hamilton's Report; and finally, that the "order" issued from the House of 1792.

We have now gone through with Mr. Carey's objections at length, and must recapitulate in a few words the true state of the case. First, we charged the publisher with leaving the reader falsely to suppose that the order for publication issued from the congress of 1823." Secondly, we termed the edition a spurious one. Thirdly, we complained that a large portion of it was unwarrantably printed in italics and capitals, interspersed with notes of exclamation and indices. Fourthly, we charged the publisher with the interpolation of a silly dialogue, of which charge Mr. Carey takes no notice. Now, out of all of these charges how many are not substantiated? Why, truly, we were mistaken about two unimportant facts, and we are ex-

pected to express our surprise that the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the encouragement of American Manufactures, have indulged in most *exceptionable liberties* in only four cases out of the six charged ; and of these four Mr. Carey justifies one because it has been repeated only six times.

In closing this portion of our remarks, we cannot, in justice to ourselves, omit to state that, in the article which has drawn forth Mr. Carey's strictures, we used no terms the meaning of which was not perfectly obvious from the text, nor expressed any censure for which we did not particularly designate the cause. We seized the only possible chance of averting from the Pennsylvania Society the public disapprobation which must attach to this publication ; and we can only express our regret that our intentions were mistaken.

Leaving our readers in possession both of Mr. Carey's charges against us, and of our defence, we proceed to notice his observations on the review itself. And here we cannot but express our admiration, that a gentleman of Mr. Carey's discernment could have so materially misunderstood us. We have nowhere asserted that General Hamilton's "doctrines were in *exact* coincidence with Dr. Smith's." On the contrary, a very great proportion of our article was devoted *expressly* to the purpose of pointing out and arguing the discrepancies between them. We did say, indeed, that the *main scope* of Hamilton's argument is, identically, the same as Dr. Smith's ; and we do not yet perceive any reason for altering our opinion on this point. Mr. Carey has evaded that portion of the subject, of which alone we asserted the coincidence, and we do not feel ourselves under any obligations again to enter into an inquiry on a point which remains undisputed, except by the mere dictum of our correspondent. Instead of this, we shall follow and reply to Mr. Carey's arguments and quotations, noticing incidentally those points on which General Hamilton's opinions coincide with those who advocate the expediency of unrestricted commerce.

Mr. Carey states, truly, that General Hamilton labored to establish, 1. The expediency of submitting, *temporarily*, to purchase domestic articles higher than foreign ones. 2. The policy of bounties and premiums. 3. The utility of prohibitory duties. It is necessary only to refer to the Report itself to be satisfied ; and we presume that Mr. Carey will admit that bounties, premiums and prohibitory duties, were indicated by Hamilton as a means only of procuring an acceleration in the

fall of the prices of the domestic article ; otherwise, what is the meaning of the following paragraph ?

"The continuance of bounties on manufactures long established," (and, by parity of reasoning, the continuance of duties under similar circumstances,) "must almost always be of questionable policy ; because a presumption would arise in every such case, that there were natural and inherent impediments to success. But in new undertakings they are justifiable, as they are oftentimes necessary." Page 84.

It appears clearly, that Hamilton himself thought duties, bounties and premiums justifiable, only as they would cause or hasten the fall in the price of commodities, that is, in the cost of their production. We have, then, reduced the argument to the single point, that Hamilton endeavored to defend the expediency of "submitting, temporarily, to purchase domestic articles higher than foreign ones." We reply, when it is demonstrated that the "rise in prices *was temporary*, and was more than compensated by the permanent fall," we will admit, on this point also, that Dr. Smith would justify General Hamilton's opinions. The experience of thirty-three years proves Hamilton to have labored under a mistake in supposing that bounties, &c. would cause or hasten the fall in the price of commodities ; and analogical reasoning places beyond question that this anticipated fall cannot supervene for ages. It is a most singular mode of argument, to produce for our assent, predictions, which, by their entire failure, defeat themselves ; for we can hardly think that any one will pretend that an experiment of thirty-three years was intended by Hamilton to be understood by the expression "*temporary rise*," to say nothing of the certainty of this rise continuing some centuries to come. Hamilton thought that if any European manufacture, cloth for example, could once be introduced into this country by means of bounties or duties, and a competent portion of capital invested, that it might be afforded to the consumer cheaper than the foreign article, inasmuch as the costs of transport would be saved. Now it must be obvious to every one, that no article can be afforded for less than it costs to produce it ; but nearly the whole cost of production consists in wages paid to the laborer in the different stages of production ; even the expense of the machinery is almost all resolvable into wages. Now, as wages were far higher here than in England, Hamilton must have necessarily anticipated a fall to English rates before the articles manufactured could possibly fall to English prices. That this is the very basis of his argument, no one can deny, since by no other possible means could the domestic commodity be afforded as cheap as

the foreign. On a reference to Mr. Carey's extracts, it will be perceived that they all depend entirely for their support on these false premises ; and it is not a little singular, that in his article he makes no reference to that portion of ours, which, unless refuted, completely defeats his position. We must, therefore, consider so much of Hamilton's Report as depends on this anticipated reduction of wages, as an argument built upon false premises, and therefore false in itself. In saying this, we repeat that no reflection is intended on General Hamilton. It was impossible for him to foresee that the laws which regulated wages in the old world would be modified in the new by the introduction of other data. Could he have foreseen this, his doctrines would have been in "exact coincidence" with Dr. Smith. So far he differed, and so far he erred. In his happy demonstration that manufactures are in their own nature productive, which occupies twenty-five pages of his Report, he not only agrees precisely with Dr. Smith, but actually copies his arguments. He is opposed, like Smith, to all permanent monopolies ; and although the extracts made by Mr. Carey seem to countenance them, yet it will be perceived by reading the preceding paragraph in the Report, that the monopoly there alluded to is not a monopoly of individuals, but of the American market to American manufactures ; and that too, only when the article can be made cheaper at home than abroad, on which point we also agree with him, because then no monopoly will be required.*

* A practical instance of the effect of securing the home market to the domestic manufacturer, has just been related to us by one of the workmen in a cotton manufactory at Mamaroneck, county of Westchester. The proprietors, or overseers, or foremen (it matters not which) of this manufactory, (we are happy to say they are not Americans,) in the true spirit of monopoly, had contrived to make all their work-people buy every thing at the "factory store." To obtain this desirable end, these gentlemen pay two thirds of the amount of their workmen's wages in orders for rum or other articles at the "factory store." The workmen discovered, at length, that instead of high, they were in fact getting very low wages, paid in a very inconvenient manner ; and about six weeks ago they turned out, or entered into a conspiracy, as it is called, not to work until the proprietors would agree to redeem with specie such of the orders as had been issued six months. The proprietors finding that the system of starving the workmen into compliance would not answer in this country, after some opposition, were finally compelled to yield to this very just and proper demand.

To the Editor of the Atlantic Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed fragments are selected from the poetry of a young friend who has been dead for some years. They are taken from a poem of about a thousand lines, on the "Temperament of Genius," and may, in your opinion, be worthy of preservation.—If so, you are at liberty to publish as much of them, from time to time, as you see fit.

MIND ! Godlike attribute of monarch man !
His guide, his chronicler, since time began !
Sublime, but dreary, often is thy path,
Through wastes forlorn, or lowering clouds of wrath.
Thy fruits the spoiler's proudest triumphs deck ;
Hew proud thy daring course, how grand thy wreck !

Thou, childless God ! my onward progress guide !
Ye, lonely nine, above the song preside !
Ye, angels of those planets pale and dry,
Whose influence rules the student's destiny,—
Albeit, I laud the all directing power,
Ye looked not baleful, on my natal hour,—
Raphael and Cassiel, melancholy sprites,
Who hold divided sway of days and nights ;
And ye, fantastic train, who constant tread
Your mournful measures round the poet's head,
Ghosts of the mighty, Umræ of the dead ;
Aerial forms of visionary birth,
Who mock the sad realities of earth ;
Or nightmare brood of fancy's sicklier view,
Delusive monsters, dangerous as untrue,
Who haunt his dreams in sleep, his dreams by day,
And whom no exorcist but death can lay ;—
Attend the strain, if call profane may bring
Your motley squadrons round on phantom wing,
And I, uninjured, of your power may sing.

Marked from his birth, the child of genius dwells
In thought's remote and solitary cells ;
In silent, secret, self-communion lost,
In crowds alone, in tumults buried most ;
The world's loud roar unheard around him breaks,
The senses sleep, the eternal spirit wakes.
The mystic feeling to himself confined,
The hermit form obeys the hermit mind.
Ah ! hapless race ! when God and nature doom,
Like Afric's monster tribe, to central gloom ;
From all around distinct, in mental frame,
As those with ashen hue, and eyes of flame.

* * * * *

Too fatal gift of proud supremacy,
That lifts the soul for happiness too high !
As when the priests of Thibet find confess
The incarnate God within the Lama's breast ;
The royal idol, shut from human ken
And converse sweet, within his sumptuous den,
Bemoans in vain the grandeur of his fate,
Pines, droops, and dies amid his pageant state.

Ere yet the boy to statelier manhood grown,
 Hath seen the rosy hours of childhood flown,
 The muse severe in lonely visits tells
 Her secrets, and unfolds her earlier spells;
 How from his cradle she the infant caught,
 And bore him through the silent realms of thought;
 Deep in his soul infix'd her seal divine,
 Pledged him unconscious at her awful shrine;
 And, like the boy of Carthage, made him there
 To all her foes eternal hatred swear.

Still dwells that secret in his inmost mind,
 Its power unknown, its influence undefined;
 From thence the wildest visions of the brain,
 Receive their parent hue and native strain.
 O'er all the world, the embodied fictions gleam,
 The brilliant pageants of the poet's dream,
 But whence, or how, their inspiration rose,
 The power creative can alone disclose.
 So boasted once the Scald,* from air who drew
 The dragon team with which the enchanter flew,—
 Whose words of power embattled legions bowed,
 And mail-clad giants and their armies cowed,—
 Who knew the charms that find the springs of love,
 And bid the pulses sympathetic move;—
 These wonders saw amazed the vulgar throng,
 And learned the power of many a charmed song;
 One sacred spell of import unrevealed,
 The monarch kept within his bosom sealed,
 By her alone, who shared that bosom, read;
 So to the Muse in bands immortal wed,
 To her alone the minstrel's heart is bare;
 She only scans, and guards the secret there.

What art thou, consciousness of fire divine,
 Glowing in him, the priest of all the nine?
 What art thou, genius, pregnant with the thought
 Of thine own power, with ~~thy~~ purpose fraught?
 The pride of Mammon, and the pomp of fools,
 The glow of beauty, and the boast of schools,—
 The half-formed monsters of a watery brain,
 Of their own poor and loathsome lineage vain,—
 The fair reflection in a shallow wave
 Of all the perfect form that nature gave,—
 The cobweb hangings gleaned from learning's wreck,
 The pedant's brow whose antique honors deck,—
 These pass away; as slacks the extended sail,
 When veers or dies the never constant gale;
 As fades the image from the ruffled tide,
 As scatters autumn's withered foliage wide.
 But thou! all vivid as the eternal flame
 From whence the quickening spark to light thee came;

* See the songs of Odin.

Thou, conscious genius! who shall dare profane
The almighty author, when they call *thee* vain.

Sublime, but baleful gift to creatures frail,
Which earth corrupts, and meaner things assail!
So proud, so jealous, every shaft can harm,
Tho' winged by withered envy's palsied arm.
In its own haughtiness its wrongs it broods,
Their shadows haunt its deepest solitudes.
So preys the worm unseen on generous oak,
That bore its head against the thunder stroke;
So on the noblest beast the insects feed,
Silent he feels them in his vitals breed,
While not a groan the tortures sharp can force,
Until his murderers banquet on his corse.

(To be Continued.)

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John Bull in America, or the new Munchausen. Charles Wiley. New-York. 1825. pp. 226.

We are informed, on the authority of the Quarterly Review,* that the *Federalist* was written by a gentleman of Kentucky; who mentions that during the *last war*, certain choice spirits of the Kentuckians "had seized a party of Indians a few days before, the greater part of whom they not only scalped according to their common practice, but coolly and deliberately amused themselves by cutting razor strops from their bodies while alive!"

Had this beautiful gallimaufry, in which a monstrous and palpable lie is enveloped in more absurdities and anachronisms than we can find parallels for in the original Munchausen, been sported in Blackwood's Magazine, it could have excited no special wonder. On the contrary, it would have been perfectly natural. The writers of that entertaining miscellany are professed followers of Bacon's doctrine, that "a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure;" and their excellent Magazine is conducted entirely on this principle. But that the fastidiously moral and exemplarily pious conductors of the Quarterly Review, the conscientious sticklers for Harry the Eighth's primitive church, who eschew leasing as they do irreverence, should solemnly delude, with so gross a *flam*, their

* In the review of Miss Wright's Travels. See the Westminster Review, No. IV. page 488. What is a little surprising, no notice is taken of this blundering falsehood by the latter journal.

loyal and religious subscribers, is almost incredible, and can be satisfactorily accounted for in one way only. They must have been hoaxed by some improper Yankee man or boy, who seeing them determined to introduce the story of the razor strops in their book, kindly helped them to an authority of great weight. He should also have referred them to Cotton Mather, who, as we learn from the volume now before us, is alive and in good health, at Boston. " 'Tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true ;" but these learned and devout reviewers seem to have an uncommon share of the simplicity and credulity so often associated with unaffected knowledge and piety. They are thus peculiarly liable to be deceived by travellers who visit these remote and unfrequented parts of the earth, where the art of printing has made such slow advances, and about which so little can be positively known. Big and little voyagers, of all ages, sexes, capacities and conditions,—clodhoppers, counter-jumpers, stocking-weavers and Newgate birds, may employ to the gentlemen of the Quarterly, with great propriety, the language of Ariosto to his readers—except that there is more probability in the fables of the latter, than in the dreams of the former; that he quotes Turpin as his authority, and they the *FEDERALIST*!

" They who for distant lands their country leave,
Find things unlike what they had deemed before ;
And none for truth their stories will receive,
They pass for liars, when their travel's o'er ;
Because the vulgar mob alone believe
What they can see and feel, and nothing more—
Therefore with every inexperienced mind,
We know full little credit we shall find.

" Little or great—we do not care a sou
What the blind, stupid vulgar think or chatter ;
Nothing, we know, will seem too gross to you,
Whose better lights will comprehend the matter :
Your praise, the only end we have in view,
Supremely bliss if you our labors fatter !"¹

* " Chi va lontan dalla sua patria, vede
Cose da quel che già credea lontane,
Che, narrandole poi, non se gli crede,
E stimato bugiarde ne rimane ;
Chè'l volgo sciocco non gli vuol dar fede,
Se non le vede, e tocca chiare e piane.
Per questo io so, che l'inesperienza,
Farà al mio canto dar poca credenza.

Poca o molta ch'io n'abbia, non bisogna
Ch'io ponga mente al volgo sciocco, e ignaro :

This amiable weakness of credulity, arising from the native simplicity and candor of their own minds, induced these writers to take Mr. Fearon for an accomplished gentleman, whose prejudices in favour of this unfortunate country, were, disagreeably for himself, but happily for his friends at home, dissipated by his visit to our shores. Whether this worthy was a horse-milliner, or maker of harness, as was once believed, or a stocking-weaver, as has since been stated, he was no doubt disappointed in the country and people which he expected to find. He was never in decent company, unless by accident, and then, of course, but for a short time. He once rose in a public meeting, before a debating society, to deliver his sentiments on the matter under discussion; but having formed extremely erroneous preconceptions of the manner in which freedom was understood, law administered, and the gospel revered among us, he endeavored to ingratiate himself into the favour of his audience by uttering a volley of Jacobinism, blasphemy and slang. He was made to avoid the room, before he had proceeded far in his discourse. Finding, as the result of all his travel, that he could neither make a speech, raise a row, nor get a living without honest industry, he indignantly shook the dust of democracy from his feet, and bent homeward his 'watery way;' whether in the cabin or steerage *non constat*. Then with a penitential face, he presented himself to the excellent and unsuspecting junto of the Quarterly, who welcomed him with open arms, and made him their 'guide, philosopher and friend,' and secretary for the American department; and he will be employed, no doubt, as commentator on the next English edition of the *Federalist*.

Credulity grows stronger from the meat it feeds on, and craves more highly spiced aliment, the more it is indulged. The Book of honest Farmer Faux was therefore a *bonnebouche* for the innocent and philanthropic Reviewers. What a field it opened for the expansion of their sensibilities! How their hearts were poured forth in sympathetic sorrow for the sufferings of so many human beings, and black ones especially, whose parents were brought here formerly in kindness by Englishmen, for the advantages of the climate and the cure of

*A voi so ben che non parrò mancogna,
Che il lume del discorso avete chiaro:
Ed a voi soli ogni mio intento agogna
Che'l frutto sia di mie fatiche caro."*

their souls ; but who are now so sadly neglected by the Americans, and suffered to go without a bit of broadcloth to cover their freezing bodies, in the cold climate of the Carolinas ! No hawker's basket full of bloody murders, no poor seamen escaped from the pirates, in the bulletin of his sufferings headed '*horrid barbarity*,' ever approached the terrible realities of Farmer Faux's narrative, 'all which he saw and part of which he was.' The catalogue of miserable sights and sounds which he saw and heard, would make an agreeable addition to Dante's description of hell. Some of the tortures of our poor countrymen in fact exceeded in intensity any that the genius of the poet created ; but, as a general picture, the *Inferno* may be regarded as a prophetic vision of the state of America at the present day. This might be shown fully, if we had Farmer Faux's book at hand, or the review of it ; and had also sufficient patience to select their horrors, 'on horror's head accumulated.' Into this infernal country, without any warning inscription over the portal to turn his daring footsteps, and with no Virgil as his bear-leader through the regions of pestilence, torment and death, which he was about to enter, this honest yeoman unsuspectingly plunged ; and after encountering greater perils than Lithgow of yore, or Riley in modern days, but with far greater indemnity, he effected his escape at length, and returned to the bosom of his friends and the embraces of the benevolent Trimestrians. He must have been a very ungrateful man, if unmindful of all his signal deliverances, he did not cause public thanks to be returned for his preservation. For strange as it may appear, he had neither been gouged, bundled with, regulated, gander-pulled, dirked, licked or squatted upon ; and moreover had not lost the purity of his vernacular idiom, as appears from the style of his '*singularly wild and beautiful*' travels.

After all, however, it must be confessed, that either invention has become weaker in these latter days, or the English travellers in America have been generally poor devils. There is so little variety in their descriptions, and they ring the changes so eternally upon the same chime of dismals and horrors, that we soon get tired of laughing at them. A crack story is dished up in so many different ways, with a change of date and locality, that after one or two repetitions it loses all its charms. It is a pity that Ferdinand Mendez Pinto and Sir John Mandeville are so dead ; for could they make a tour in America at this day, they might get certificates and affidavits of their veracity, in the *Quarterly* ; vouchers, which they seem to have

wanted in their own times. But if it is absolutely necessary for the moral and religious improvement of the English people, for the support of the established church, and the stability of the government, that this continent should continue to be the theatre of monstrous and miraculous adventures, as it was reported to be at the earlier periods of its colonization ; if it is necessary to hold up our unlucky republic as a nursery of bug-bears, to frighten all naughty loyal babies, overawe radicals and dissenters, and to rouse the genius and to mend the hearts of all dutiful subjects, who believe in the Prayer Book and Quarterly Review exclusively, we would humbly suggest that a regular supply might be obtained from this country, at a moderate price, of much more astonishing and terrific materials than any the Reviewers have yet had to work upon. Their travellers have not had the good fortune to pick up one tenth of the information they might have gleaned from Yankees, possessed of facts in relation to Kentucky. Among the alligators, steam-boats and horses, in that savage region, events have occurred which would fill a whole number of the Quarterly ; to which the horrors in "the Monk," and "Melmoth," are *no touch at all* ; and after which the cutting razor strops, in the Federalist, from the backs of live Indians, would appear a harmless and justifiable diversion. Upon a proper application, we will put the amiable editors of the Quarterly in a way of obtaining these particulars. Profound secrecy must be observed in the negotiation ; as the writer, if known here, would be put to a lingering and miserable death, by being alternately "licked" and "bundled."

It would seem from the Quarterly, that what we are generally accustomed, here, to call the Western States, and to consider as lying at a trifling distance from us, do, in fact, lie along the Atlantic shore. All the adventurers into these wilds, get among prairies and settlers, before one would think they had had time to get their first dinner on shore. If the worthy Mr. Jedediah Morse ever reads any reviews in the Quarterly, of travels in America, he must shed tears profusely, of sorrow and of anger, on observing the deplorable neglect of his lucubrations by the learned instructors and censors of the British nation. No ordinary deluge or earthquake—nothing but a great general dissolution of the fabric of the world could produce such a confusion of latitudes and longitudes, such dislocations in one place, and such strange juxtaposition of things far remote, in another, as is done by the powerful wand of the

Quarterly, whenever its wizard conductors turn their eyes toward the western world. Their protégés travel as wildly, under their patronage, as Thalaba under that of the Laureate.

Existence sees them spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toils after them in vain.

To speak seriously, we think that it must have long appeared evident to every one, that the best way to receive the rhapsodies of the Quarterly about the barbarism of the United States, is with laughter at their blunders, if made ingenuously, and with commiseration, if they proceed from malice. Indignation is worn out, if it ought ever to have been indulged : and we confess we have always been unable to understand the use or policy of recrimination. For it admits that those who condescend to retaliate, have had their own pride or vanity touched ; and, if it does not also admit, by no means disproves the assertions, that have provoked its employment. Besides, as it can never be temperate, it can never be just ; and almost necessarily runs into errors and misrepresentations, corresponding with those which it would censure. Thus, while it can only mislead those at home, it can only irritate those abroad. After that cap-sheaf of ' all monstrous, all prodigious things,' *Fauxes* ' memorable days,' and the renowned review of it in the 58th number of the Quarterly, a good natured burlesque in the *Munchausen* vein seems the only suitable commentary in which we can properly indulge. We would rather laugh with ' *John Bull in America*,' than wade through the ponderous octavo of Mr. Walsh ; not that we would underrate the talents or extensive information of the latter gentleman, but that we cannot perceive any good end that can be answered by our attempts to expose the abuses of the English government.

After the sanction given by the Quarterly to *Faux's* *Mirabilia*, it is obvious that no burlesque could be too extravagant. On the contrary, the difficulty is, that the marvels related by that ' liar of the first magnitude' are, so much in the ' *Ercles*' vein, that it is difficult to mount into a higher region of hyperbole. How far our author has succeeded, every one will best judge for himself, as his risible faculties are more or less excited. As the book is in every one's hands, it is unnecessary to make extracts, and we must defer for want of room, all remarks upon its particular merits, until another opportunity.

SONNET.

Gli occhi di ch'io parlai sì caldamente.

PETRARC. P. 2. SON. XXIV.

The eyes that once my ardent verse controlled,
 The lovely form, the features whose sweet wile
 Me from myself afar could once beguile,
 Estranging me from all of human mould;

The tangled tresses of pure radiant gold;
 The sweet swift flashing of that angel smile,
 That once could win Heaven's joys to earth awhile,
 Are now but lifeless dust, obscure and cold!

And I must live—though life I loathe—though cast
 Without my light of life, alone and dark
 On perilous seas, and in dismantled bark.

Of my love-breathing lays be this the last;
 Quenched is the current of my wonted fire,
 And turned to wailings my neglected lyre! O. P. Q.

[We return our sincere acknowledgments to the gentleman who has furnished us the following interesting account of Champollion's recent discovery of Egyptian archives, some of which, it appears, were written several ages before the Trojan War.]

DISCOVERY OF VERY ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ARCHIVES.

The learned are well acquainted with the important discoveries made by Young and Champollion in the art of decyphering the sacred writing of the Egyptians. The latter is still engaged in pursuing this interesting object, as will appear from the following detail.

The collection made by Drovetti, one of the most successful explorers of Egyptian ruins and tombs, has become the property of the King of Sardinia, and is deposited in the Royal Museum of Turin. In this collection are a great number of manuscripts written upon papyrus. Champollion was at first attracted by a number of them remarkable for their size and beauty, and for their fine state of preservation. Nearly the whole of them were written in hieroglyphics, and adorned with paintings; but contained nothing but extracts from the funeral ritual of greater or less extent. The most complete copy of the funeral ceremony previously known, is in the

royal library at Paris ; and was regarded as containing the entire formula, whence the other hieroglyphic manuscripts found upon mummies, had been extracted, in greater or less proportion, according to the importance of the person for whom they were intended. Champollion had, however, remarked upon some of the finer coffins, figures and texts that were not to be found in the Paris papyrus, although the largest of all the manuscripts that had previously been brought from Egypt, being twenty-two feet in length. He had thence concluded that a more complete form of the funeral ritual existed, which was confirmed by his researches at Turin, where he found a papyrus sixty feet in length ; he considers this as complete.

He found but few papyri written in the vulgar character. Among them were a few of the times of the Ptolemies ; one as old as the time of Darius ; and he at last discovered one of great length, containing a series of receipts for an annual pension, dated in the reign of Psammiticus I. thus conveying us back to the time of the Pharaohs.

Having made this remarkable discovery, he was led to the examination of some papyri which from their perishable state he had at first neglected. He had laid aside about twenty of these, folded in a square form, blackened and eaten by time, and without illuminations. He found them written in the hieroglyphic or sacred character, and the first line he perused, offered to his view the name and *prenom* of Sesostris. These he found repeated eight or ten times in the course of the manuscript, and he has from his examination inferred that the papyrus contains either a portion of the history, or a public act of the reign of that monarch. In the other manuscripts he found the names and dates belonging to the reigns of eight other kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties of Manetho.

While pursuing these investigations, he accidentally heard that some other fragments were to be found in a garret, to which they had been consigned, as being in too bad a state to be worthy of a better location. He insisted upon seeing them, and was the next day admitted to the chamber, where, to his grief, he found a table ten feet in length, covered to the depth of six inches with mutilated fragments of papyri. Had they been no more than copies of the funeral ritual, he would have felt but little emotion, but the first fragment he took up presented him with a portion of a public act of the date of the 24th year of the Pharaoh Amenophis Memnon. He thus de-

scribes his feelings at this discovery of a million of leaves, the mutilated remains of books written thirty centuries since.

"To describe the sensations I have experienced in dissecting this great corpse of Egyptian history, would be difficult; there was subject for moralizing to the very extreme of patience. I found myself carried back to times of which history had hardly preserved the faintest recollection, in company with gods who for fifteen centuries have been without altars, and in some little fragment of papyrus I have saved the last and only record of the memory of a king, who, when alive, found the vast palace of the Theban Carnac too small for him."

The oldest fragment is dated in the fifth year of the reign of the celebrated Mœris, and is of course the oldest public act in existence.

From a careful examination Champollion has inferred, that whoever has discovered these manuscripts, has had the rare good fortune to stumble upon the entire archives of some temple or public office, that had remained closed and forgotten since the time of Cambyzes. What has been saved, and which Champollion will probably succeed in decyphering completely, will probably leave us ever to lament, that so many precious documents have been lost, that might have been preserved by a little care on the part of the persons who first found them.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The American Militia Officer's Manual, being a plain and concise system of Instruction for Infantry, Field and Horse Artillery, Cavalry and Riflemen, as adopted by law for the standard of discipline in the states of New-York and New-Jersey; with an Appendix, containing forms for Orders, Returns, &c. and Directions for Holding Courts Martial: by J. G. Dyckman, formerly Major of Light Infantry in the service of the United States.—The plan of Major Dyckman's Manual seems to be, to render plain, and easy to be understood by those militia officers who have but little time to devote to military study, as much of military duty as they require to be made acquainted with. To judge of the correctness of the discipline described, it is necessary that one should be a disciplinarian;

but any man is competent to judge of the propriety of attempting to discipline militia, like regular soldiers, in the few days allowed by law for training them. Even if it were possible, nothing would be more dangerous to our Republic, than to have all our militiamen accustomed to camp regulations and under perfect discipline. Militia should always be regarded as partisan soldiers, and not as regulars; and all attempts to make them such, until they are encamped, will prove utterly unavailing. But, independent of this, in giving instruction to a man, it would be of more service to him were he taught how to injure his enemy than to be made acquainted with all the formulæ of the military exercise.

This work, we believe, received the approbation of every military man in

the late legislature of this state, as well as of the state of New-Jersey, and has been highly spoken of by gentlemen of high military standing in the state of Massachusetts. An uniform system of discipline for the militia of the United States has engaged the attention of congress for many years. This book appears to us to embrace every thing to effect that purpose, if generally adopted by the several states. It has already been adopted by the states of New-York and New-Jersey, and it is hoped the other states in the union will see the propriety of following their example.

The exercise, we perceive, is strictly in conformity with that of the United States' army.

Seven Lectures on Female Education, inscribed to Mrs. Garnett's pupils at Elmwood, Essex County, by their very sincere friend James M. Garnett. Second Edition, with corrections and additions by the Author. Richmond, T. W. White. 1824. pp. 261.—We are sorry that this work does not answer our expectations, and candor requires us to declare that it contains many faults, as well negative as positive. Among the former may be included the deficiency of any novel views of the very interesting subjects of which it professes to treat. This deficiency we are disposed to believe exists less in the nature of the subject than the abi-

lity of the writer. We do not recollect of a single idea (which ought to be there) in the whole work, that is not much better expressed by Gregory, Chapone, or Bennett, to say nothing of Miss Edgeworth. As to the positive faults, they are many and glaring. Will it be believed that the author of *Seven serious Lectures on Female Education* has introduced into the same volume twenty-nine pages of silly, ironical maxims, which would be discreditably to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and which at best are intended to raise an idle laugh? Besides this, there are frequent colloquial phrases and instances of vulgarity scattered through the work, which are particularly objectionable on such an occasion: such for instance, as "*blind as bats*," "*ficks your fancies*," "*bugbear books*," "*poor poll*," "*she-devils*," "*The itch to snatch food from each other, and your attendants, if once practiced, would often be at your fingers ends*," &c. p. 146." "*The better plan, therefore, certainly is, to depend (as the mariners say) upon plain sailing*; and never to forget that striking and admirable characteristic of our good mother Eve, whom Milton describes, as one who would not unsought be won." "*It is a hard case perhaps, that these vile men will be so inaccessible to female attractions of such general currency*; but it is the nature of the beast who must be taken," &c. p. 161.

SONNET.

Se lamentar angelhi, o verdi fronde.

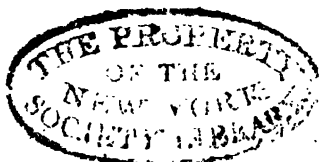
PETRARCH. P. 2. SON. XI.

Where on the ear the nightbird's wailings rise,
Where greenwood leaves, soft summer breezes lave,
Where gently murmuring, each enamoured wave
Upon the young bank's rosy bosom dies;

Musing, 'mid thoughts of love, before my eyes
Floats that bright form, whose spirit (since the grave
Stole from the world what Heaven in pity gave,)
Still to my prayer from her far home replies.

Ah! why, she says with angel voice, why flows
This stream from thy sad lids? why leave to fade
Thy flower of life in early grief away?

Oh, weep not thou for me; for Death has made
My days eternal,—I but seemed to close
These eyes in Night, and woke to endless Day! O. P. Q.



Colombia: Its present state, in respect of Climate, Soil, Productions, Population, Government, Commerce, Revenue, Manufactures, Arts, Literature, Manners, Education, and Inducements to Emigration. With Itineraries, partly from Spanish Surveys, partly from Actual Observation. By Colonel Francis Hall, Hydrographer in the service of Colombia. Philadelphia. 1825.

COLONEL HALL is, no doubt, already well known to many of our readers, as the author of "Letters from France," and of "A Tour in British North America and the United States." In the latter work, the author appeared perpetually struggling between his approbation of most of our political and social institutions, and his fears of provoking the resentment of his Majesty's ministers, who, at that time, were not at all desirous that the advantages which belong to a republican form of government should be generally known. Colonel Hall went as far as his conscience would permit; but he could not, in common honesty, descend to so low a key-note of calumny as his illustrious employers had selected and appointed for the purpose. He was, accordingly, soon made to comprehend, by these haters of successful and prosperous republics, that the English officer who would dare to speak of the United States in any language but that of scorn, disgust and execration, could never hope for distinction or advancement in the armies of a British king. Colonel Hall was thus obliged to throw up his commission, and seek for refuge in the service of a South American republic. The rank which he holds in the Colombian army has enabled him to collect much valuable information on almost every subject interesting to those who think of emigrating to Colombia. The little volume before us cannot, of course, from its brevity, enter into any very extensive details, but has the merit of presenting, in a cheap and compact form, a general view of the actual condition and future capabilities of the infant republic.

Colonel Hall has purposely confined himself to the "present state" of Colombia; but as we cannot help thinking that a sketch of the history of a country of which so little is accurately known, will be generally acceptable to our readers, we shall endeavor to supply this deficiency, by prefacing our remarks on the work before us, with a notice, necessarily brief, of the more remarkable events in the history of Colombia.

This republic is formed, as our readers doubtless know, out of the *ci-devant* vice-royalty of New-Grenada on the south
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and west, and the captaincy-general of Carúacas on the north and east. The coast of Paria, in the province of New-Andalusia or Cumaná, will ever be remembered as the spot where Columbus first landed on the continent of South America, on the fifth of August, 1498. He was followed by Ojeda, Christoval Guerra, and Pinzon, who soon made known to all Europe the great abundance of gold, pearls, and precious woods which these provinces afforded. Expeditions were accordingly fitted out, and settlements were speedily effected at different points of the Venezuelan coast. In 1528, the sovereignty of the province of Carúacas, or at least, of the better part of it, was transferred by Charles the Fifth to the Welsers, a company of very opulent German merchants at Augsburg, in payment of a heavy debt which he had contracted. This was held a short time as a fief of Castile, but was soon forfeited for alleged abuses. Juan Perez de Tolosa was appointed captain-general, and Carúacas, from that time to the revolution of 1810, was governed by the worst possible species of colonial administration. There is absolutely nothing in this long interval of nearly three hundred years, which is worthy of the attention of the minutest historian. The whole period is filled with little else than the records of arbitrary and preposterous restrictions imposed by the mother country upon her colonies, with the idle expectation of deriving from these measures a very great accession of influence and wealth. The administration of the Council of the Indies, with all its magnificent pretensions, was oppressive in the extreme. The Creoles, or natives of the country, were excluded from almost all offices of profit and trust. The utmost ingenuity was exerted to keep down the growth of knowledge, and to limit the means of improvement. The colonial resources were abridged and controlled by a system of oppression which seemed deliberately to aim at the destruction of every source of provincial emolument which could not be exclusively perverted to the interests of Spain. The colonists were forbidden to trade with foreigners *under penalty of death*. The whole commerce, internal and external, of the provinces, was shackled by an execrable system of licenses, restrictions, monopolies, high duties, double tythes, *alcabalas*, *estancos* and custom-house exactions, such as the most bigoted exclusionist of modern days would not dare to recommend. The most absurd and disgusting superstitions were industriously inculcated by the priests, who, in fact, were the meanest of the minions of royalty; and all studies which tended to strengthen the understanding, were expressly and emphatical-

by forbidden, on the ground that the inhabitants were intended by nature to labor in the mines.*

The history of New-Grenada is a mere repetition of that of Carácas. It was discovered by Columbus during his fourth voyage; and various ineffectual attempts were soon after made by Spanish adventurers to establish a permanent possession of the province. Finally, however, after about forty years of irregular warfare with the natives, Queseda and Benalcázar succeeded in reducing the whole country, which was thereupon erected into a captaincy-general, subject to the feeble counterbalance of an *Audiencia Real*. In 1718, New-Grenada, then dependent on Peru, was raised to a vice-royalty, and two royal audiences were subsequently established. If we except the invasion of Carthagena, in 1585, by a few French adventurers, the capture and destruction of the town of that name by Sir Francis Drake, the pillage by the French buccanners, and the naval demonstrations of Admiral Vernon in 1780, New-Grenada may be said to have remained uninterruptedly in the possession of Spain until the late revolution. During this long period of colonial subjection, this province was compelled to endure the same iniquitous oppressions which we briefly enumerated when speaking of Carácas, and which, indeed, were meted out with a fearful impartiality to all the Spanish colonies on the continent of South America.

It cannot be supposed that the provincialists could endure, without murmuring, the unparalleled tyranny of the mother-country. But so great was the influence of the priests, and so confirmed was the weakness of the people, that no attempt to oppose openly and forcibly the despotism of their trans-atlantic rulers, was ever actually and seriously made, until the year 1781, when the province of Socorro rose in arms against a threatened imposition, or rather extension of the detested *Aloabala*. The insurrection was, however, very speedily quelled, and the country continued quietly submissive to the metropolitan authority until 1794, when another rebellion broke out, and aroused the greater part of New-Grenada. The new doctrine,—so difficult for tyrants to acknowledge and for slaves to comprehend,—of a people's in-

* Not a single printing press was permitted in New-Grenada or Carácas; and the Holy Inquisition enjoined upon its agents diligent search among the colonists for all books which did not teach the most grovelling submission to the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. If any such were found, the pressers were inflexibly and rigorously punished.

alienable right of self-government, had gradually found its way to the understandings of the South Americans. The same Book, which had already so materially contributed to the cause of freedom in North America, was destined to subserve as high and holy a purpose among men yet unacquainted with the language of liberty. In spite of the vigilance of the minions of the Inquisition, the *Rights of Man* was published and secretly distributed at Bogotá; and it was not until the glorious doctrines of democracy had been widely disseminated, that the vengeance of the sovereign reached the heads of the abettors of these damnable heresies, for as such they were denounced by the pious arch-bishop of Santa Fé. This insurrection, from its limited extent, shared the fate of the former one, and no revolutionary movement, if we except the feeble efforts of Miranda in 1806, occurred until 1808, when French agents arrived with the news of the imprisonment of Charles, and demanded from New-Grenada and Carácas the oath of allegiance to the Emperor Napoleon. This afforded to the friends of independence an admirable opportunity for the accomplishment of their designs; and under the very plausible pretext of opposing the pretensions of France, and defending the authority of Ferdinand, measures were secretly adopted in the provinces of Quito, Santa Fé and Venezuela to secure the absolute independence of New-Grenada and Carácas. The plan of the insurgents was partially accomplished, when the re-establishment of the peace of Europe enabled Spain to direct her undivided strength against the movement of the embryo republic, and a lingering respect for the authority of Ferdinand, enforced by the superstitious terrors which the earthquake at Carácas had excited, enabled Monteverde to reduce Venezuela to her original allegiance.

If this general had exercised that forbearance which policy as well as humanity required, it is probable that the name of Bolívar would never have been known as the Liberator of Colombia. He was at this time enjoying, under the protection of the English at Curaçao, the peaceable possession of his wealth; but exasperated at the cruelty of Monteverde and his ruffian adherents, Antonianza and Zoasola, he sat out, at the head of fifty followers, for Carthagena, and after a considerable accession of numbers, defeated Monteverde, and entered Valentia in triumph. Bolívar was afterwards compelled to retreat before Boves, and took refuge in Tunja. His subsequent operations were in a measure frustrated by the opposition of the federalists, who resisted by force of arms the

establishment of the *central* form of government; and the arrival of Morillo from Spain was followed by the fall of Cartagena and the recovery of New-Grenada. Morillo knew as little as Monteverde what use to make of victory, and after irritating his defeated enemies by unheard-of severities, he made an indiscreet descent upon the Isle of Marguerita, where his army was cut to pieces, and he himself forced to retreat in disgrace to Carácas. The reinforcement of three thousand Spanish troops under the command of Canterac, who arrived about this time from Spain, enabled Morillo and Barreira, another of the Spanish generals, to make head for a short time against Bolívar; but in 1819 a decisive victory at Boyacá put the Liberator in secure possession of Bogotá. Morillo returned to Spain,* and Latorre who succeeded him, being defeated by Bolívar at Carabobo,† was compelled to take refuge in Puerto Cabello.

The Spanish authority being thus utterly broken down throughout New Grenada and Carácas, a congress was assembled at the city of Rosario de Cúcuta on the 12th of July, 1821, which decreed and ratified the fundamental law of the union of the two provinces, under the name of the Republic of Colombia, and the constitution was proclaimed on the 30th of the following month.‡ Shortly after this Cumaná surren-

* As a reward for his services, this wretch was created, by his royal master, Count of Cartagena and Marquis de la Puerta. The following anecdote of this double traitor, (for his conduct during the late Spanish revolution proved him such) is supported by unquestionable testimony. During the campaigns in Carácas, a boy appeared in the tent of Morillo, drowned in tears. The chief desired to be informed for what purpose he was there. The child replied that he had come to beg the life of his father, then a prisoner in Morillo's camp. "What can you do to save your father?" asked the general. "I can do but little," said the boy, "but what I can shall be done." Morillo seized the little fellow's ear: "Would you suffer your ear to be taken off to obtain your father's liberty?" "I certainly would," was the answer. A soldier was accordingly ordered to cut off the ear by one stroke of the knife. The boy wept, but did not resist. "Would you lose the other ear for the same thing?" was the next question. "I have suffered much, but I can *still* suffer," replied the boy. The other ear was taken off piecemeal. "And now," said Morillo, "depart! the father of such a son is dangerous to Spain; he must die!" The father was then executed in the presence of the son.

† In this engagement General Paez particularly distinguished himself, and was appointed by Bolívar, general-in-chief of the army at the very scene of the action. *Vide the official account of the victory of Carabobo, dated Valencia, June 25th, 1821.*

‡ This fundamental law is grounded on a similar one decreed on the 17th of December, 1819, at Angostura, which first declared the union of Venezuela and New-Grenada, under the "glorious title" of the Republic of

dared to general Bermudez, and hostilities appeared to be at an end. In 1822, however, some insurrectionary movements, instigated by the friends of a confederated form of government, disturbed for a time the establishment of order and tranquillity, but the reduction of Quito and the victory of Pítcincha, followed by the acquisition of Guayaquil, put an end to the civil dissensions of the provinces, and gave strength and security to the central administration.

Puerto Cavello and Coro were now the only places in the possession of the royalists. Coro, we believe, surrendered in February, 1822, to the patriot forces, and, although retaken shortly after, was finally evacuated in July, the Spanish troops making the best of their way to Curaçao. The Colombians, in the following September, experienced a reverse in the capture of Maracaibo by the infamous Moráles, who defended that post with an intrepidity and vigor worthy of the patriot cause, until, compelled, by successive naval losses, and a total failure of supplies, to capitulate to General Manuel Manrique and Commodore Jose Padilla, on the 3d day of August, 1823. General Paéz* then marched against Puerto Cavello, now the last hold of the Spanish forces, and on the 6th of November, that place was compelled to surrender to the valor of the republican army. The Colombians having thus gradually expelled from their territory the last remains of the armies of the impotent Ferdinand, were enabled to negotiate in London, on not unfavourable terms, a loan of upwards of twenty millions of *dollars*, redeemable, if we are not mistaken, in thirty years from the date of the loan. The disposition of this fund has hitherto been marked by as much prudence and discrimination as can be expected from the inexperience of a youthful republic, and the measures of the present administration are, with very few exceptions, calculated to establish on a solid foundation, the prosperity and power of the commonwealth.

The relations subsisting between this country and Colombia

Colombia. The fourteenth article of that instrument enjoins the celebration of the anniversary by a "national festival, where virtue and talents, as formerly at Olympia, shall be distinguished and compensated." This, as might be expected, was found impracticable in application, and, accordingly, the fundamental law decreed at Cúcuta ordains a perpetual national festival to take place annually on the 25th, 26th and 27th of December—the first day to celebrate the independence of Colombia, the second, the establishment of the constitution, and the third, the victories by which those blessings were secured; thus wisely leaving "virtue and talents" to look for their reward before some more impartial and deliberate tribunal.

* Paéz and Padilla are mulattoes.

are, doubtless, very well known to our readers. In Mr. Monroe's Message of the 5th of December, 1821, the expediency of recognizing such of the South American provinces as were able to defend themselves, with a reasonable prospect of success, against the pretensions and aggressions of Spain, was hinted at in language sufficiently intelligible; and in a special message, bearing date the 8th of March, 1822, the justice, as well as the policy of such a measure was strenuously recommended in language that will ever redound to the honor of the "last of the revolutionary presidents." The recommendation prevailed; and on the 29th of April, a bill was passed appropriating 100,000 dollars to defray the expenses of missions to the independent nations on the American continent.* On the 8th of April, Mr. Zoa presented his note to the French minister for foreign affairs, and to the ambassadors and ministers of foreign powers at Paris, soliciting, or rather requiring the recognition of the independence of Colombia. The negotiation proved unsuccessful. On the 6th of March, 1824, the British Commissioners held an interview with the Vice-President, in which assurances were given of the friendly dispositions and intentions of the British government, and a *snuff box* was offered as a testimonial of esteem, on the part of his Britannic Majesty, but declined by the Vice-President until the Congress should sanction his acceptance of it. Very recently, Mr. Canning has officially announced, to all the Foreign Ministers, the intention of the British Government to acknowledge the independence of Mexico and Colombia; and commissioners have been authorized to negotiate and conclude a treaty of commerce with their respective governments. In entering into these arrangements, England has, doubtless, been determined by her interest alone. A vast amount of British capital is invested in various enterprizes connected with the South American governments. Her mining companies in Mexico, her pearl fisheries in Colombia,† her tobacco, tea and wine monopolies in Chile, call imperatively for that protection which

* The treaty just concluded between this country and Colombia is unexceptionable in all its provisions, and carefully secures the great maritime rights for which we have always, as a nation, so strenuously contended.

† By a decree of the Colombian congress, passed in August, 1823, a monopoly of all the pearl fisheries of Colombia was granted to Messrs. Russell, Bridge & Russell, on certain conditions. These fisheries, for some time after the discovery of America, were very profitable. In the year 1587, *six hundred and ninety-seven pounds* of pearls were imported into Seville; and one in the possession of Philip the Second weighed 250 carats, and was valued at 160,000 dollars. Recently, however, (in consequence, it is supposed, of a want of ingenuity in the manner of procuring the pearls,)

commercial treaties with an acknowledged sovereignty alone can confer. We observe, too, that the South American republics entertain none of those contemptible apprehensions of the danger of admitting foreign capital, with which our own exclusionists are perpetually distressed. On the contrary, they easily perceive that nothing can possibly constitute a better guaranty of the good will, and a better hold upon the good conduct of a foreign power, than the possession of her capital, and the means of investing it to her advantage. Netherlands, and perhaps Prussia, will follow the example of England as speedily as circumstances will admit, and France cannot long resist the obvious policy of a similar negotiation. As for Russia, Austria and Spain, it is a matter of absolute insignificance, whether they withhold or accord an acknowledgment, which, with them, is but a name that can neither confirm nor impair a sovereignty which must shortly be recognized by all the civilized world.

The territory comprehended within the limits of the Republic of Colombia is nearly of the shape of a right-angled triangle, of which the coasts washed by the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean, constitute the sides, and the north and north-west limits of Peru and the Brazil, the irregular hypotenuse. Of this territory, five parts lie north, and one part south of the equator, the city of Quito being nearly under the line. There is a very remarkable difference between the habitableness of the equatorial regions of the new and the old world, arising from the great elevation of a large portion of the former. The consequence of this is, that Colombia embraces within comparatively scanty limits, provinces of all possible varieties of climates. The changes which the traveller experiences in travelling through the mountainous districts of the south of Europe, can give but a faint idea of the geographical peculiarities of the various provinces of Colombia and Lower Peru. It is a curious fact, although not often adverted to, that in consequence of this elevation of the South American equatorial territory, an immense extent of country, of perhaps fifty thousand square miles area, possesses, although exposed to the vertical rays of the sun, the soil, the temperature and the salubrity, generally supposed to be confined to regions several thousand miles remote. Colonel Hall divides the country into three principal zones; first, the tracts of land included betwixt the Cordilleras and the sea coast; secondly, the

these fisheries have been unproductive. The substitute of diving bells, [*Vide Humboldt's Essai Politique*] in place of paying divers (buzos) would doubtless very much diminish the expense; and some such plan will probably be resorted to by the company.

mountainous zone, and thirdly, the savannahs, swamps and *pampas* between the Andes and the Orinoco. The expression *zone* is manifestly inaccurate, and we do not think the division is as proper or as practical as that which is generally made by the South Americans themselves. The Colombians divide their lands into the *tierras calientes*, the hot districts; *tierras templadas*, the temperate districts; *tierras frias*, the cool districts; *paramos*,* the damp cold lands, and *nevados*, the lands covered with snow.†

The population of Colombia, according to Colonel Hall, was 3,255,000 previous to the year 1819. We are inclined to think this estimate too high, for in 1823 the population was but 2,640,000 inclusive of Panamá, and the ravages of war can scarcely have occasioned such a serious reduction of numbers.

Of these the reduced Indians are the most, and the Negroes the least numerous.

Before the revolution there existed many absurd and oppressive distinctions in the privileges of the different *castes*. The women of color were forbidden by law to wear the *mante*, "or black-dress used at church, or from wearing any ornament of gold or silver; custom, besides, prohibited them the use of the *alfombra*, or carpet, at their devotions, and that of an umbrella to screen them from the sun in the streets." "All these distinctions," we are informed by Colonel Hall, "are now happily abolished. The law of the republic sees none but citizens in every class of inhabitants, whatever may be their origin or the tinge of their complexions. The justice of this policy has been rewarded by the exertions of the people of color, in aid of the independence of the country, of which they have been the firmest supporters, and Colombia reckons among her best and bravest officers, men, whom Spanish pride and tyranny deemed unworthy to sit at a white man's table. If any lingering prejudices still remain they are happily confined to female osteries, or an occasional explosion in a ball-room: even these last embers of irritated and childish pride, it is the interest of the republic to see extinguished."

In consequence of the smallness of the number of slaves, the Colombian government has ventured by a law passed in 1821, to abolish involuntary servitude altogether; the offspring

* The *paramos* are mountainous places covered with stunted trees, exposed to the winds and to a perpetual damp cold. Hence the expression, *estoy emparamado*, I am chilled or benumbed with cold, as if I were in the *paramos*. Vide Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*. p. 400.

† Travels in the Republic of Colombia, by G. Mollien,

of all slaves born since the date of the law being declared free, and the proceeds of a legacy-tax appropriated to the purchase and manumission of all not otherwise emancipated by the law. Of the justice of such a proceeding we frankly confess we have very strong doubts.* That the existence of slavery is an evil of enormous magnitude, no one will deny; but we are not prepared to say, that the insecurity of property is not still more injurious to the general good. There is every reason to believe that the evil of slavery will remedy itself, and for these simple reasons: As population increases, wages will decrease, and the price of a day's labor will gradually diminish to a day's subsistence for the workman and a certain part of his family. Now, for less than this the slave cannot possibly work, and therefore, the price of a slave will necessarily fall, in proportion as population, in a given territory, gains upon the means of subsistence, until the free laborer will eventually supersede the slave, by being less expensive to his employer. The operation of this principle has already been felt in the middle, and even in some of the southern of our states, as many of our readers are doubtless aware. England, then, has no right to make a boast of the freedom of all the inhabitants of Great Britain, for if slavery were permitted there, no one in his senses would think of employing slave labor in the cultivation of the soil, or in any other department of industry. It would infallibly ruin the man who attempted it. In the case of Colombia, however, the evil arising from the forcible appropriation of the funds of the citizen, may be less than the evil of slavery, which may be, therefore, justifiably removed by the measures adopted for that purpose.

The government of Colombia is *central*, not *federative*, that is to say, such as the United States would be if the state sovereignties were (as some of our politicians are determined; if possible, to effect,) utterly broken down and annihilated. Much as we deprecate the consolidation of our own states, we cannot help believing that the central system is the best for the scattered and uneducated population of Colombia. The election of representatives to the congress is indirect; by means of intermediate electors. A nearer approach to democracy would probably be dangerous in the actual condition of Colombia, the experience of our own country having proved, that as the intelligence of the people is developed,

* We are sorry, by the way, to perceive that a distinguished member of the United States' senate, during the last session of congress, has seriously urged the expediency of a similar measure, which would virtually compel the free states to purchase the freedom of the slaves of the south.

the restrictions upon the unimpeded exercise of their sovereignty will be easily, as they may be safely, removed. It is peculiar, we believe, to the democratic form of government, that the difficulty of innovation will always be very nearly proportioned to its danger, so that few political changes can ever long precede or long follow the necessities that call for them.

Of the administration of justice in Colombia, Colonel Hall is unable to give a favorable account. The evil arises, as he thinks, from the nature of the civil and criminal codes. We are inclined to ascribe it rather to the want of a well organized judiciary, a defect for which the central system seems better calculated than the federal, to provide a sufficient remedy.

Colonel Hall's observations on the commerce and revenue of Colombia are particularly interesting. The iniquitous restrictions imposed upon trade by the vile policy of Spain, are, many of them, removed; but the prejudices of the old exclusionists are still visible in almost every part of their commercial and financial operations. Tobacco, for instance, is a government monopoly, and the foreign article is prohibited altogether. The consequence of this absurd measure is such as might be expected; foreign tobacco is smuggled in, and less revenue is derived from the monopoly than would have been obtained from a moderate importation-tax. The difficulties which retard the increase of the commerce of Colombia are resolved by Colonel Hall into the following five: want of population—want of industry—want of capital—want of knowledge—and want of internal communications. This, it must be confessed, is sufficiently comprehensive, and is enough to account for a far greater deficiency of mercantile prosperity. We recommend the attentive perusal of the following very sensible remarks to a certain set of restrictionists not yet extinct in North America; and we intreat them to reflect for a moment on the serious check which the prosperity of this country must receive, if the pernicious doctrines they have endeavored to disseminate are acted on in South America to the extent they have recommended as expedient at home.

The *Want of Knowledge*, says Colonel Hall, has a pernicious operation "by producing injurious political regulations. There can be no doubt of the good intentions of the Government with respect to commerce, and yet the worst enemies of the country could scarcely have devised worse methods to improve it. The beacon light which of all others should direct the political career of Colombia, is that of FREEDOM, UNLIMITED FREEDOM OF COMMERCE WITH ALL NATIONS; and yet so diffi-

cult is it to get rid of narrow views and obsolete prejudices, that almost every new commercial regulation has been in hostility with this fundamental principle. During the last year, the Vice-President, urged on most probably by the Creole merchants, issued a decree prohibiting foreigners from trading in the country on their own account, and compelling them to *consign* themselves to the natives. This is worthy of the worst times of the Spanish government, especially when it is remembered, that it is to *foreign* merchants and to *foreign* arms Colombia is at this moment indebted for political existence." "I believe, on this occasion, the Congress saw the folly of the measure, and it never passed into a law; in the interim, its bad effects were counteracted, as those of many bad Spanish laws have been counteracted in the colonies, namely, by eluding them; leaving to the government the disgrace consequent on an unwise measure, and the ridicule attendant on an ineffectual one." "With the same good sense all kinds of distilled foreign spirits have been prohibited, to encourage the manufacture and consumption of the vile trash called *Aguardiente*, or brandy of the country. Now, besides the unanswerable objection of taxing the whole population for the advantage of a particular class, this prohibition, could it be carried into effect, would be doubly foolish. Of all Colombian produce, sugar-cane with distilleries, is the least adapted to her present condition; it requires more labor, machinery, and capital, than either coffee, cocoa, or cotton, and is much less valuable, although sufficiently advantageous under favorable circumstances. To divert a portion of the small capital already employed from more advantageous branches of culture, and transfer it to one which can only be rendered equally profitable at the expense of the native consumer, is the acmé of political folly; or if it be said that the intention is to favor capital already embarked, the motive is equally ridiculous, since it is much more reasonable that capital ill-employed should be transferred to more lucrative speculations, than that the community should be taxed to support its disadvantageous application." "The last example I shall quote of this insane species of legislation is a recent law prohibiting the introduction of every species of Spanish produce. This measure, of course, was intended to distress the Spaniards, while nobody seems to have considered that the real evil would be inflicted on the Colombian agricultural interest. Of the 140,000 fanegas of cocoa grown in Caracas, according to the estimate p. 28, Spain was a customer for 100,000."

Colonel Hall then enters into the well-known demonstration (which we omit as too familiar to our readers) of the pernicious operation of such a silly prohibition.

"The origin of all these errors," Colonel Hall then continues, "making allowance for political feelings in the case of Spain, appears to lie in the mistake of considering the vendors of the prohibited articles in question, in the light only of sellers, without considering, that in order to be sellers, they must, directly or indirectly, be *buyers* also. The government might be desirous, that in the present situation of its finances, the commodities raised in Colombia should be all exchanged for the precious metals; this, however, is clearly impossible: the precious metals can only be augmented by increase of trade, capital, and population; and these must be the results, not of a prohibiting, but of a liberal commercial system; in a word, of FREE TRADE WITH ALL THE WORLD."

Colonel Hall's remarks on the state of the fine arts in Co-

Colombia are judicious, and appear to be impartial. We are far from considering the imperfect state of the ornamental arts in a new country as a subject of reproach. On the contrary, we regard it as the *duty* of a young country, [by this we mean a large and fertile territory, with a scanty but civilized population,] to defer the cultivation of these expensive luxuries until they have increased their numbers to the limits of a comfortable subsistence, by a diligent provision and industrious accumulation of the necessities of life. In consequence of the frequency of earthquakes, the study of architecture has not received that attention in Colombia that might be expected in a Catholic country.

"*Painting* is said to be cultivated with some success in Quito; and Bogota boasts the native genius of Vasquez, whose portraits certainly have merit, but the difficulties with which this, like every other liberal art, had to struggle beneath the Spanish yoke, may be estimated by the following anecdote: 'A painter in Bogota, of the name of Antonio Garcia, had two paintings from which he used to study—a Hercules spinning by the side of Omphale, and of Endymion sleeping on the breast of Diana: the Commissary of the Inquisition was informed of the circumstance, and on the ground that the pictures were indecent, searched his cabinet, and had them cut in pieces, which the owner *was allowed to keep*.' Few nations are more generally gifted with musical talent than the inhabitants of Venezuela: before the revolution *Music* was studied as a science with great success in Caracas, and it is no trifling instance of the spirit which has characterized the war, that Boves, the Robespierre of Colombia, should have felt pleasure in sacrificing the professors and amateurs of this amiable art, which tyranny itself has frequently respected. The *talent* still survives, though from the difficulty of procuring masters, as well as from other circumstances growing out of political changes and domestic distress, it may rather be said to scatter its sweetness wildly on its native air, than to be a subject of scientific study or professional cultivation."

In Bogotá, and in several of the principal towns, schools have been established on the Lancastrian plan;* the colleges and universities are reforming their course of studies, and accommodating their instruction to the general progress of science and philosophy.† Professorships of Mineralogy and Natural History have been recently established, and are filled by several French gentlemen engaged for the purpose by Mr. Zea.

* By a *Government Decree*, dated the 15th of April, 1823, (not a very republican measure by the way,) a new college was established in Valencia, consisting of a preparatory school and two professorships, to be supported by funds derived from the convents suppressed in Valencia.

† Before the revolution (and the prejudice has not altogether subsided,) the whole circle of human knowledge, according to Dr. Sanchez Caranza, was supposed to be comprised in the Latin Grammar of Nebrija, in the philosophy of Aristotle, the Institutes of Justinian, the Curia Philippica, and the theological treatises of Gonet and Larraga.

The rest of this interesting little volume consists of a general *exposé* of the natural advantages of emigration to Colombia ; a fair representation of the liberal disposition of the government towards settlers ; a description of the preparations necessary for emigration ; a recommendation of the most suitable places, and a candid statement of the difficulties and disadvantages arising from the difference of language, customs and religion, as well as from the diseases peculiar to the climate. As information on these points can scarcely be interesting to the American emigrant, and was doubtless intended by the author for the benefit of his own countrymen, we shall make no further extracts, but refer those who are curious on these subjects, to the concise but comprehensive account of them given by Colonel Hall.

Our relations with the Southern Republics, are every day growing more and more important. Under the benign operation of the representative principle, the agricultural and manufacturing interest of Mexico, Buenos Ayres and Colombia, will be rapidly, powerfully, and extensively developed. This increase of capital and wealth will enable the South Americans to extend from year to year their importations of our merchandize and produce ; and the beneficial influence of this mutual interchange of commodities will no doubt be soon visible in every part of the North American and South American States, unless, indeed, the baneful doctrines of narrow-minded restrictionists interfere, as they have done already so often and so fatally, to check the rapid progress of free states to prosperity and opulence ; a progress which, *ceteris paribus*, is always proportioned to the liberality of their commercial regulations. For this reason we sincerely regret that the bill reported at the last session, for introducing the English ware-house system into this country was not permitted to be acted upon by the House. In this, as in many other instances, we are very far surpassed by that great commercial power, of whose wealth we are so ridiculously jealous, and whose success we are preposterously endeavoring to equal, not by studying the true sources of her power and her prosperity, but by aping, with dull and silly mimicry, the miserable errors which have made her advancement incalculably less than it might have been under a better system of economical administration.

ODE FOR THE BIRTH DAY OF WASHINGTON.

I.

In the extremest East when Time began,
 And God's own image walked sublime on earth,
 In Eden's bower, where first the parent-man
 Rose at the Eternal's voice, had Freedom birth.
 Beneath sereneest skies she led him forth,
 Fearless and free and happy ;—hand in hand
 With innocence, and high in conscious worth.
 Peace reigned within, and o'er the smiling land
 Wastoned earth's first-born flocks in love's harmonious band.

II.

The world was changed ; a populous multitude,
 Of diverse and discordant tongues, had grown
 Re-multiplied on earth—till millions stood
 Warring in nations, where their Sire alone
 Had trod, the peaceful universe his own :
 Guilt, like a pestilence, had o'er the race
 A horrid taint of crime and discord thrown :
 Freedom forsook their haunts, and left no trace
 Of her first love on earth—her youth's abiding place.

III.

Then o'er the world a fearful darkness spread,
 And man forgot their birth-right, and became
 The trembling victims of a nameless dread—
 Phantoms themselves had reared, but could not tame.
 Pandars of vice; and heritors of shame,
 They fashioned to themselves a mortal God—
 An earthly Moloch; and with loud acclaim
 Bowed the submissive forehead to the sod,
 Worshipped the out-stretched arm, and kissed the scourging rod.

IV.

Girding himself, the Monster gathered round
 All evil ministers which Mischief bath;
 Gaunt War dashed onward like an unleashed hound—
 Ambition—burning to destroy and scathe—
 And haggard Famine, prowling in his path :
 Hot Murder came—and with distempered eye,
 Leering Suspicion, Fear, and gory Wrath,
 Shouting with fiendish glee destruction's cry,
 And warring 'gainst the world, for giant Tyranny.

V.

Three portions of the earth she might confessed
 Of the destroyer—yet one spot remained
 Far in the wilds of the extremest west
 His sceptre could not reach, yet unprofaned.
 Here centred every hope which earth contained—

Yet thirsting still for Empire, he arrayed
 Legions of fiends, his dogs of war unchained,
 While men looked on the mighty strife dismayed,
 And called upon high heaven, the world's last hope, to aid.

VI.

Uprose that cry—and morn, and noon, and even,
 Ceased not to rise beleaguered Freedom's prayer
 Re-echoed from a million hearts to heaven,
 Wafting the wail of Nations, Earth's despair—
 Till woke to wrath, avenging spirits there
 Roused at the cry of suffering myriads, came :
 Justice with ~~her~~ redeeming right arm bare—
 Wisdom to light the way with torch of flame—
 And Vengeance mailed for war, the invader's pride to tame.

VII.

On swiftest pinions rushing—hand in hand
 The avenging sisters came—until they stood
 On Vernon's height, and viewed the threatened land ;
 O'er the far plains, a silent multitude,
 Hopeless of triumph, but yet unsubdued,
 Were waiting fearlessly the coming shock ;—
 Each looked on his doomed neighbor, and renewed
 The stern resolve—and braced as 'gainst a rock,
 Drew close his fellow's grasp, the kindred ranks to lock.

VIII.

Invisible they saw ; and from the height
 Of Vernon's sacred hill, commissioned forth,
 Clothed with fit majesty, resistless might,
 All signs and tokens of excelling worth—
 The great Apostle of their cause on earth,
 The untamed Eagle of the western sky,
 Came from the mountain regions of his birth,
 Waving his glad wings with exulting cry,
 To lead the appointed chief to glorious victory.

IX.

Thus armed and panoplied and led, he went
 Forth where the self-devoted heroes stood ;
 Right on their foes his wrathful course was bent,
 In his right hand the sword of Justice glowed,
 And Wisdom blazed before him as he trode,
 And Vengeance, to unwonted sternness steeled,
 Strode tearless amid fields of waste and blood—
 Through the vast continent his war-cry pealed,
 Calling on all to arm, and follow to the field.

X.

The strife was joined with desperate malice—on—
 On drove the foes—secure of easy prey—

Flushed with the mighty triumphs they had won
 In other worlds; and portioning out to slay
 The few thin troops, that barred their wide array;
 On drove the foes with insult and with mock
 Careering in their pride—till in midway
 Dashed on the band, like waves upon the rock,
 Broken they back recoiled, astounded at the shock.

XI.

Again they rallied—on—still on—the cry;
 While through the routed legions, fiercely ran
 Yells for revenge with vows for victory:
 Wrath, grief, contempt and shame were there to fan
 The flame to fury—close then man to man
 With firm ranks serried—sullenly they came;
 In vain—for blazing in the opposing van
 The Appointed rode—and from his path of flame
 Scattered and trampled down—they fled in deeper shame.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. In four volumes.
 Boston. Cummings, Hilliard & Co. 1824.

We promised in our last number, a continuation of our lucubrations on the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth. For aught we know, this may be one of those promises which the promisees consider more acceptable "in the breach than in the observance;" but in this particular instance, we cannot consent to listen to the dispensation which some of our easy readers are doubtless ready to extend to us. We are impelled to the performance of our engagements by a principle more powerful than the sense of our obligations, and we candidly confess, that they who are displeased at our supererogatory honesty, have good reason to ascribe it, rather to the pleasure we experience in paying off our debts, than to any of those antiquated scruples which once made promisers to pay, uneasy and unhappy, until they were absolved from their troublesome indebtedness.

It is by no means our intention to bring before the notice of our readers, such of Mr. Wordsworth's poems as have been made the subject of ill-natured comment, or of injudicious approbation. We might, indeed, if we were so disposed, offer much in extenuation of the errors of Mr. Wordsworth, and show great ingenuity in bringing our readers to acknowledge the merits of Peter Bell and the beauties of Betty Foy. But we are content to let this pass, and will confine ourselves for the present to such parts of Mr. Wordsworth's writings as, in

our opinion, really deserve what they certainly have not received—the admiration and applause of every lover of fine poetry.

We shall begin with them in the order of publication, and we doubt not we shall establish, to the satisfaction of our readers, what we asserted in the preceding number of this journal; that Mr. Wordsworth was a poet from his first appearance before the public; that in his earliest publications there are brilliant testimonials of a talent which he himself misunderstood, and strangely misapplied; and that, in short, he owes his reputation, not to that to which he was disposed, and to which his friends were determined to ascribe it, but, to the frequent disregard of his own speculations on the nature of the art,—to a native sense of beauty which seduced him from his system, and betrayed him into truth,—to a happy incapacity to be the innovator which he wished to be, and a fortunate necessity of yielding to the tide of the strong impulses he so vainly endeavoured to oppose.

The first selections we shall make for the purpose of supporting what we have here advanced, will be from the exquisitely beautiful "Lines, composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour." These were composed and published in 1798, and formed a part of his Lyrical Ballads. We have not room for the whole; but the extracts we shall make cannot but convince the greatest enemy of Wordsworth, that he possesses, in an eminent degree, "the vision and the faculty divine," while the warmest advocate of his peculiar system must acknowledge that the extraordinary beauty and effect of these lines are due to any thing but the selection of the incidents and phraseology of low life. After describing (in language in which the chastened melancholy of his present meditations is beautifully blended with the joy of his earlier recollections,) the loneliness and loveliness of the secluded landscape;—after uttering his gratitude to the well-remembered scene around him, for that deep sense of Nature's genial impulses, to which

"—— amid the din
Of towns and cities, he had often owed,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart";—

the poet thus replies to the cold scepticism that doubts the influence of this "blessed gift":

"—— Yet oh! how oft
In darkness, and amid the many shapes

*Of joyless daylight; when the fretful air
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!*

We do not recollect, in the whole compass of English poetry, a truer and more beautiful description than the following, of the joy that the young heart feels in the free motions of the spirit among the lovely forms of undisturbed and unperverted nature. The tempered and subdued, but still cheering and consolatory influences which survive, when the eager and impetuous aspirations of youth are broken down, when "the fever of the world" has left those who are deprived of this support, discontented, debilitated and despondent, were never more justly or more poetically described than in the passage which we quote.—The poet first endeavors to depict the pure pleasures of his youth,

"—— when like a roe
He bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams";

but soon despairing of the power of his own admirable language,—like the painter in the fable, he throws his brush against his canvas, and so brings out in all their truth, and purity, and gentleness, his beautiful conceptions.

"I cannot paint
What then I was. *The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms; were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.*—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
*A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,*

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains ; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my mortal being.

The remainder of the exquisite performance is in the same admirable spirit. We have extracted it entire, because we believe it has not yet been quoted in any of the reviews of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
 Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the *shooting lights*
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear Sister ! And this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy : for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that *neither evil tongues,*
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
 And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee : and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance,

If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature hither came,
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake."

Now, we particularly request the attention of the reader to the pure and noble feeling,—the peaceful, placid, yet no less uplifted and delighted spirit,—the quiet yet intense enjoyment of the beauty and the majesty of Nature, pervading and possessing, as it were, every line and letter of these extracts, and let him answer these two questions—Is not this genuine poetry? and if it is, does it owe its character and effect to the introduction of the thoughts and sentiments of men in low and rustic life? We scarcely know which is the greater absurdity, to pretend that Wordsworth is no poet, or to assert that he is a poet on his own principle of excluding every thing but humble life from the cognizance of Poetry. Again, it is impossible that any reader of taste can peruse the above quotations without being forcibly struck with the remarkable chasteness and poetical aptitude of the language, as well as with the beautifully modulated flow of the blank verse. Could any but a poet have written this? Or, on the other hand, can this, with any sort of propriety or candor, be exhibited as a specimen of the "language of low and rustic life," which the author, in his preface, has asserted to be peculiarly, if not exclusively adapted to the purposes of poetry?

We shall now offer to our readers another extract which we have never seen quoted in this country, and if we except a few lines of it inserted and commented on in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, scarcely noticed in the critical writings of his countrymen. It was first published, we believe, in 1800, in the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, surrounded by doggerel ballads and unmeaning ditties, like a pure and precious pearl among the worthless beads of an Indian woman's necklace. Mr. Wordsworth, too, appears insensible of its value, and refers for illustrations of his meaning and proofs of his success to Goody Blake and Betty Foy, while he seems to be either ignorant or ashamed of such productions as the following:

THERE WAS A BOY.

There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye Cliffs
 And islands of Winander!—many a time,
 At evening, when the earliest stars began
 To move along the edges of the hills,
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
 Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
 And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
 Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him.—And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of mirth and jocund din! And, when it chanced
 That pauses of deep silence mocked his skill,
 Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
 Listening, *a gentle shock of mild surprise*
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.
 This Boy was taken from his Mates, and died
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
 Fair are the woods, and beauteous is the spot,
 The Vale where he was born: the Church-yard hangs
 Upon a slope above the village-school;
 And there, along that bank, when I have passed
 At evening, I believe, that oftentimes
 A long half-hour together I have stood
 Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies!

It is not the matchless melody of the verse, nor the exquisitely picturesque conception and description, conspicuous in every part of this short extract, (though these alone are more than sufficient,) to which we refer in justification of our praise—so much as the happy, beautiful and original exemplification of the process by which the poet's first knowledge of the "world half created half perceived" enters into, and pervades the whole frame of his conceptions.

The curious piece entitled "Nutting," although an attempt is made to give it a rural and indeed a rustic character, owes nothing of its beauty to the introduction of the "wallet" or "the nutting-crook." There is something enigmatical in the conduct of the Nutter, and something more so in the language of the Poet, for which we leave our readers to devise such explanations as they please; but no one, we think, can deny either the beauty of the poem, or its independence of the

theory of the Poet. We omit the first few lines descriptive of the "motley accoutrement" of the Nutter.

Among the woods,
 And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way,
 Until, at length, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
 Of devastation, but the hazle rose
 Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,
 A virgin scene !—A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in ; and, with wise restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet,—or beneath the trees I sate
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;
 A temper known to these, who after long
 And weary expectation, have been blessed
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.—
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
 The violet of five seasons re-appear
 And fade unseen by any human eye ;
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
 Forever,—and I saw the sparkling foam,
 And with my cheek on one of those green stones
 That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep,
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
 Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure,
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
 Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
 And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being : and unless I now
 Confound my present feelings with the past,
 Even then, when from the bower I turned away
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
 The silent trees and the intruding sky.—
 Then dearest Maiden ! move along these shades.
 In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand
 Touch—for there is spirit in the woods.

We pass over the "Brothers," (a poem in which the strength and truth and downright honesty of Crabbe is humanized and softened into a most finished picture of fraternal love,) because, as we believe, our readers are, or ought to be, familiar with it ; and we omit to quote from the "Old Cumberland Beggar," because while it shows triumphantly that Wordsworth was right in what Coleridge believes to have been his original opi-

nion, (that poetry might invest the meanest incidents with beauty and with power,) it neither strengthens nor impairs the arguments we have used to show that poetry ought not to be confined to that to which we admit it ought to be extended.

We now come to the poems published in two volumes octavo, in 1807, in which we shall find abundant proof of the entire success of Mr. Wordsworth, when he abandons or forgets his system, and his almost invariable failure when he puts it into operation. We refer without quotation, in proof of our first position, to the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," which breathes the very soul of minstrelsy and chivalry,*—to the third of the three sonnets to Sleep,—to that beginning, "It is a beauteous evening,"—to the lines on Rob Roy's grave, (the honest old Robber could not have desired a better epitaph,)—and to those on the momentarily expected death of Mr. Fox. Let the reader compare the strong simplicity and manly dignity, the calm, contemplative, and pensive earnestness, the unadorned and unaffected eloquence, for which these and several other poems in this collection are remarkable, with the puerilities and absurdities which betray themselves wherever the author puts his principles into practice. We know we shall be denounced for this sophisticated taste. We know we shall be told of the "apparent simplicity and real abstruseness" of these profound and wonderful performances, "which fools have laughed at, and wise men scarcely understand;" but we candidly confess, that rather than *pretend* to an initiation into the deep import of these mysteries, we shall boldly run the risk of the fearful imputation of "palsied imaginations and indurated hearts." As we shall never cease to uphold this writer against his enemies and against himself, as a Poet, in the genuine signification of the term, whenever he chooses to exert his extraordinary powers in a manner worthy of those powers, so we shall never cease to express, in loud remonstrances, the deep regret and strong resentment which we feel, when we see a mind of this high order seeking for the same of successful innovation, in a tedious affectation of infantile inisipidities,—in broken-hearted lamentations over dying daffodils and dandelions,—in preposterous pretences to have found com-

* In a critique on Mr. Wordsworth's "Poems" in the twenty-first number of the Edinburgh Review, the writer quotes with approbation the concluding stanzas of this song, with the exception of that beautiful one ending

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

This stanza, is apparently omitted, out of *mercy* to Mr. Wordsworth.

fort indescribable in ruminating upon sparrows' nests and spades, or in flying into unutterable ecstasies at the sight of "five blue eggs."

We have already mentioned (page 340.) that the unfavorable reception of the "*Poems*" seriously shook Mr. Wordsworth's faith in his own poetical creed. A proof that he was unable to resist the strong evidence of ridicule, and that he hastened to protect himself against the loss of reputation which his fantastic irregularities threatened to bring about, is to be found in the fact, that in the subsequent editions of his work, he has corrected many of the more offensive puerilities of his poems and lyrical ballads. Thus in the edition of his *Poems* printed in 1807, the lines to which allusion is made in the last words quoted by us, stand as follows :

Look, five blue eggs are gleaming there,
Few visions have I seen more fair,
Nor many prospects of delight
More pleasing than that simple sight.

In the edition before us this is changed a little for the better into the following :

Behold within the leafy shade
Those bright blue eggs together laid !
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.

In the poem called the "Blind Highland Boy," a story is told which might, at once, have been made (as it is now made) capable of exciting a new and peculiar interest in the reader. The boy shows a constant desire to venture on a salt-water lake in the neighborhood of his mother's cottage, and one day in spite of his anxious mother's vigilance, he accomplishes his purpose, gets into "a vessel of his own," and is soon seen floating down the tide towards the sea. In answer to the reader's anticipated inquiry what this vessel is, the poet, (in the edition of 1807,) apparently with great confidence in the affecting nature of the incident, thus replies :

"A household Tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes."

It is difficult to conceive how any man not utterly destitute of all sense of the ridiculous could possibly expect to make a pathetic story out of this. However this may be, the laughter of the critics and the expostulation of his friends, at last convinced the unsuspecting and astonished poet that this "would never do," and, accordingly, at the instance of a friendly adviser, he judiciously substituted a large turtle-shell in place of

the wash-tub, at the same time most stoutly contending that it was in the latter "less elegant vessel" that this perilous navigation was actually performed.

Material alterations or suppressions have also been made in the lines "To the Daisy," in the Address to the Sons of Burns, in the Beggars, in the Leach-gatherer, in the lines "To the small Celandine," in the Green Linnet, in "Foresight," and indeed in almost all the poems to which the objection of puerility or inanity could apply. "Alice Fell" we cannot find in the present edition; it is a pity some others of the same stamp were not also suppressed. To several passages which were complained of for their obscurity, explanatory notes have been subjoined, making sometimes, however, indiscreet elucidations. All this showed a gradual loss of confidence in the efficacy of the plan, and a returning sense of the true nature, extent, and capabilities of the art.

Convinced, at last, of the necessity of greatly modifying and extending his theory of poetry, Mr. Wordsworth determined to abandon ballad-mongering entirely, to retire to his native mountains, and there "construct a literary work that might live." The work which he finally determined to compose, was a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature and Society, to be entitled the Recluse; and having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement. The poem was finished on the plan contemplated, and consisted of three parts; but with the exception of two short extracts published in *The Friend*, a journal conducted at that time, we believe, by Coleridge, the first and third parts have not hitherto been given to the public. The Excursion is the second part, and will, in all probability, be "a literary work that will live," and will constitute, along with the other grave and seriously didactic poems of this author, his claims upon the admiration of posterity. Before we proceed to the subsequent publications of Mr. Wordsworth, we extract the following striking passage from one of the poems reprinted from *The Friend*, to show how skilfully this poet, when he pleases, can invest a common thing with all the interest of poetry, and how forcible he is in his exemplifications of the influence of natural objects in the development of the poet's imagination. He makes one of a skating party of boys:

All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the Chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The Pack loud-bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;

The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron : while the dis'ant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars,*
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay,—or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cross the bright reflection of a Star,—
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain : and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round !
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea."

It is not our intention to obtrude upon our unwilling readers any extracts from the *Excursion*. That has been already done, with sufficient judgment and discrimination by most of his reviewers. Even Jeffrey, after dealing on the work the heaviest strokes of his unsparing satire, makes in part amends by giving, with great taste and candor, numerous quotations from the finest portions of the Poem.

Of the *White Doe*, first published in 1815,† we have already spoken, p. 347, and our intention was to enter, in the present paper, into a detailed examination of its merits and defects. We cannot, however, avoid quoting the following passage, as wonderfully expressive, in its language, thought, and versification, of the serene and silent motion of some lovely and unearthly apparition. The scene is a churchyard on a beautiful Sabbath morning :

" —Soft ! the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen ;
And through yon gateway, where is found,

* This appears to be an Alexandrine from inadvertence. There occurs another still more remarkable oversight in the two last lines of page 279. Vol. I.

† In the American edition, and we presume in the English one from which it is reprinted, this is incorrectly stated as published in 1820. The "*Thanksgiving Ode*," too, is there said to be "composed in 1816 and published in 1820." This Ode was first published in 1816. There are other similar statements, the meaning of which we do not understand.

Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
 Free entrance to the church-yard ground;
 And right across the verdant sod
 Towards the very house of God;
*—Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,
 Soft and silent as a dream,
 A solitary Doe!*
 White she is as lily of June,
 And beauteous as the silver moon
 When out of sight the clouds are driven,
 And she is left alone in heaven;
 Or like a ship some gentle day
 In sunshine sailing far away,
 A glittering ship, that bath the plain
 Of ocean for her own domain."

"——Her's are eyes serenely bright,
 And on she moves—with pace how light!
 Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
 The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
 And thus she fares, until at last
 Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
 In quietness she lays her down;
 Gently as a weary wave
 Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
 Against an anchored vessel's side."

The concluding lines, descriptive of the Doe's habitual resort to the tomb of her beloved mistress, we cannot possibly omit :

"Most glorious sunset!—and a ray
 Survives—the twilight of this day,
 In that fair Creature whom the fields
 Support, and whom the forest shields;
 Who, having filled a holy place,
 Partakes in her degree heaven's grace;
 And bears a memory and a mind
 Raised far above the law of kind;
 Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
 Which her dear Mistress once beld dear:
 Loves most what Emily loved most—
 The enclosure of this Church-yard ground;
 Here wanders like a gliding Ghost,
 And every Sabbath here is found;
 Comes with the People when the Bells
 Are heard among the moorland dells,
 Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
 Lies open on the Sabbath-day;
 Here walks amid the mournful waste
 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
 And floors encumbered with rich show
 Of fret-work imagery laid low;
 Paces softly, or makes halt,
 By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,

By plate of monumental brass
 Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
 And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave;
 But chiefly by that single grave,
 That one sequestered hillock green,
 The pensive Visitant is seen."

Of the Thanksgiving Ode, written on the occasion of the restoration of the *legitimate* dynasties of Europe, we have only to say that it is a genuine specimen of that singular amalgam of dullness and profanity which has, time out of mind, been appropriated to the manufacture of the purchased *Epitaphium*.*

In 1820, Mr. Wordsworth published "The River Duddon, a series of sonnets; Vaudracour and Julia, with other poems." The sonnets were denounced at once as specimens of "a sort of prosy, solemn, obscure, feeble kind of mouthing, with a plentiful lack of meaning." It is needless to say to him who has read these "paragons of emphatic inanity," that, with very few exceptions, they are the finest sonnets in the language. They are evidently modelled upon those of Milton, and possess much of the musical flow, the graceful dignity and finished terseness of the Master's verse. The following, we presume, the Reviewer would cite as an instance of Mr. Wordsworth's affectation and egotism:

"Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!"
 The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
 The envied flower beholding, as it lies
 On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;
 Or he would pass into her Bird, that throws
 The darts of song from out its wiry cage;
 Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
 The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows,
 And what the little careless Innocent
 Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice!
 There are whose calmer mind it would content
 To be an uncultured floweret of the glen,
 Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling wren,
 That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

And the one which follows would be quoted in proof of "the plentiful lack of meaning" pervading the whole of these "little pieces:"

TRADITION.

A love-lorn Maid, at some far-distant time,
 Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass

* It is in this Ode that the silly blasphemy is found so often quoted by the enemies of Mr. Wordsworth, "Yea, *Carnage* is God's daughter!"

In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
 And, gazing, saw that rose, which from the prime
 Derives its name, reflected as the chime
 Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound;
 The starry treasure from the blue profound
 She longed to ravish;—shall she plunge, or climb
 The humid precipice, and seize the guest
 Of April, smiling high in upper air?
 Desperate alternative! what fiend could dare
 To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep rock's breast
 The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
 Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

What can be more beautifully imagined than this exquisite picture, and how could the imagination of the reader be more skillfully addressed, than by the mention of the "untouched memento," leaving the girl's fate to be inferred indirectly? * Of the two beautiful sonnets, called "The Stepping Stones," the latter, which we here extract, would be cited, we presume, as a specimen of "prosy, solemn, obscure, feeble kind of mouthing:"

Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
 With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
 A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass;
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance,—
 To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
 She ventures once again—another pause!
 His outstretched hand *He* tauntingly withdraws—
She sues for help with piteous utterance!
 Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
 Both feel when he renews the wished-for aid:
 Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
 Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
 The frolic Loves who, from yon high rock, see
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

The Inscriptions, with scarcely an exception, are lame and spiritless, without force, character, or point. In many of the "little pieces," however, scattered through the volume, there is much which reminds us of the power of Mr. Wordsworth's earlier blank-verse, and comparatively little which brings back the recollection of his earlier affectations. We refer, for instance, to the lines entitled "Characteristics of a Child," to the "View from the top of Black Comb," the "Haunted Tree," the "Address to his Daughter," and a few others of a similar character. Vaudracour and Julia, we presume to be

* Perhaps one of the great secrets of creating and sustaining high poetical interest consists, in the art of engaging the reader by indirect suggestions into trains of unexpected but inevitable inferences.

episode taken from "The Recluse," and published separately. It bears a strong resemblance to the episodes in the *Excursion*; but to us the story seems not calculated to excite much interest, and the manner in which it is told is feeble and unimpressive. The Waggoner, has had its admirers (among whom we find Elia, or Charles Lamb;) but it has the appearance of being one of those pieces of obstinate rusticity in which Mr. Wordsworth sometimes indulges to vex, as he says, "the squeamish of taste and the narrow of mind." Peter Bell is author of these preposterous monstrosities of which we shall not cease to express our strong and invincible dislike, in defiance of the hard names which its admirers stand ready to inflict on the "cold, unfeeling, sickly-delicate and heartless worldlings" who are deadened to the sense of its transcendent beauty.

The Sonnets dedicated to Liberty, were, the greater part of them, written between the years 1802 and 1810, and appear to be inspired by a sincere and generous love of freedom. They breathe, throughout, an unaffected terror at the progress of the French Usurpation, without any of the cant of the Poet's more recent legitimacy. The following is unusually animated, and is as powerfully conceived as it is strikingly expressed :

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD. 1810.

We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples,—and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands;
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,
Where all the Brave lie dead. But when of hands,
Which he will break for us, he dares to speak,—
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway,
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak:
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

It would be gross injustice to Mr. Wordsworth, if we omitted here to speak of his "Laodamia," a short but conclusive specimen of what he can accomplish, when emancipated from the tyranny of system. It is in reading this admirable poem, that we peculiarly regret the strange perversion of his talents, that could lead him to forego the highest honors of renown, either for the sake of the questionable merit of mere originality, or for the still more doubtful credit of constancy to an opinion

The Ecclesiastical Sketches, and the "Memorial of a Tour on the Continent," we confess are by no means to our taste. The cares and occupations of a tax-gatherer must be remarkably unfriendly to the imaginative faculty, and the poet seems accordingly to have forfeited his inspirations in the discharge of the new duties incumbent upon the exciseman,—the praise of the powers that be, and the collection of the stamp-tax. We are sorry that we must even say of him as Shelley did,

Once like a rock-built refuge high he stood
Above the blind and battling multitude :
In honored poverty his voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
Deserting these, he has left the good to grieve
Thus having been, that he should cease to be.

The great charm of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry is undoubtedly the pure, yet passionate affection, visible in every motion and attitude of his verse, towards all that is lovely and gentle and innocent and true in the endless combinations of external uncorrupted nature. To his eyes, as to those of certain enviable enthusiasts of modern days, all natural forms and colors and motions and sounds,—fountains and floods and lakes and waterfalls, hills and valleys, caverns and cliffs, forests and meads,

"Fiori, frondi, erbe, ombra, antri, onde, aure soavi,"—

are all symbolical of the high and holy truths which the Universal Mother is perpetually unfolding to the outward sense of all men, but in a language only to be learned by a long, faithful, and

"reverent watching of each still report
Which Nature utters from her rural shrine."

How far a susceptible imagination may usefully employ itself in associating moral sentiments with their most appropriate physical prototypes, and in submitting itself afterwards to the influences of their various combinations, (which, in a word, we conceive to be the secret of the whole affair,) we are not sufficiently versed in psychology to determine. But there is no doubt, that the sources of imaginative pleasure may be indefinitely augmented by a poet who will devote himself religiously to the study of those mysterious correspondencies, which seem by a law of our nature unchangeably established between the world of matter and the world of mind. The contemplation of these similitudes is certainly the most innocent and most delightful exercise of the imagination; yet perhaps there is nothing in which men are so unlike each other as their sensibility to such resemblances. From the man who sees in a

summer sun-set, nothing but an unmeaning congregation of indefinite shapes and colors, to him who cannot look upon external nature in any of her forms, without feeling within his frame the moral influences which belong to it—there is an infinite diversity of imaginative character. Of this poetical sensibility, Mr. Wordsworth unquestionably possesses an extraordinary share, and hence, no doubt, arises his almost idolatrous adoration of the instruments of his enjoyments. But there is certainly nothing violent or obstreperous in the language of his love, nothing of the “fiery quality” of an earthly passion, nothing clamorous, nothing frantic in the ritual of his devotion. On the contrary, there are few men who have worshipped Nature at once so purely and so passionately, so ardently yet so abidingly, as Wordsworth. His piety is as faithful as it is affectionate, as quiet as it is profound, as silent as it is intense,

“The depth but not the tumult of the soul,
A fervent not ungovernable love.”

Greece in 1823 and 1824 ; being a Series of Letters and other Documents on the Greek Revolution, written during a Visit to that Country. By the Honorable Colonel Leicester Stanhope. To which is added the Life of Mustapha Ali. Philadelphia. 1825.

This is an interesting volume. It consists of unofficial letters addressed by Colonel Stanhope to his friend J. Bowring, for the information of the Greek Committee, to whose disinterested exertions in the cause of Greece and Liberty the highest commendations are unquestionably due. Having understood that Captain Blaquiere, who was his predecessor in the agency of the Committee, would be detained for a considerable time in England, Colonel Stanhope offered his services as the substitute of Capt. B., until that gentleman's affairs left him at liberty to proceed to Greece. His offer was accepted with great readiness by the Committee, and the work before us accordingly contains the details of the instructions he received, and of the efforts which he made to accomplish the design of those instructions ; along with an Appendix, (containing upwards of fifty very interesting documents,) and a brief and imperfect notice, strangely called the *Life of a Turkish boy*, brought to England by Colonel Stanhope, on his return from Greece in June, 1824. Colonel Stanhope
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reached Cefalonia on the 22d November, 1823. Lord Byron had preceded him three months, and during that time had lived in absolute retirement, Count Gamba being his only companion. On the 12th of December, Col. S. reached Missolonghi, and was presented to Prince Mavrocordato. From some time after his arrival his exertions were principally directed to the establishment of political journals and elementary schools. The difficulties he encountered in the accomplishment of the first of these objects, may be understood from the following extract from one of the letters.

"The press is not yet in motion; I will explain to you the cause. When I arrived here I found that Mavrocordato had brought a press with him, and that Dr. Meyer had undertaken to conduct it. I immediately endeavored to rouse the several persons concerned to commence the work; but a thousand obstacles were thrown in the way. At last a house was procured and put in order: a prospectus, partly written by Dr. Meyer and partly by myself, was prepared, a list of the members of three Parliaments, the *Primates*, *Capitani*, &c. was made out, and a circular letter ready to forward to them. In short, when I thought that the matter was actually printed, the *redacteur* declared that the language of the prospectus was not good; that he had received one from the prince that was all excellent; in short, that he *would not print* the prospectus. Mark well that he is the only printer here. It is necessary to mention to you that, during this most important struggle, the treaty or contract, which I had guaranteed relative to the small loan of 100*l.* for the fleet, had been violated. Instead of seven ships being retained here, only five, and two fire-vessels, remained. The Prince's secretary came to explain the matter to me; but sophistry would not do from one who was sily acting as censor over the press, and attempting to suppress the thoughts of the finest genius of the most enlightened age—the thoughts of the immortal Bentham. I told the secretary that contracts were sacred things, and if they were broken in one instance what security was there for Lord Byron's loan or the expected English loan. The next morning I met the *redacteur* at Dr. M.'s, and rated him roughly. I declared that I would set up a press in the Morea, and expose the whole intrigue. I then asked whether it was intended to establish an inquisition in Greece. "What," said I, "will Prince Mavrocordato say to you; he who is the idol of the people, the governor they have forced the executive to adopt, and the president of the representatives of a free people, should he bear that you have acted so basely!" He shuffled, and agreed to publish what Dr. M. had written, but said that the translation from Bentham was not in good Greek, and could not appear. I gave him another sound rating, and he yielded. Since that time the Prince has called upon me. I told him how infamously the printer had behaved, and repeated all that I had said to him. I told him, farther, that no man's reputation could be safe without a free press: and, as an instance of it, I mentioned that he was accused of wishing to sell the Morea to England, and of aspiring to the throne of Greece. The high and sturdy tone assumed in these two conversations produced the desired result:—the prospectus is printed; and I feel proud that in Greece, as in Hindostan, I have contributed to the first establishment of a free press. There was a press, indeed, at Calamata, but it was under the control of Ipilanti, and the one at Corinth was merely used for registering decrees and proclamations. I propose to establish another press, at the seat of the legislative body; and the lithographic ones may be placed at Calamata, Candia, and Athens."

Colonel Stanhope at the same time addressed the general government of Greece on the subject of the posts, and offered to undertake the conveyance of the mails from Corinth to Napoli, Tripolitza, and Gastouni, by which means, letters and newspapers might be circulated all over Greece, the Islands, and to Europe.

It is impossible to avoid being struck with the honest ardor and unaffected zeal pervading every part of Colonel Stanhope's correspondence. His whole soul seems to be absorbed in promoting the success of his generous enterprize; and although his admiration of Jeremy Bentham's codifications must be considered as indiscriminating and excessive, yet there is a frank and noble ardor in his praise which shows conclusively, that he possessed all the enthusiasm essential to the fulfilment of the hazardous responsibilities he had assumed. The generous warmth, too, which he evinces when he speaks of this country, cannot but recommend him to the good opinion and regard of his readers in America. Washington and Bentham are his idols, whom he perseveringly sets up as objects worthy of almost religious veneration.

But Colonel Stanhope's admiration of Grecian patriotism appears to have suddenly damped soon after his arrival. The legislative and executive bodies were incessantly at variance on matters apparently of subordinate importance, and the agent of the Greek Committee soon began to have serious doubts of the high-souled heroism of their presidents. His zeal is, however, proof against all difficulties, and his hopes of Grecian freedom by no means seems to sink with his admiration of its champions.

"Every thing (he writes from Missolonghi,) is going on well here. My room is full of natives from morning to night, and the object of every word I utter is to impress upon their minds the advantages of liberty, education, the pure administration of justice, &c. Prince Mavrocordato is a *good man*. Do not imagine, however, that he is a friend to liberty on a large sense. *He is not*: but these are no times for an avowal of sentiments hostile to freedom."

Our readers doubtless recollect Sir Thomas Maitland's proclamation issued in January, 1824, complaining, in severe terms, of the conduct of some Greek ships. The following are Colonel Stanhope's remarks on this procedure. We do not undertake to say that they are not somewhat biassed by his predilections:

"The Greek fleet, in going from Hydra to Missolonghi, fell in with a Turkish brig near Scrofus. They chased her. She behaved gallantly, and at length ran on a rock near Ithaca. The Greeks sent a boat to seize and

ride their prize. The Turks made for the shore, and from the shore fired and killed Nicholas Bulugo and wounded Pano Triandophilo, both Spetziots. The Greeks upon this followed the Turks on shore, and killed and wounded some of them. The Greek commandants did all in their power to prevent their sailors from going on shore, and exerted themselves to hasten their return. The crime, therefore, of Turks and Greeks was nearly the same;—both violated the laws of neutrality and of quarantine. But Sir T. M. launches all his thunders against the Greeks, and talks of their having been commanded by "*un certo nominato Principe Mavrocordato*," but who did not command the fleet."

There was another case resembling this in most respects, and in the eyes of Colonel Stanhope, equally removed from all reasonable ground of exclusive or particular complaint.

"Yet for these acts," adds Colonel Stanhope, "Sir T. Maitland fulminates against the Greek nation. When will this man cease to persecute a people gloriously struggling for their lives and liberties?"

About this time the executive was changed, and Georgio Conduriotti chosen president.† Coray, who was at Paris, addressed a letter of encouragement and advice to the legislative president, (Mavrocordato.)

"Coray, (says Col. Stanhope,) is the only Greek that speaks in the right tone. He cuts up Metaxa for his petition to the Pope, in which he places Greece at the disposal of the Holy Alliance. He strongly recommends the diffusion of instruction, through the medium of education and the press, and ridicules Ipsilanti for retaining his Turkish title of prince."

A short and rather unsatisfactory sketch of the mode of administering justice in Greece is given by Col. Stanhope, for which we have not room. The influence of the newspapers established by Colonel Stanhope, we think is constantly and rather extravagantly overrated. That much good, by proper management, might have been done through the medium of well-conducted journals is undeniable; but the establishment, by a committee of foreigners, of a paper in which the conduct of the provisional government of the country is incessantly canvassed and frequently condemned; in which the most rude and violent innovations are clamorously urged on the authority of a foreigner who had never been in Greece, and who knew

* How far Sir T. Maitland transcended the rule of impartial justice in this proclamation, we are not prepared to say; but the more recent Proclamation of Sir Frederick Adam, although greatly censured at the time, appears on the whole to have been required by the illegality of the Greek proclamation, and was immediately annulled on the modification of that Manifesto by the Provisional Government of Greece.

† The Executive body consists of five or seven members, and is chosen by the Legislature.

nothing of the character of her people ; in which, in short, every thing was calculated to irritate a powerful party in the state, because that party would not acknowledge the consummate wisdom of the *Theory of Legislation*,—appears to us to say the least of it, an enterprize fraught with numberless and unnecessary hazards.*

The indiscreet abstractions in which Colonel Stanhope is perpetually indulging, are abundantly exhibited in the following curious controversy between that gentleman and Lord Byron, on the subject of a disputed claim for restitution of property captured and condemned under a blockade of questionable efficiency.†

“In the evening Lord Byron conversed with me on the subject. I said the affair was conducted in a bullying manner, and not according to the principles of equity and the law of nations. His Lordship started into a passion. He contended, that law, justice, and equity had nothing to do with politics. That may be ; but I will never lend myself to injustice. His Lordship then began, according to custom, to attack Mr. Bentham. I said, that it was highly illiberal to make personal attacks on Mr. Bentham before a friend who held him in high estimation. He said, that he only attacked his public principles, which were mere theories, but dangerous ;—injurious to Spain, and calculated to do great mischief in Greece. I did not object to his Lordship's attacking Mr. B.'s principles ; what I objected to were his personalities. His Lordship never reasoned on any of Mr. B.'s writings, but merely made sport of them. I would, therefore, ask him what it was that he objected to. Lord Byron mentioned his Pappicion as visionary. I said that experience in Pennsylvania, at Milbank, &c. had proved it otherwise. I said that Bentham had a truly British heart ; but that Lord Byron, after professing liberal principles from his boyhood, had when called upon to act, proved himself a Turk.—Lord Byron asked, what proofs have you of this ?—Your conduct in endeavouring to crush the press, by declaiming against it to Mavrocordato, and your general abuse of liberal principles.—Lord Byron said, that if he had held up his finger he could have crushed the press.—I replied, with all this power, which, by the way, you never possessed, you went to the Prince and poisoned his ear. Lord Byron declaimed against the liberals whom he knew.—But what liberals ? I asked ; did he borrow his notions of freedom from the Italians ?—Lord Byron. No ; from the Hunts, Cartwrights, &c.—And still, said I, you presented Cartwright's Reform Bill, and aided Hunt by praising his poetry and giving him the sale of your works.—Lord

* In a note of one of Colonel Stanhope's letters from Athens to Lord Byron, his Lordship thus remarks upon the proposed establishment of a *Gazette* in that place. “I hope that the press will succeed better than it has here. The Greek newspapers has done great mischief both in the Morea and in the islands, as I represented both to Prince Mavrocordato and to Colonel Stanhope that it would do in the present circumstances, unless great caution was observed.”

† Retribution had been peremptorily demanded and obtained from the provisional government of Greece, by a British captain whose property had been condemned.

Byron exclaimed, you are worse than Wilson, and should quit the army.—I replied, I am a mere soldier, but never will I abandon my principles. Our principles are diametrically opposite, so let us avoid the subject. If Lord Byron acts up to his profession, he will be the greatest—if not, the meanest of mankind.—He said he hoped his character did not depend on my assertion.—No, said I, your genius has immortalized you. The worst could not deprive you of fame.—Lord Byron. Well; you shall see; judge me by my acts. When he wished me good night, I took up the light to conduct him to the passage, but he said, what! hold up a light to a Turk!"

Mavrocordato is, according to Colonel Stanhope, a clever, shrewd, insinuating, amiable man. He wins men, at once, by his *yesses* and his smiles. He is easily accessible, and not tenacious of his own opinions; but his policy is wavering and temporizing, without any of the daring intrepidity essential to the entire success of an ambitious politician. His object, it is thought, is to secure the second station either under the commonwealth or under a king.

"The constitution is said to be his child, but he seems to have no parental predilections in its favor. And what, after all, can you expect from a Turk or Greek from Constantinople? All men are more or less influenced by the circumstances and the society that surround them; and Mavrocordato, in the office of a vizier, might be eulogized by the historian as a demi-god."

This Prince is, however, afterwards said to have expressed himself in favor of a federal government, if the difficulties growing out of the numerous rival islands could only be surmounted. He also declared himself an admirer of the government of the United States, which Colonel Stanhope attributes partly to the perusal of a speech of Mr. Monroe, and partly to the eloquence of some articles in the "Chronicle."

Great difficulties were found for want of printers. Mr. Sheridan Wilson, an American missionary, had established a Greek press at Malta, and was translating some useful books into that language. To this gentleman Colonel Stanhope applied for assistance, at the same time urging Mr. Bowring to get some elementary works on the English, the American, and the Swiss constitutions translated into modern Greek, in order to disseminate widely a knowledge of the great principles of free government.

We extract the following description of the manner in which Lord Byron's fit first made its appearance. The account of this has been variously given, but as Colonel S. was an eye witness, his statement is probably the most accurate:

"Lord Byron was seized, on the 15th instant, with a severe fit. His Lordship was sitting in my room and jesting with Parry, but his eyes and his brow occasionally discovered that he was agitated by strong feelings.

On a sudden he complained of a weakness in one of his legs: he rose, but finding himself unable to walk, called for assistance; he then fell into a violent nervous convulsion, and was placed upon my bed; during this period his face was much distorted; in a few minutes he began to recover his senses, his speech returned, and he was soon well, though exhausted with the struggle. His Piedmontese surgeon and Dr. Millingen both assured me that the fit, though of a dangerous character while it lasted, was not so in its consequences. During the fit his Lordship was as strong as a giant, and after it he behaved with his usual firmness. I conceive that this fit was occasioned by over-excitement. The mind of Byron is like a volcano, it is full of fire, wealth and combustibles: and, when this matter comes to be strongly agitated the explosion is dreadful. With respect to the causes that produced this excess of feeling, they are beyond my reach, except one great cause, which was the provoking conduct of the Suliots. Lord Byron had acted towards them with a degree of generosity that could not be exceeded, and then, when his plans were all formed for the attack of Lepanto, and his hopes were raised on the delivery of Western Greece from the inroads of the Turks, these ungrateful soldiers demanded, and extorted, and refused to march till all was settled to gratify their avarice. This was enough to agitate any heart warm in the cause of Greece. Such events are, however, quite natural, and may and ought to be anticipated. The Suliots have since agreed to act agreeably to Lord Byron's pleasure. When you hear these statements do not hang your head. The cause advances. Every day the Greeks acquire knowledge, and the Turks become more impotent. It requires more wisdom than falls to my share to tell you under what rule the Greeks will eventually fall, but of this I am certain, that they can never again be slaves."

The elective franchise is stated by Colonel Stanhope to be exercised in its widest range at Athens. He attended the elections of the prefects and the judges, (the modern *archons* and *discasts*,) and also at a meeting for deciding on some proposed taxes. A tax on those who possessed government-houses, and one on cattle were voted; a tax on produce was rejected. The suffrage is universal, and the elections annual. If these statements are not colored or exaggerated, there is no reason to despair that Athens may not return again to the glorious principles of her proudest and her happiest days.

Of the chief Odysseus (or Ulysses,) the general of Athens, the writer speaks in very high, and we fear, in rather extravagant terms:

"He has a very strong mind, a good heart, and is as brave as his sword; he is a *doing** man; he governs with a strong arm, and is the only man in Greece that can preserve order. He puts, however, complete confidence in the people. He is for a strong government, for constitutional rights, and for vigorous efforts against the enemy. He professes himself of no faction, neither of Ipsilanti's, nor of Colocotroni's, nor of Mavrocordato's; neither of the Primates, nor of the Capitani, nor of the foreign king faction. He speaks of them all in the most undisguised manner. He likes good fo-

* This appears to be a favourite expression with Colonel Stanhope, and seems to have originated with the utilitarians of the Westminster Review.

reigners, is friendly to a small body of foreign troops, and courts instruction. He has established two schools here, and has allowed me to set the press at work.

"In short, considering his education, his pursuits, and the society by which he has been surrounded, he is a most extraordinary man."

This singular man was originally a mountain robber, and seems to have imbibed from his roving life, not only an inextinguishable love of independence, but what is far more rare, a sincere desire to promote and secure the liberties of the people who now submit to his easy and popular control.

In the beginning of March, the civil disorders were renewed. The legislative body annulled the executive, who reassembled at Tripolitza, seized on Corinth, named Ipsilanti their president, and brought over thirty-five of the legislative body to their interests. This measure was a serious check to the prosperities of Greece. Its consequences are thus described by Colonel Stanhope in a letter dated March 21st, 1824:

"Greece is split into factions, which are enrolled into two great parties. The one consists of Mavrocordato, the islands, a large portion of the legislative body, of the Primates, and of the people. The other consists of Ipsilanti, Potembov, Colocotroni, and the principal part of the soldiery, &c. Odysseus professes neutrality, but leans to the latter party. Mavrocordato is a good man, but cannot go straight. He is, secretly, for a mild monarchy.—A thing as easy to be obtained in Greece as a mild tigerarchy. His followers mean differently, but mean well. Ipsilanti is, in mind and body, a slug, but still has shown more public virtue than any other man in Greece. His party are for military predominance and democracy. In short, the revolution has clubbed the Greeks. Still I have no doubt that order will be restored, and that strength and liberty will be the result."

Colonel S. made every effort to conciliate these differences, and omitted no argument or opportunity to convince the chieftains that disunion must necessarily prove fatal to their hopes. The London Greek Committee at the same time addressed letters to the presidents strongly urging unanimity of counsel and concert of action, as essential to success. Colonel S. was requested to suggest to the legislative body his advice concerning the disposition of the loan, and his general opinions with respect to the Greek cause. The loan he recommended to be deposited with authorized commissioners at Zante, and he then presented them with one of Mr. Bentham's books, from the perusal of which, he said, they would derive greater aid than from all the armies of the Holy Alliance. Much as we respect the generous zeal which Colonel Stanhope exhibits in his friend's behalf, we cannot help thinking that on this occasion the Vice-President must have treated the great Codifier's book with quite as little ceremony, as Atahualpa did the monk Valverde's breviary.

In May, 1824, Colonel Stanhope received orders to proceed forthwith to England. Before he left Zante, he put into the hands of his friend, Captain Humphreys, a paper of instructions, chiefly concerning the loan. The following is the sixteenth article :

" Explain Captain Trelawny's plan to the government. Let them endeavor to get some English or American Privateers, to harass the Turkish ships and their coasts. To this end they must appoint some naval port for the fitting out of such vessels, a cash-market for the disposal of prizes, bounty-money for ships that are destroyed, head-money for prisoners taken, and an admiralty court. The government should address Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool ; Mr. Eckford of New-York ; and Mr. Godwin, of Baltimore, on this subject, and send commissions to them empowering them to act without delay. The government must endeavor to prevent all piracies. They cost the state dear and throw odium upon it."

Colonel S. left Zante in the Florida on the 25th of May, and reached the Downs on the 28th of the following month. He thus concludes a letter, written the day after his arrival, to the Adjutant General :

" However badly I may have been represented, permit me to assure you that the first desire of my heart has ever been, in Greece as elsewhere, to deserve the esteem of mankind, my country and my king."

Of this we have no doubt. No one can peruse these letters without remarking, in every line of them, strong evidence of an ardent and generous philanthropy. Colonel Stanhope does not, it is true, give frequent testimony of great extent or depth of diplomatic or political knowledge ; but on all occasions he displays what is far more rare, and quite as useful, an unextinguishable love of liberty, an unaffected and unquestionable generosity of character, and an indefatigable perseverance in the prosecution of his plans ; every where recommended too, by frankness in his language, firmness in his purposes, and all the high-spirited gallantry of a soldier in his general deportment. Those who consult this volume for information beyond what naturally came to him in the execution of his agency, will of course be greatly disappointed ; for Colonel Stanhope confines himself in his book, as he confined himself in his commission, directly to the business for which he was employed. Still, those who examine the work for such matters as the Agent of the Greek Committee might be expected to have attended to, will be more than satisfied with the contents of Colonel Stanhope's book, which certainly, in the present dearth of intelligence from Greece, contains much that is new, curious, and important.

It was our intention to conclude this notice with a brief account.

count of the progress of the Grecian war since the date of Colonel Stanhope's return to England; for which purpose we have been industriously collecting much interesting and authentic information; but our remarks on the book before us have run out to so great a length, that we are precluded for the present from communicating to our readers, what we have no doubt will be equally acceptable at some future opportunity.

Mengwe; a Tale of the Frontier. A Poem. Princeton, printed. Carey & Lea. Philadelphia. 1825. pp. 76.

This is the second attempt which has fallen under our observation, within a short period, to convert the Indian character and manners to the purposes of poetical fiction. As chroniclers of the cotemporary literature of our country, it is our duty, we consider, to let no work with such aim and object escape our notice;—and we have perhaps been guilty of a sin of omission, in making no comment on *Escalala*, a legend in rhyme, which was published a few months since, and written, as we are informed, by a citizen of this state.

When, however, nothing very good or very bad can be decidedly said of a book, the reviewer can find but little inspiration for his task; and there is a degree of affectation in assuming as the text of an essay on a general subject, a book containing but one hint on the matter in discussion, which, though sanctioned by the practice of the great critical journals of the day, seems more striking and intolerable in a magazine like ours. It is our intention, however, in a future number, to go over the ground referred to, examine critically the works that have been produced on this theme, and consider, as systematically as we can, the question, whether the Indian character and history are fit materials for poetry.

In the notices appended to a cotemporary Review of the highest standing, we find the tale of "*Ontwa*" spoken of, in terms of no ordinary commendation. We recollect that at the time when this book came out, we remained in doubt, after a very cursory perusal of its contents, whether there was any poetry, properly so called, to be found in its pages. If we were in error, we would gladly be undeceived; and we intend to read "*Ontwa*" again more leisurely; and to consider its merits in connexion with the other poems on the same subject.

The author of *Mengwe* observes in his preface, that "few have succeeded in making Indians speak and think as we know

they do." He is probably correct in his remark; but if he supposes that by obtaining this only object, the result would be to produce a poem of merit, he surely labors under a most grievous error. The purely prosaic attributes and diction of the savages must be neglected. Even their figurative language, however strongly it may convey their meaning in their harangues and talks, is sometimes as far removed from that of poetical metaphor and hyperbole as the proverbs of Sancho are from the proverbs of Solomon. The ordinary style of their allusions, or their oratorical commonplace, referring to the simple objects of nature, their implements of war and peace, and their every-day customs, have already become hackneyed; and are extremely limited in their range and in their capabilities of being combined and varied. It is doubtful whether much can be made of them at best. But, from all that can be read and learned and observed of their superstitions, religion and modes of thought and action, to extract materials for the operations of invention and the embellishment of fancy,—to separate the pure poetical gold from the dross of barbarism, vulgarity and ignorance—requires an analysis of which the common mind is incapable. It belongs only to the original power, which is "born, not made;" the want of which, imitation and study can but imperfectly supply, however much they may effect on themes already tried, by copying the models of great masters, or by collecting and arranging the fragments, rejected or unemployed by them in creating their perfect work.

We wish not to prate about the *ideal*; as it is a theme on which writers are apt to run into unintelligible nonsense. All understand, however, that poetry presents the shows of things, and not the things themselves; not pictures as they are painted on the retina of the eye, but as they are reflected from the mirror of the imagination; not material persons as they are connected with a chain of facts, but as they are personifications of abstract conceptions, and allied with mental associations. To make Indians, therefore, talk and act as we know they do talk and act, may be an object easy of attainment; but what its accomplishment has to do with writing a poem, we cannot well conceive, and must refer to the author of '*Mengwe*' for information. Campbell, in the character of 'Outalissi, has not, as the author supposes, by any means succeeded in this; neither had he ever such an intention. He has succeeded in converting into a beautiful creation of his own genius the qualities of the Indian character which his fine perception sketched as suiting his purpose. He has drawn

the image of a generous savage, not as he is to be found realized in actual existence, but as it has passed through the alembic of a poet's brain. We are sorry we cannot say as much for any of the characters in 'Escalala,' or in 'Mengwe.' They are neither drawn literally from the life, nor are they so presented to the fancy, as to leave the definite impression of any certain character.

The author of the former work, whose production we have not before us at present, has laid his scene in the fabulous ages of this continent, and related the wars of a great nation founded by the descendants of Odin, with the aborigines of this country. His knowledge of Scandinavian and Indian mythology appears both from his text and his notes to be rather slender. One difficulty he had obviously to encounter, had he possessed even the genius of Shakspeare : The hard of Avon, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where his fancy has luxuriated in its wildest and most picturesque creations, however he may have overleapt all the congruities of time, place, and circumstance, had still Athens and its vicinity for his scene of action, and Theseus and his spouse, and mortals with Greek and English names, for his human agents. There are associations with the names, which, though they have no connection with the plot of the fable, by rendering the names themselves familiar, prevent our being startled by their introduction ; and we easily enter into their personification by the poet. It is a very different thing where a poet is compelled to manufacture or adopt an uncouth appellative, carrying no meaning in itself, and unlinked with aught suggested by legend or history, or even etymological resemblance. This difficulty we perceive forcibly in *Madoc* ; where even the unquestionably fine descriptions and narrative parts cannot reconcile us to the *sesquipedalia verba*, which we are bound to remember as the names of the heroes and heroines. It must exist, more or less, in writing any poem founded on Indian history or tradition ; but less where modern associations are connected with the plot. Of the fable of *Escalala* we at present recollect little, and of the individual characters nothing. We remember a lady, mounted on a mammoth, who, with the co-operation of the wild beast, did great execution among the hostile ranks. This transcends even the proportions to be observed in romance. The versification of the poem is fashioned after the manner of Scott ; and there are in it many palpable imitations of his style. The verse is however fluent, and generally correct ; and though this production affords insufficient means from which to augur what the poetical success of the author

might be, were he to make a serious task of that which seems to have been merely an amusement, it is too respectable throughout, in its comparison with much other metre that is periodically lauded and forgotten, to warrant any sweeping sentence of condemnation.

"Mengwe,"—from the extreme carelessness of its versification and rhymes—from its studied obscurity—and from its continually manifest imitations,—we should judge to be the production of a youth, were it not that so far from finding any redundancy, and luxuriance of ornament, we doubt whether a single metaphor or simile is to be found in the whole tale; or any attempt to paint in poetic colouring the visible objects of nature. This may be, perhaps, accounted for, on the ground that it is written in imitation of Byron; and the author seems to have been inspired with the singular idea of making a Giaour out of an Indian. The story, so far forth as we can comprehend it, among the asterisks with which the writer has seen fit to garnish his production, is simply this: An Indian of the half blood, in love with, and beloved by the daughter of an inhabitant of the frontiers, rises with his confederates against the settlers, and carries off his mistress from the arms of her father, who dies broken hearted. She loses her senses, and after some time follows her parent to the grave. The ravisher continues to haunt the scene of his former exploits, where he one evening makes a speech to a traveller, who passed that way out of curiosity; in which he complains of the wrongs done to the Indians, prophesies their increase in power and knowledge, and their retribution at some future day, and disappears forever. The slender thread of this fable has no beautiful appurtenances or ornaments, which we can discover, to atone for the want of interest; and with a very few unimportant alterations, the action might as well have been located, (to use a word said to be an Americanism,) in any other country. It has nothing absolutely *Indian* about it. The writer seems to have some ear for the music of poetry; and we notice that he frequently places a comma where the cæsural pause happens—which may be of service to such of his readers as have no ear. There are, however, in almost every page, specimens of carelessness, in the introduction of rhymes positively intolerable, and in abrupt changes of the metre, which no one who understands the melody of versification can endure. For example,

The freemen's birthright in thy soil,
Land of our father's struggle and victorious toil.

Yet I will go—another hour sees
 My bark before the western breeze—
 The council fires extinguished at his door.
 And left the path, his father marched to war—
 Where are the Council fires which lit the shore
 Of the vast valley, beauteous Shenandoah?
 The feast of harvest and the song of war
 Along the plains shall never murmur more. &c. &c.

There are also some inaccuracies, for which we fear that something less excusable than carelessness must be pleaded in apology.

And mutely ministers her will.
 Invokes his God, and imprecates his sires.
 When daring deeds their pigmy powers shame. &c. &c.

It is due however to the author of this little poem, to state, that it was written to amuse himself, during the tedious hours of a slow convalescence. As such, it does credit to the desires of his mind, and to his facility at composition—

Mais que diable alloit il faire dans cette galère ?

Why publish? He must know the harsh but just laws to which every author subjects himself. We have no malice against him, for God knows we do not know him from Adam, or any of his descendants. But what are we poor critics to do? We know that we have been dealing in very small criticism; but if people will not write any better, to what higher strain can our transient and ephemeral notices aspire? Let him study his subject, when he is in good health: conceive his plots, collect his illustrations, and fulfil his own conceptions, when he is in good health; and publish his complete work, under his own superintendence, when he is in good health;—and if we do not then review him candidly and honorably, giving him all due credit, and neglecting all opportunities for hypercriticism, we must submit to the reproof which will attend our improper behavior. At present we can only say, that we are disposed to speak favorably of his abilities, though we can quote nothing from this essay that would support us in the expression of our hopes, with the general class of readers. Let him read much on any subject to which his inclination may direct his inquiries—think much,—study the common law of versification as it is to be found in the classical poetry of modern times,—and then write a poem, which we, and all others, except word-catching critics and other privateers in literature will be bound to approach with respect.

Occasional Pieces of Poetry, by John G. C. Brainard. New-York. 1825.

We have been told by some of our readers that we praise too much. This, they assure us, is a grievous and unpardonable fault; and they insist, that if we wish to raise the smile of approbation on their faces, we must banish it inexorably from our own. As we always make it a point to pay profound respect to advice from such a quarter, we determined, in this number of our journal, to be delightfully ill-natured, and killingly severe. Accordingly, we looked about us for a victim on which we might inflict an elegant and entertaining castigation, and got our thongs in readiness, with a resolution to lay on, until our gentle readers should be as much diverted and delighted as Spanish ladies at a bull-fight.

We were in this obedient mood, when the advertisement of Mr. Brainard's "*Occasional Pieces of Poetry*" caught our eye. Here was a book, that from its very title, gave token of fine sport, and we seized the little volume, with as much avidity as a professor grasps the frog which he resolves shall undergo, for the entertainment of his audience, all the beautiful and interesting pangs which his apparatus can inflict.

On Mr. Brainard's book, then, we went to work immediately. We began with the beginning, and had devised an extraordinary fine torture, intended for the first page. "*The Fall of Niagara*" we turned into very pleasant ridicule, and it is inconceivable, the astonishingly witty thing we had prepared upon that line *à la Blackmore*

"Notching his centuries in the eternal rocks."

"*Matchit Moodus*," however, we found, to our amazement, evaded our best-directed strokes; and, although we dealt a few smart hits upon the *female* Genius and the *king* John Adams, in the two next pieces, yet we must confess, the fifth,—the little *Epithalamium*, fairly snatched the lash from our fast-relying fingers. In short, we find we are, after all, too tender-hearted and respective to be staunch thorough-going critics; and, to tell the whole truth, we often feel a very strong propensity to join (like the grey-hound, in the fairy-tale,) the beautiful and unoffending quarry whose sufferings afford such entertainment to the leaders of the chase. We can hunt down impudence, indecency or falsehood, just as well as if we had no consciences. We can pounce upon *fair game* without remorse, but we cannot, "like French falcons, fly at any thing we see."

Finding then, that we lack gall, and cannot hope for the renown of being resolute and dexterous tormentors, we propose, at the risk of disappointing and offending the literary fancy, to go back to the only kind of criticism for which we can boast of any kind of qualification,—that which consists simply in expressing our opinions honestly and unreservedly, praising when we are pleased, and finding fault when we are not.

Mr. Brainard may therefore congratulate himself on his escape, and may consider himself as lucky as the prisoner in the fable, who was condemned to be eaten by a tyger, but whom, much to the astonishment and regret of the spectators, the tyger would not eat. But we must be as frank as we are fair. We must tell Mr. Brainard, that if we had followed the good counsel of some of our advisers, who insist upon our paying no attention to such books as we cannot either highly praise or sharply censure, his little duodecimo would never have been honored with a place in our Review. It is because in opposition to this counsel, we have determined to keep down for some time at least, the "standard of inspection," that we have given his "fine middlings" a liberal examination; and it is not until our literary produce is more various and abundant, that we propose to imitate the wise and wholesome rigor of our present vigilant and very worthy flour-inspector.

Mr. Brainard, then, (we are as long in beginning our story as a clown in a comedy,) has written a little book, in which, after diligent perusal we have found many false quantities, many bad rhymes, some dull jokes and some very good ones, with a great deal of genuine *poetry*.—The poetry first, and the rest afterwards.

We begin with *Matchit Moodus*, which is an excellent good ballad, and reads for all the world as if it were written the other side of the water, in the north countrie. The legend on which it is founded is this: In the early settlement of East Haddam in the state of Connecticut, the inhabitants were frequently alarmed by strange and unaccountable noises in the rocks. At last there came a wise and very wonderfully book-learned man from *old England*, by the name of Doctor Steele, and he undertook to find out the cause of these noises. For this purpose he took possession of a blacksmith-shop, in which he worked for many nights, all the night long, taking great care to stop up the windows and the key-hole. After some time, the Doctor told the simple villagers, that all the disturbance came from a great carbuncle, which must have

grown to a very great size to make such a very great noise. He told them too, that for a reasonable sum of money he would undertake to get it out, and would make them a present of it in the bargain. It was not long before the money was forth-coming, and then it was not long before the doctor went away. He was never heard of after, and some of the more sagacious of the villagers have been known to declare their belief that the Doctor took the money and the carbuncle away with him. Mr. Brainard tells this story very well, but we have told it better, and much nearer the truth too, being just as we heard it nearly fifty years ago.

The little girl who sings the ballad, tells the story in the good old style of question and answer. She asks why it is that in the crazy old forge on the moor, "the anvil is at rest all day," and "at night the flames of the furnace roar."

"Is it to arm the horse's heel
That the midnight anvil rings?
Or is it to mold the plowshare's steel,
Or is it to guard the waggon's wheel,
That the smith's sledge-hammer swings?"

We allow the little girl to give her own answer, for it is far better than ours would be:

"O'er Moodus river a light has glanced,
On Moodus hills it shone;
On the granite rocks the rays have danced,
And upward those creeping lights advanced,
Till they met on the highest stone.

By that unearthly light, I see
A figure strange alone—
With magic circlet on his knee,
And deck'd with Satan's symbols, he
Seeks for the hidden stone.

Now upward goes that gray old man,
With mattock, bar and spade—
The summit is gained, and the toil begun,
And deep by the rock where the wild lights run,
The magic trench is made.

Loud and yet louder was the groan
That sounded wide and far;
And deep and hollow was the moan
That rolled around the bedded stone,
Where the workman plied his bar.

Then upward streamed the brilliant's light,
It streamed o'er crag and stone:—
Dim looked the stars and the moon that night;
But when morning came in her glory bright,
The man and the jewel were gone.

But wo to the bark in which he flew
 From Moodus' rocky shore,
 Wo to the Captain, and wo to the crew,
 That ever the breath of life they drew,
 When that dreadful freight they bore.

Where is that crew and vessel now?
 Tell me their state who can;
 The wild waves dash o'er their sinking bow—
 Down, down to the fathomless depths they go,
 To sleep with a sinful man.

The carbuncle lies in the deep, deep sea,
 Beneath the mighty wave;
 But the light shines upward so gloriously,
 That the sailor looks pale, and forgets his glee,
 When he crosses the wizard's grave.

The lines on the death of Commodore Perry show much tenderness of sentiment, and great skill in the management of the Spenserian stanza. The two first stanzas might be better than they are; the three last are beautiful—full of melody and meaning. We are sorry we have only room for one.

"But if the wild winds of thy western lake
 Might teach a harp that fain would mourn the brave,
 And sweep those strings the minstrel may not wake,
 Or give an echo from some secret cave
 That opens on romantic Erie's wave,
 The feeble cord would not be swept in vain;
 And tho' the sound might never reach thy grave,
 Yet there are spirits here, that to the strain
 Would send a still small voice responsive back again."

The Epithalamium is a very sweet pretty affair indeed. The image of a happy union, in the first verse, is very well imagined, and charmingly brought out:

"I saw two clouds at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one:
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.
 I saw two summer currents," &c.

The three stanzas "suggested by a melancholy accident," are so strongly conceived, so skillfully managed, and so strikingly expressed, that after several attempts to exclude them from our limits, we have at last been compelled to let them in.

"How slow we drive! but yet the hour will come,
 When friends shall greet me with affection's kiss;
 When, seated at my boyhood's happy home,
 I shall enjoy a mild, contented bliss,

Not often met with in a world like this !
 Then I shall see that brother, youngest born,
 I used to play with in my sportiveness ;
And, from a mother's holiest look, shall learn
A parent's thanks to God, for a lov'd son's return,

" And there is one, who, with a downcast eye,
Will be the last to welcome me ; but yet
 My memory tells me of a parting sigh,
 And of a lid with tears of sorrow wet,
 And how she bade me never to forget
 , *A friend—and blush'd.* Oh ! I shall see again
 The same kind look I saw, when last we met,
 And parted. Tell me *then* that life is vain—
 That joy, if met with once, is seldom met again."

* * * *

—See ye not the falling—fallen—man?

Hark ! hear you not the drowning swimmer's cry ?
 Look on the ruins of the desperate pass !
 Gaze at the hurried ice that rushes by,
 Bearing a freight of wo and agony,
 To that last haven where we all must go.—
 Resistless as the stormy clouds that fly
 Above our reach, is that dark stream below !—
 May peace be in its ebb—there's ruin in its flow.

The lines to the Marquis (why Marquis?) de la Fayette, are among the finest that the occasion has produced. They have been already often quoted, and we therefore "pass on to the next." The Maniac's song is very good, but nearly spoiled by some namby-pamby in the third verse. These are the concluding stanzas :

They say he wept, when he was told
 That I was sad and sorrowful—
That on my wrist the chain was cold,
 That at my heart the blood was dull.

They fear I'm crazed—they need not fear,
 For smiles are false, and tears are true ;
 I better love to see a tear,
 Than all the smiles I ever knew.'

The line in *Italics* contains a very striking, and to us an original image. It would, however, be far more appropriate, as indicative of death. We do understand the second stanza. The reason why "they need not fear," is no reason at all, but perhaps it is as good a one as the crazy girl could give.

Some of the quatrains in the *Elegy* of Charles Brockden Brown successfully adumbrate, in the flow of their versification, the *Elegy* of Gray. But the effect of the whole is spoiled by verbal negligences and inaccuracies. *Chasm*, for in-

stance, in two syllables. This word is a monosyllable, we believe, every where but in Ireland. What is meant by saying that some western muse shall "boldly wind her wintry form" for Mr. Brown? *Gusty* is a bad word. The fifth stanza is the best, and is beautiful; just such as Brown deserves.

"Lord Exmouth's Victory at Algiers in the year 1816," we skipped, because we think it is unpatriotic to write or read about English naval victories while our own are left unsung. The wreck of the *Alligator* after the murder of her brave commander is, with very great effect, compared to a generous and faithful steed that "lost its rider, and lay down and died." What a pity that the fine, bold, powerful lines in which this melancholy event is commemorated, are ruined by a shocking grammatical error in the very last line. This is a capital offence in the eyes of the *talking* critics who never appear in print; and indeed it is no venial error in the estimation of one half of those who do. We ourselves do not much approve of it, but are not inclined to be severe, because we know that we too, "stand accountant of as great a sin." In the mean time, all that Mr. Brainard can do in this unfortunate affair, until the second edition of his poems is published, is to plead Lord Byron (bad authority in grammar) *Child. Har. Cant. IV. 153.*

Whether the Newport Tower is an ancient Tatar temple, a Welsh captain's battlement, an Indian chieftain's wigwag, or an old-fashioned Yankee wind-mill, to which latter opinion we strongly incline, we leave to our erudite antiquarians to determine. We can only say that it deserves to be as genuine a ruin as Kenilworth or Melrose, if it often inspires such verses as Mr. Brainard has written about it. He sees every evening, an old Indian gazing steadfastly and thoughtfully upon the dilapidated walls;

But once he turned with furious look,
While high his clenched hand he shook,
And from his brow his dark eye took
A reddening glow of madness;
Yet when I told him why I came,
His wild and bloodshot eye grew tame,
And bitter thoughts passed o'er its flame,
That changed its rage to sadness.

The poet asks the cause of this emotion. The Indian tells him that a grey-haired man of his tribe—

Had said that when this massy wall
Down to its very base should fall,
And not one stone among it all
Be left upon another,

Then should the Indian race and kind
Disperse like the returnless wind,
And no red man be left to find
One he could call a brother.

"Now yon old tower is falling fast,
Kindred and friends away are passed;
Oh! that my father's soul may cast
Upon my grave its shade,
When some good Christian man shall place
O'er me, the last of all my race,
The last old stone that falls to grace
The spot where I am laid."

The violent and hasty measures to which the state of Georgia is now resorting, to wrest from these unhappy men, the last poor remnants of their rightful territory, will give a mournful interest to these verses, and perhaps suggest some more indignant protest against the unceasing and unsparing persecution of this ill-fated race.

We are sorry that we cannot make extracts from "The Thunder Storm," or from the magnificent lines on "The Earthquake at Jerusalem." There are many little blemishes in the latter poem, which we hope the author will not forget to amend as soon as he has an opportunity; for, as they stand, they are precisely such as are calculated to provoke the inexorable anger of the fastidious and hypercritical.

We had marked passages for quotation, in the Stanzas on the Death of Mr. Woodward, in the verses "To the Dead," in the beautiful lines to "Salmon River," and in half a dozen other little pieces; and intended to extract the whole of that sweet thing—*There is music in the deep*. But we find, if we inserted all the beauties, we should have no room left for the mention of the faults; and this is not on any account to be permitted.

The faults of Mr. Brainard's poems, are, with very few exceptions, to be imputed to his negligence, and this we think is fairly chargeable against himself. He seems to be exceedingly impatient of the common and mechanical impediments of verse. He will be inaccurate, abrupt, discordant or obscure, rather than lose time in soliciting the graces of expression, the niceties of language, or the harmonies of verse. But we can assure him, that his time could not be more profitably spent, than in the acquisition of a little more of the *art* of versification. We are sure that Mr. Brainard is above the mean and spurious ambition of being thought a very rapid and extemporaneous writer. It is easy to see that his negligence arises from a listless disinclination to contend against the diffi-

calties and embarrassments of metre ; and not, as is the case with many, from a miserable affectation of disdaining a restraint which they are too weak to overcome. But if he believes that this indolent indifference to the laws of poetical propriety will be forgiven him, in behalf of his indisputable merits, we must tell him that he either exceedingly miscalculates the value of this set-off, or else greatly overrates the indulgence of his readers. What is the ordinary reader, who has no time to investigate minutely the pretensions of an author, to think of a poet who allows himself to be conquered by the trifling inconveniences inseparable from his art ? In the present instance, this negligence is peculiarly provoking, because Mr. Brainard is perpetually overturning, from sheer carelessness, the tempting feast he is perpetually preparing for the reader. For want of a little patience, he will let the finest thoughts imaginable fall to pieces, and thus utterly destroy their own effect. He will extract from his ample store-house of invention, strong conceptions, apt allusions, noble sentiments, and brilliant images ; and then, instead of taking pains to put them well together, he brings the pieces rudely into contact, fills the interstices with a cement of bad grammar, broken syllables, false rhymes, and spurious accents, sets up this fragile specimen of careless workmanship on rich material, and when he has done, withdraws a few steps' distance to see if it will stand. No, certainly it will not ; and unless he can be prevailed upon to exercise his utmost care in the construction of his poems, they will all fall down and cover him with dust and mortification. One great advantage, however, he has over many of his brother artists. With them, the matter is often viler than the workmanship ; but even if the worst should happen, Mr. Brainard has nothing else to do, than to gather up again his fractured and dispersed, but still excellent material, and go to work once more with all the patience, diligence, and circumspection that his experience has proved to be essential to success.

We have said that Mr. Brainard is a very negligent rhymers. Not content with availing himself, unsparingly and uncerimoniously, of all the licences of Poetry, he forces into most unnatural and portentous homœophony, such uncompanionable couples as the following : *Surge and charge, time and chine, throat and boot, sea and supremacy, gouty and beauty, hamlet and streamlet, ventured and centred, bison and poison, wanderer and plunderer, lips and Apocalypse, seen and scene, rhyme and stream, furrows and demurrers, debators and comitatus, oddities*

and goddesses (these three are scarcely admissible in the loosest Hudibrastic,) *made and dismayed*, (this, however, may pass in *Spenserics*,) *down and morn, flood and Lord! load and Lord! bones and returns! lance and advanced!*

Now this is right down slovenliness, and has nothing under Heaven to excuse it. They are, positively, the worst rhymes we have met with, since the commencement of our critical career. Queen Hynde, and Campbell's last Lyrics are paragons of metrical perfection in comparison to this. The fact is, that Mr. Brainard's Muse is a sort of a slatternly beauty—a smiling, smutty-faced charming little rogue, that confides in a smooth cheek, a bright eye, a moist lip and a sweet voice, and does not much care about washing her face, combing her hair, or trimming her finger-nails. If Mr. Brainard has no desire to gratify the taste of the punctilious and precise; if his poems are addressed to such readers as look only for kind feelings, honest impulses, and generous affections, caring little for the manner in which they are exhibited, there is but little doubt that his designs will be accomplished. But if he aims at something more, if he wishes to conciliate the approbation of minuter critics and severer judges, he must learn to mind his consonants, and keep an eye upon his quantities; he must try to say *L'Allégro*, and *Plesades* and *Héléna*; in short, he must observe all the decencies of letters, all the little *etiquettes* and formalities of poetry, or else he will be forever shut out from the circle of *polite* and elegant literature.

There are several pieces in a light and sportive vein, interspersed throughout the volume; and some of them, *The Captain* and *The Robber*, for example, show that Mr. Brainard possesses, in no inconsiderable degree, the genuine *vis comica*, a quality of very rare appearance, it would seem, on this side of the Atlantic. One merit, we think, cannot be denied to the author,—that of having turned many of the incidents and occurrences of the day, most successfully to account. On the whole, in spite of the numerous blemishes (some of them trifling, and others obtrusive, offensive and absolutely inexcusable) which grieve and vex the reader on almost every page of Mr. Brainard's book, it cannot be denied that he possesses very unusual poetical *capabilities*. Some of his smaller pieces (on which he seems to have bestowed more of the "labor of the file") are highly creditable testimonials of his powers. They display, in many instances, decided indications of unquestionable *genius*; and so implicit is our confidence in the efficacy of this quality, that we venture to predict, in spite of Mr.

Brainard's great defects (and they are such as might discourage bolder prophets than ourselves.) that if he will only follow our advice,—sacrifice to the Graces as liberally as he appears to have done already to the Muses. and apply himself vigorously to the production of a poem of moderate extent and regular construction, he will do something that will make known his name to posterity, as one of the few successful early poets of America.

*Documents accompanying the Bill introduced by the Committee on the Judiciary. relative to the Revision of the Laws. In the assembly of New-York. Albany. 1825.**

The laws of the late province of New York were revised by Wm. Smith, junior, and William Livingston, esquires, in 1762; and again by Peter Van Schaack, esquire, in 1774, and published by the direction of the colonial assembly. The laws of the state of New-York have been corrected, revised and published three times—by Samuel Jones and Richard Varick, esquires, in 1789—by the ex-chancellor Kent and Judge Radcliffe, in 1802—and lastly, by Judges Wm. P. Van Ness and John Woodworth, in 1813. The talents of some of our most eminent professional men have thus, it appears, been employed in this most important, responsible and delicate task. It is now proposed, after a lapse of eleven years, again to renew the same labors, in abridging the bulk of our public acts, and in placing them in such juxtaposition as might render them more easy of reference, and more intelligible in their provisions. By the act of April 8, 1810, the revisors were authorized to place under such heads or divisions as they might think proper, all the public laws of a general and permanent nature—to add marginal notes—to correct the orthography—to print the titles only of obsolete or private or local acts—and finally, to complete the work in the manner best calculated to secure the general usefulness of the publication. The act of April 12, 1813, defines, in general, the duties of revisors, in the same terms. The provisions of the act passed in November, 1824, and that now pending before the legislature, we shall have occasion to consider directly.

* The conductors of the Atlantic Magazine deem it necessary to observe that the pages of their Journal, will, at all times, be open to a temperate discussion of the principles and views which are involved in a project of such magnitude as that of a codified revision of the State laws.

The multiplicity of legislative enactments has been a subject of complaint in every community: but the sin of indiscriminate legislation on all subjects, however trifling or however weighty, seems to belong peculiarly to the people of the United States. It was to be expected that in societies so peculiarly constructed, in relations so complicated and involved, in a country which developed its power and its resources with such unheard-of rapidity, whether we regard its population, its products, its manufactures, its commerce, or its internal improvements, that a vast variety of regulations, as well mandatory as prohibitory, would be found absolutely necessary. We adopted in general at the period of the revolution, with equal justice and felicity, the common law of England, under whose inspiring sanction, we secured more than the liberties of Englishmen, established by Magna Charta, and guaranteed by the events of 1688. Our new position required many alterations and amendments of this law, and our statute book immediately bore witness to the necessity of further increasing the mass of ordinary legislation. These evils have been constantly corrected, by a faithful revision of the public laws in force, which have been compressed into two octavo volumes. The state legislature, as well as many eminent men throughout the state, thought the laws ought again to be revised, and that those amendments and alterations which had been made since 1813 should be incorporated immediately with those standard regulations which have formed the substratum of our social relations for the last forty years. The propriety of such a step could be doubted by no person, and accordingly, Mr. Root, the late lieutenant-governor, and Mr. Benjamin Butler, a professional gentleman, were associated with the late chancellor, to perform the duty to which we have alluded. The latter gentleman declined the appointment—a circumstance much to be regretted; and Mr. John Duer accepted the office which had thus become vacant.

The previous revisors pursued strictly the powers which had been granted to them, occasionally altering slightly the phraseology of a statute, and bringing material provisions on the same subject perspicuously together—and thus they performed their duties in such a manner as to secure the approbation of their professional brethren, and that of the community at large. We had supposed until a few days since, when these “documents” first met our eyes, that the same general outline was again to be traced, and that the laws, instead of being re-modelled, were only to be revised. Our special

wonder therefore was excited, when we found Mr. Samuel J. Wilkin, chairman of the committee on courts of justice, addressing a letter to Messrs. Duer and Butler, requesting *their* opinion, "what alterations, if any, may be necessary in the law" (an act for *revising* and *publishing* the laws of the state, passed November 27th, 1824,) "to attain more effectually the objects for which it was enacted."

It is due to Messrs. Duer and Butler to state that in their reply, now printed in these documents, they state their views frankly and candidly. They do not confine themselves to a reduction into one statute of all the acts relating to the same subject, but they suggest the propriety of making "alterations in the style," in the "length and structure of sentences," and "the arrangement of sections." They propose also to arrange under different titles the whole written law. This appears to us to involve an entire, complete and radical change in our laws; and we shall not hesitate to express the astonishment which we felt on reading this letter, and referring to the terms of the law under which these revisors were appointed. No change in the jurisprudence of a people can ever be a matter of indifference; but when a new code is to be introduced, and all the ancient landmarks, if not permanently, at least temporarily removed, there is a magnitude in the interests and relations which it effects, which must appal every prudent, intelligent and reflecting citizen. We would conjure up no imaginary terrors, nor throw obstacles in the way of the amelioration of our laws by a wise and sound philosophy; neither do we intend to discuss now the question of *Codification*, which has lately become an object of interest from the honorable and enlightened efforts of one of our own citizens, who some years since left this state to reside in Louisiana. But we would, with great diffidence, offer some remarks on the propriety and feasibility of the projected revision of the written law, and some arguments against the unjustifiable haste which has been manifested in this matter.

The revisors under the act of November 27th, 1824, were clothed with more extensive powers than the former revisors. They were empowered to "alter the phraseology of all the laws of this state, passed prior to the adoption of the present constitution, which may require such alterations *by reason of the provisions of the said constitution, or by reason of any acts of the legislature which have been passed in consequence of the adoption of the said constitution.*" But the revisors were not satisfied with these ample powers, more extensive than those

of their ancestors; and they now require authority to build up and to destroy, to change, modify and re-mould. They ask to become legislators for this community—not only to fix the laws which regulate the tenure of our future acquisitions, but if necessary to alter that on which the present repose. We assert with confidence that these gentlemen must necessarily become the law-makers of this state. They contemplate an entire change in the arrangements of the sections of the statutes, in their phraseology and construction; and allow us to ask what legislature will ever be able to examine and investigate a system in one brief and busy session, which has cost these revisors years to arrange and complete? The legislature will be obliged, *ex necessitate*, to give their sanction to a system, without any tolerable examination of its principles and details—a plan, which has not had the advantage of a trial, and which is supported only by the talent and experience of those who established it.

The legislature which originally ordered this revision of the laws, and appointed Mr. Root, Mr. Butler, and virtually Mr. Duer, were, we firmly believe, not aware of the attempts which an innovating spirit might make. If they had anticipated this revision, or rather, this entire change now contemplated, they would have appealed to the most tried talents, to the profoundest wisdom, to the most acknowledged experience and prudence among those most conversant with the administration of our municipal justice. We do not make these remarks with any view to depreciate the merit or standing of Mr. Duer. We have always respected his character, his learning, and his talents. But we say, with perfect freedom, that we are unwilling to commit a trust (in the delegation of which no miserable considerations of party should ever interfere,) to youth and inexperience, and to say the most, to a mind, however strong, which has not yet attained the full development of its faculties. At the age of thirty, and scarcely known in this community, Mr. Butler may be assured, however friends may lay the flattering unction to his soul, of his future high and brilliant destinies, this people will not choose *him* for the remodelling of those monuments of human wisdom, whose construction has employed the last moments of the most extended experience, and whose embellishment has occupied the most luminous intellects of every age. Our objections to Mr. Root may easily be anticipated: this community can make no mistake on this subject at least, and we willingly pass over it in silence. Laws were made for the improvement of mankind,

both moral and physical. And he who acts as law-giver, should recommend by example, the utility of his own precepts.

The proposed alteration is a new and grave question; and the community, in a matter so vitally affecting it, ought at least to have an opportunity of expressing its wishes and opinions. No indecent haste should be found in pressing a decision of such importance; and should it be finally determined to conform to the views of the present revisors, let the judicial wisdom, the reverend experience and grave advice of our judges and advocates be resorted to in a crisis of such fearful interest. New and extraordinary powers are earnestly demanded by these gentlemen. They are perhaps justly desirous of appropriating to themselves the honour of introducing into the state the great moral experiment they contemplate; and if they are granted, we ask with confidence, if the persons originally appointed with limited authority, are to assume these novel and responsible trusts, without any inquiry as to the propriety of a new and different commission? We cannot reject without danger the principles on which men ordinarily conduct their affairs. It is a part of universal and practical wisdom to employ the most accomplished artists in the finest and most delicate work. We hope sincerely the result may afford no illustration of the truth of our remarks.

We pass on to some brief observations connected with the present project. There are some inherent difficulties which it appears to us are not to be overcome. Ancient laws, whatever may be their quaintness and occasional prolixity, have acquired after long discussion and interpretation, a fixed and certain mode of construction, professionally known to the bar, and practically to the people at large. We apprehend that it is utterly impossible to communicate immediately to any form of words, the same fixed meaning which certain expressions and sentences have acquired in our ancient statutes. Fence around as you will, the meaning and intention of the legislator, by apt, proper and definite symbols, and yet the ever-varying phases of society, the exigencies of particular periods, the peculiarity of novel cases, and above all the wit and ingenuity of man, will constantly invent some distinction—some construction, which had not originally been presented to the mind of the framer of the law. Let the wisest man with the most perfect experience, pretend to make laws, which shall embrace every case relating to the subject matter of them; when he can hold the ocean in the hollow of his hand, or look with

prospective penetration into all the changes which science and morals shall produce on matter and on mind, then, and then alone, shall he succeed. We do not mean to say, that this difficulty is universal, but we apprehend that it will be found of some extent. If we recollect right, the revisors have mentioned in their letter, the statutes of uses, as being capable of little abridgment. We speak with the diffidence which becomes most men, when a matter of the present nature is under discussion, but we would add among others, the statute "to abolish entails, to confirm conveyances by tenants in tail, to regulate descents, &c."*; the statute commonly called the statute of distribution of intestates' estates;† that for preventing usury;‡ and that for the prevention of frauds.§ All these laws, except that respecting descents, are copied from the English statutes with more or less fidelity. There has been decision and decision upon their meaning and intent, and little more is now left to do, than to follow the exposition which has so often been given. These decisions it is impossible to incorporate in any code; and if we alter the language, we throw away the benefit of all those decisions, and all that wisdom which was employed in forming them, and all the precision and certainty which time has contributed to produce. True it is, the revisors flatter themselves that there will be no material departure from "the substance or spirit" of the original laws. We by no means agree with them. The very alterations in the words, in their order even, (for example, in the last sections of the statute of frauds) will give rise to a thousand new doubts and questions, and overturn decisions which have been a rule of conduct for years. It would indeed be a miracle, if phraseology could be changed, the construction of sentences altered—and yet the meaning undergo not the least modification, nor the smallest diminution or extension. It was remarked by Lord Mansfield that the wit of man could not evade the letter of the statute against usury; and the Hon. Daines Barrington, said, that in his time it was thought among lawyers in Westminster Hall, that the statute of frauds had not been explained at less expense than one hundred thousand pounds sterling.¶ Are we to abandon these monuments of juridical precision, these fruits of long and tried experience, of learned and laborious investigation, for a new, uncertain, precarious and hasty experiment, to be made by men chosen for

* 1 Rev. Law. 52. † Ibid 311. ‡ Ibid 64. § Ibid 75.

¶ See Barrington on the more Ancient Statutes. p. 196.

another and inferior object, and in our opinion (as far as regards two of them) exhibiting no great proofs of the prudence or sagacity employed in their selection?

If the people of this state are determined to form a new code of laws, which shall embrace all the necessary principles for the political government of a community, and the moral government of its people, and which shall save us from the necessity of any longer recurring to the principles of the common law, we believe no advantage can or will be found in commencing with the codification of the statutes. It may perhaps abridge the labor of him who enters upon the larger scheme of stating principles, and deriving from them rules; but to him who has looked into the Code Napoleon, or the Digest, it will appear only a disjointed, ill-conceived, and imperfect imitation of what indeed neither permitted, nor was capable of any tolerable analogy. It is very possible to write a good digest of our statutory provisions, (like very many respectable books which are known under that name in our libraries) stating briefly their nature and their practical operation; but who would imagine that such a digest ought to supersede the originals, or be consulted as authority, when the "spirit and substance" of these very originals was professed to be retained? A code of laws is a very different affair; it is comprehensive, and is meant to contain within its own body, all the necessary regulations for the government of a people; to destroy the necessity of any appeal to any other law, or any principles not contained within its own purview. This cannot be the case in the projected codification of our statutes; these refer expressly to the common law of England, the common heritage of these states in their individual and collective capacities. This difficulty met the revisors in the first step they took. They were obliged to make the legislature enact (what they can neither enact nor repeal) an article of the constitution establishing the court for the trial of errors.* It will be said that this was merely declaratory. We cannot stop to answer this explanation. More experience will show the justness of our remarks. We are, therefore, of opinion, that if a new comprehensive system of laws is to be set up, it is idle to begin at the statutes. You cannot apply the same principles to this *legislative codification*, as the North American calls it, and the effort will neither do honor to its supporters, nor be useful to the citizens.

* See the specimen accompanying the letter.

Here, however, we are perfectly at issue with the revisors. They say if the formation of a general code is ever to be attempted, "it is obvious that it must be commenced in this manner and with this branch of our jurisprudence." We have to remark, that the experience in Louisiana has been entirely different—that a *penal* code was first submitted to the attention of the legislature of that state. Mr. Livingston found in treating that title which stands so much alone in our law, the very embarrassments to which we have alluded—the *civil* code to declare and define those rights, for offences against which penalties were to be denounced by a *penal* code. This fact has been noticed in a popular periodical most friendly to the undertaking, and the impossibility of forming a consistent whole with a scientific arrangement pointed out and enforced.* If then these difficulties are so great in a single insulated title, what must be the incongruities in a code embracing the multifarious subjects which are brought together in our statute book?

But we must hasten on to a consideration of the advantages of the plan suggested by the revisors. The price of the laws will be reduced by their abbreviation. Economy is a specious, but always to us, a very suspicious argument. We recollect that one argument for re-modelling the judiciary, was that money would be saved to our treasury. What is the result? A more expensive, less effective establishment, and petitions to increase the salaries of the judges. We think that in so important a matter, the price of the volumes is, comparatively, a very small consideration, and should not enter into the calculation at all. If it does, however, we must put down on the other side of the account the loss of our present volumes, and the depreciated value of reports referring to the old laws, the expense of indexes, special treatises, &c. In the second place, the laws will be rendered so concise and simple and perspicuous, as to be intelligible, not only to professional men, but to persons of every description. It is doubtless, highly desirable, that the laws should be understood by those who live under them; but is it to be supposed that the people will read the newly revised laws with more avidity than the whole ones? The people of this state are accurate observers of every thing of a civil character; they have a practical knowledge on the subject, derived from their intervention in making laws, from their

* See Westminster Rev. pp. 62. 72.

service on juries, and acquired from the public depositaries of judicial intelligence, which is infinitely more accurate and useful, than any views derived from a drowsy half an hour spent in reading the statutes. The "*Lex Mercatoria*" has performed the same office for lawyers, that "*Buchan's Domestic Medicine*" has done for physicians—it has given a world of occupation, in removing or warding off the effects of ignorant dabbling.

We shall only allude to one other of the professed advantages—the facility which will thus be afforded to the acquisition of law as a science. This might be predicted, it appears to us, with more justice of a General Code which embraced *principles*. The proposed digest will collect all the positive enactments on the same subject together, and be it admitted, clear away some obscurity. But will it promote law as a science? A marginal note facilitates research,—but we must study the case, if we seek the reason of the decision. Science contemplates principles and their applications; and this revision can guaranty no greater facility in learning law, as a science, than any previous revision of the laws, executed with equal talent and fidelity.

We have now performed a duty, by no means agreeable, with a strict regard to truth, and with the best and purest intentions. Any discussion on the propriety of a general code, has been purposely avoided, because it seemed at present, uncalled for and unnecessary. We are opposed to the present project, and we have expressed ourselves with a freedom which belongs to the consideration of public men and their measures. We shall always endeavor to bring to so interesting a task, a becoming diffidence, but at the same time a fearless independence in the manifestation of our sentiments and opinions. If we are wrong, and have been deceived, we have this consolation at least, that truth may be elicited, even from these feeble speculations. The personal pride which we all may well feel in the prosperity and happiness of our state, in the substantial reputation which our judges and our bar have acquired through the union, should induce us to be cautious how we venture on any schemes which may diminish the one, and sully the other.

Lempriere's Universal Biography; containing a Critical and Historical Account of the Lives, Characters, and Labors of Eminent Persons, in all ages and countries. Together with selections of Foreign Biography from Watkins' Dictionary, recently published, and about eight hundred original articles of American Biography. By Eleazar Lord. In two volumes. New-York. 1825.

THE want of such a work as this has been for a long time seriously felt. It is not a little surprising that we have hitherto been contented with a mere reprint of the English edition of Lempriere's Universal Biography. As far as it goes, it is doubtless a very meritorious performance; and considering its compass, is by far the best work of the kind in use among the readers of Great Britain. The notices are brief but comprehensive, embracing such information as may fairly be supposed in most general request, and prudently excluding all matter of limited, local, or temporary interest. But the sketches of eminent Americans are so few and so faulty, that the work became comparatively useless on this side of the Atlantic, and until this edition of Mr. Lord's, no adequate attempt has been made to supply the deficiencies of Lempriere. We have had, it is true, several American Biographical Dictionaries, but of these some were confessedly confined to particular states, while the few which have aimed at a more general enumeration, have either been ridiculously partial, or exceedingly ill-judged in their selections. Elliot's Biographies are principally sketches of the lives of eminent New-Englandmen, and Allen seems to have compiled his book upon the principle of enumerating all the clergymen who first settled in any of the parishes east of Hudson river.

We think that Mr. Lord has done well to retain the great body of the original work of Lempriere. That the Universal Biography was free from occasional errors and defects, we do not mean to say; but when the variety of the information actually given, and the extreme liability, in a work of this nature, to captious and imposing objections, are considered, it will be admitted that there is more reason to wonder at its fairness, its fullness and its accuracy, than to complain of its imperfections, with which, however, we confess it is chargeable to a certain extent. It is certainly far superior, in correctness, to the *Clas-*

sical Dictionary,* and at all events, is decidedly the least imperfect of all similar abridgments. In comparison with the great and undeniable merits of the work, these objections are very trifling, and in Mr. Lord's edition, are greatly diminished in force, by the *additions* which, we perceive, are occasionally made to Lempriere's articles, correcting his mis-statements or supplying his omitted information.

Lempriere's work, we believe, has received no additions in England, since 1808. It was with very great propriety, therefore, that Mr. Lord has incorporated with his work, such portions of Watkins' Dictionary as were necessary, in order to bring up the information, as near as possible, to the date of publication. Watkins' Dictionary, we believe, was brought to a close in 1822; yet we perceive that the editor of the present work has inserted biographical notices of many distinguished individuals who have died since that period. Some of these, the Annual Biography and Obituary, published in London, has probably contributed, but others must necessarily have been obtained at no small expense and with highly commendable industry from sources less easily accessible.

With respect to the additions of American Biography, we can easily conceive, that the difficulties in the way of collecting authentic materials must in this country be peculiarly great. The sources of information are scattered and imperfect; the dictionaries which belong to this department of our literature seldom profess, and then *only* profess to be general; the journals in which sometimes the lives of our eminent citizens are inserted, are not often preserved, and then perhaps in places unknown, or not easily accessible; our histories are confined to the narration of political vicissitude or military enterprize; funeral discourses, are, with very few exceptions, extravagantly panegyrical, acrimoniously sectarian, or disgustingly fanatical; and obituary notices are often tediously fulsome, and notoriously destitute of credit. These difficulties are scarcely felt in Europe, where every collector of Biographical information enjoys the incalculable advantage of being able to avail himself of the labors of innumerable predecessors, and where the materials for additional contribution may always be obtained from a great variety of unexceptionable sources. How the editor of the present work has surmounted the almost insepa-

* We have heard with great pleasure, that an edition of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, corrected by Professor Anthon of Columbia College, will shortly be published in this city.

able obstacles which must have impeded the successful prosecution of his plan, it is neither our intention nor our business to inquire. It is enough for us and for the reader, that these difficulties have been overcome. We do not say that the American department of the work is yet free from objections. There are surely omissions and deficiencies, which they who are not aware of the peculiar liabilities, in a work of this nature, to occasional oversight or error, will perhaps be disposed to complain; but to us they seem remarkable, only for their comparative infrequency. When the very great labor inseparable from all works of an encyclopedical character is candidly considered, and when the very large amount of additional biography is properly adverted to,* it becomes a matter of surprise that so much has been accomplished, and so little left undone. Perhaps, indeed, the American edition is fairly chargeable with over-copiousness rather than with scantiness; with having given admittance too indulgently to names which can scarcely hope to live in the memory of after-ages; to the names of men, for instance, who, although they may have occupied, during their life-time, high and honorable stations; who may have been very able judges, very good militia-generals, very worthy and respectable assemblymen, have nevertheless left no mark or monument behind them to attract the curiosity or call for the remembrance of posterity. In a work which undertakes in two octavo volumes, to give a biographical sketch of the eminent men of *all* ages and countries, it is manifest that the requisitions of admission must of necessity be high; and it has been well observed, that in such a dictionary no name should find a place which did not belong to some one who had either written a book which posterity might read, or done something which posterity might write about. But after all, superabundance in a work of reference, is a very pardonable fault, and far easier to remedy than scarcity or scantiness of information.

Many of the American articles are written in obvious and successful imitation of the lively and attractive style of *Lempriere*, who instead of confining himself to a dry detail of facts, often attempts (at some hazard we confess,) to superadd the recommendations of a polished style, and wherever it is appropriate, the interest of anecdote. Some of the American

* On a rough computation from an estimated average per page, we should think that the number of the added articles cannot fall far short of nine hundred.

sketches are, indeed, decidedly superior, in terseness, perspicuity and spirit, to most of the articles of either Lempriere or Watkins.

The recency of many of the added articles, is another proof of the great industry of the compiler, and a strong recommendation to the work. There is a biographical sketch of the late Dr. Livingston, and another of the late Dr. Romeyn, which must of course have been written a very few days before the printing of the sheet.

The typographical execution of this work is deserving of high commendation. The paper is unusually good, and the type, for its size, remarkably distinct; so that the eyes of the reader are accommodated without any additional demand upon his purse.

On the whole, we consider this edition of Lempriere's Universal Biography, thus amended and improved, as an invaluable accession to our stock of books in that department, and congratulate the reading public on the possession of so desirable, and, we might say, so indispensable a work. Indeed, we make no doubt that this edition, with some slight alterations, will be speedily re-printed in Great Britain, where, in all probability, it will gradually supersede the publications on which it has so decidedly improved.

A General Outline of the United States of North America, her Resources and Prospects, with a Statistical Comparison, showing, at one view, the Advance she has made in National Opulence, in the period of Thirty Years. Also a Collection of other Interesting Facts, and some Hints as to Political, Physical and Moral Causes. Including the Refutation of a Theory, advanced with respect to this Country, by a London Writer, on the "State of the British Nation." Being the Substance of Letters, addressed from Philadelphia, in 1823, to a Friend in England; and some Additional Matter. Illustrated with Engravings, including a sheet Map of the United States, extending to the Pacific; on which is a Delineation of the Actual and Proposed Navigation Improvements, intersecting the Country. Philadelphia. Published by H. S. Tanner. 1825.

It is delightful to contemplate the rapid progress of the useful and ornamental arts in our happy and highly favored country. "Let there be but a call made for the exercise of skill upon any object" (judiciously observes the Author of this General Outline) "through a vast range of ingenuity, per-

secularly mechanical) and [of the] useful, and there is no doubt that, in this country, it may be almost instantly supplied." A striking illustration of the readiness of ingenuity to wait upon the call for it, is to be found in the alacrity with which the eminently chaste and classical snake-handled Philadelphia Clinton vases waited upon the call of the three thousand five hundred dollars, from the patriotic merchants of Pearl-street, New-York. Other instances without number we might easily adduce, of the generous support and successful cultivation of the arts in America. Indeed, scarcely a day passes without our being called upon to witness the dexterity of our countrymen in some new branch of elegant ingenuity. There is one art, however, equally useful and ornamental, which in Europe has been brought to the very last degree of perfection, and which exercises the skill, and contributes to the maintenance of tens of thousands of ingenious and highly-deserving artists; but which, we feared, was not destined to flourish in this country for want, as we supposed, of a sufficient "call for the exercise of skill upon its objects." We speak of the beautiful art of—book-making. In these apprehensions, however, we have been agreeably disappointed. Such has been the surprising efficacy of Todd's new taxes on books of British manufacture, that within the last year we have seen, from the Philadelphia market, specimens of "the domestic article," which equal, in shrewdness of design, in ingenuity of execution, and in advance of price upon the raw material; any thing we yet have seen from foreign manufactories! "The General Outline," however, it cannot be disputed, 'doth far excel them all.' Whether we regard the length of its title-page, the breadth of its margin, or the depth of its invaluable contents, it is equally deserving of the admiration of every American who is interested in the progress of the arts. But so exquisite a piece of workmanship requires a more particular examination.

In the first place, we request the attention of *amateurs* to the preface of "The General Outline." The artist there, with great address, assures "the enlightened public" that he has earnestly "endeavored not to swell out *a book*, but rather to compress his collection of facts within a limited compass." What is this, but an ingenious device to prepare an agreeable surprise? The reader is first led by this confession to suppose that the book has been manufactured out of a cumbrous and expensive combination of materials. How greatly does this anticipation enhance his pleasing astonishment, when he finds

that this extraordinary work is indebted for all its beauty, its utility, and its effect, to a few musty newspaper paragraphs, and some half a dozen extracts from Seybert's Statistics. Out of these simple elements, along with two or three documents as cheap and as easily accessible, the fabricator of the "General Outline" has succeeded in composing an octavo of two hundred and thirty eight pages of very respectable appearance, magnitude, and price. An examination of the method by which this interesting development has been effected may serve, in a measure, to disseminate the knowledge of this new branch of industry throughout the United States.

The skill of the accomplished craftsman is visible in the two first pages of this curious work. A bungler would have put the whole text of these two pages upon the first; but the framer of this book, with admirable ingenuity, so adjusts the matter that the last four lines come over on the second page, and thus the next paragraph is left to commence on the third. The first three signatures, however, in spite of the wide margins, seem to have absorbed more text than the wary manufacturer appears to have desired; and on the fourth, another scheme is resorted to, for the purpose of avoiding this extravagant consumption of material. This consists in diminishing the size of the paragraphs, and keeping them asunder by parallel cross-bands of a beautiful whiteness, thus relieving the eyes of the reader from the quantity of text with which other artists are apt to load their pages. By this contrivance, the fourth signature is constructed at a saving of at least ten per cent. of copy, and the page is at the same time materially improved in complexion. But with the fifth signature, the reader is presented with a still greater refinement of bibliopoeical adroitness. The ordinary page of print is longest up and down. Now it is manifest that, by giving it a quarter turn, so that the long diameter may cross the book from side to side, one page of print may be enabled to monopolize two pages of paper, and at the same time accommodate the reader with a still wider margin than before. This is a clear gain of one hundred per cent. of copy. Then by employing, in addition, the device adopted in the two first pages, there results a beautiful concentration of contrivance by which ten octavo pages are expanded into thirty-two. The reader will perhaps be inclined to think that the force of art can now no further go. But in the sixth signature a new "exercise of ingenuity" stands ready to excite the admiration of the wondering virtuoso. At an interval of every leaf or two, the text is made to begin about half way down

the page, like an old-fashioned letter from a tradesman to a lord, and terminates near the top of some succeeding one, leaving the rest of this last page nearly blank. This shows the artist's great respect for the reader of his book, and besides gives an additional gain of from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of copy. From the 46th to the 169th page, all these curious contrivances are brought into most effective co-operation, and we undertake to say that there is no instance on record in which so small a quantity of matter has been made capable of covering so large a surface of blank paper.

When it is remembered, in addition to all this, that this beautiful and spacious fabric has been constructed out of a few stale and worthless documents; and above all, when it is considered that the artist began this unexampled work on the 8th of December, 1822, and had actually beaten out one hundred and sixty-nine pages, by June, 1824; an interval of time, not so long as the period required for the digging of the New-York canal—when all this is attentively considered, we are absolutely lost in amazement at the extraordinary skill and unequalled despatch exhibited in the manufacture of this admirable article.

Having thus fairly accomplished two thirds of the contemplated work in this remarkably short space of time, our ingenious artificer appears to have been unable for some time to make any progress with his unfinished volume. The last additions he had made consisted of three extracts, one from a literary journal, another from the treasury report, and a third from "an article" communicated by the President to the Senate; following each other with a lively disregard of aptness or connection. The worthy *bibliergist* was doubtless exhausted in the effort which the elaboration of these arduous appendages required, and appears to have rested from his labors until the 9th day of December, 1824. On this day, however, the constructor of the "General Outline" summoned all his energies, and was determined to put a finishing stroke to his projected octavo. Accordingly he looks around him for some object for the exercise of his re-animated ingenuity, and having, after much laborious research, ascertained that the President's Message was published on that very day at Philadelphia, he effectuates a "transcript" of this document, and thus, at one vigorous and successful effort, achieves an accession of thirty-five pages to his book!

This, he informs us, in one of the "pithy little paragraphs" we now and then discover concealed between his extracts,

"may be considered in the light of a very suitable and happy final appendage, to grace what will be found to precede."

This "transcript" brought up the book to two hundred and six pages; but more "final appendages" were required to constitute a fair consideration for the meditated two dollars fifty cents. Accordingly, some time in the beginning of last January, the transfer of a paragraph, half a page in length was finally effected from the Daily Advertiser, to the pages of the "General Outline." It appears, however, to have been irreparably injured in its passage; for originally it merely gave the *estimated* exports for the year ending 30th September, 1824, and in the "Outline," the amount is stated as officially reported. By this accident, an unfortunate mistake of one million and fifty three thousand one hundred and fifty nine dollars remains uncorrected in the manufactured book. Shortly after "more last words" were obtained, and 209 pages were thus finally accomplished. The artist's ingenuity, one might now expect to be fairly exhausted; thirty pages more being indispensably necessary to make up a decent sized octavo. But the resources of the man of genius are astonishing. Six of the thirty are got over with amazing alacrity—by leaving them blank! Seventeen, (ominous number) are overlaid with an Index of marvellous expansibility; the following three lines *being actually extended over one entire octavo page!*

"Knowledge is power".

94

Literature, Periodical and other works are re-printed, and
abound in the United States.

90 to 93.

This wonderful expansion of the Index is effected partly by the use of French-canon capitals (being a praiseworthy attempt to introduce hand-bill letters into the book-manufacture,) and partly by blank spaces, of unprecedented liberality, for the accommodation of the student who may wish to make additions to the valuable items there enumerated.

With all these exertions, however, eight pages still remained. Six errors had been fortunately discovered in the work. These, with an apology and an *apropos* remark that Governor Clinton has just delivered his message, make up the first of the eight pages. On the second, the constructor begins again to deplore the six errata, but acknowledges that "he finds himself more than compensated for the *misfortune* by the opportunity it affords him of mentioning to those of his respected readers who may not already be acquainted with the fact, that — the North-west territory is part of Michigan territory"!!!

More "final appendages" and "supplementary lines" are then annexed from the newspapers, about the Gulf of California and the city of Santa Fé, and thus the writer attains, after prodigious and almost miraculous efforts, his penultimate page. Here he takes a reluctant and affectionate leave of the reader in the following ingenuous and eloquent language :

" And now, as the writer finds himself *compelled in good earnest*, to take leave of his readers, he begs to devote this very last moment to the purpose of respectfully observing to them, that if it so should happen, there is little or nothing discovered is all that his labors throughout this volume have produced, which is of a character that can claim to be classed with either the "useful" or the "agreeable," he would in that case, or indeed, whether he be so unfortunate or not, presume to refer them"—

to Governor Clinton's Message.

The maker of the "General Outline," finally concludes with a jocular suggestion that "*some condensation of matter*," would have ensured to the Governor's Address "an universal approbatory perusal." The "engravings" and the sheet-map," we had nearly forgotten. The former are two prints, (engraved for other purposes,) which, by themselves might bring a cent a piece ; incorporated in this volume by the joint labors of the maker and the binder, they suddenly put in their claims for twenty times that sum. The map owes its high pretensions to divers magic lines in red, drawn across its surface, according to some unknown rule, in curious and intricate meanders.

Such is the "General Outline of the United States of America, her Resources and Prospects"—a splendid specimen of *bibliurgy*, which, in all that distinguishes the art, we fearlessly oppose to any thing that ever issued from the far-famed *ateliers* of Constable or Colburn.

FRAGMENT.

There was an hour, a foolish hour,
Of passion's overwhelming power,
And Love that could not be suppressed,
In boundless empire o'er this breast.
And though the wisdom of the old,
Entrenched in prudence harsh and stern,
May laugh the bard to scorn, when told,
That thoughts like these could burn,

And pangs be felt so deep and keen
 By stripling boy of scarce sixteen ;
 Yet these has been with me that time
 Of Youth and Feeling's feverish prime,
 When every quick pulsation burned,
 And every thought to love was turned.

* * * *

And she was worthy to be loved,
 Deeply, devotedly adored,
 By a young heart which then first proved
 The magic of the spell that poured
 Round heart and brain, round soul and sense,
 In tides of restless violence,
 The swift and passionate thoughts that bind
 The soul of man to woman kind.
 O she was such that Anchorite
 Sworn to forsake the haunts of men,
 To be but only in her sight,
 Would break his vow, desert his den,
 And warmed to love and rapture, come
 Again to be a denizen
 Of earthly scenes, and make again
 Content, with human kind, his home.

* * * *

This foolish hour long since has gone—
 Yet now I cannot look upon
 The face which once, in happier day
 Held o'er me such resistless sway,
 Nor view, all bright with feeling's glow,
 The beauty of that form and brow—
 Without a fond regretful sigh
 Upon that hour long since gone by,
 When, fool, I madly hoped that She
 Enthroned in beauty's majesty
 Might in this heart's true love have found
 An offering worthy of her own ;
 Deeming the thoughts that gathered round
 Her sacred shrine, must reach a tone
 Of lofty feeling, and high aim,
 And feed a more ennobling flame,
 Caught from the pure and perfect one
 Whose loveliness they dwelt upon.

* * * *

Oh what avails it to delay
 The fatal truth? Perhaps I might
 Have gained, upon no distant day
 The haven of those hopes so bright,
 Had not the slanderer's poisonous breath,
 More fatal than the grasp of death,
 More hateful than the direst shape
 That ever scared an infant's step,
 Or waked a woman's shriek in hour
 Of superstition's gloomiest power—

Breathed on the blossoms of my hope,
 And withered all their beauty up—
 Spread forth between me and my bliss
 A gulf of darkness and despair,
 Stretching in boundless horror there,
 As deep and black and motionless
 As that whose exhalations rise,
 'Twixt the condemned and Paradise !

* * * * *

CATALOGUE OF ITALIAN CLASSICS.

The works of the following Italian Authors have been received in this City, from Italy, by recent arrivals.*

HISTORIANS.

Arteaga, Botta, Bentivoglio, Davila, Costanzo, Fiorentini, Galluzzi, Giannone, Guicciardini, Lanzi, Machiavelli, Maffei, Martini, Muller, Muratori, Pignotti, Sandi, Tiraboschi, Varchi.

CLASSIC AUTHORS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Alberti, Alfieri, Alghisotti, Amoretti, Ariosto, Azuni, Berni, Barzani, Beccaria, Bertola, Bracciolini, Casa, Castiglione, Casaregi, Cesari, Caro, Cagnoli, Cesarotti, Chiabrera, Corsini, Dante, Dati, Felserici, Filangieri, Filicaja, Firenzuela, Foscolo, Gelli, Gioja, Ierocados, Goldoni, Gossi, (G.) Gossi, (C.) Gravina, Guarini, Guidi, Italian Economists, 50 volumes, Lippi, (L.) Manfredi, Maza, Metastasio, Monti, Manzoni, Mensini, Muratori, Napione, Nicolini, Nota, Pandolfini, Parini, Petrarca, Pelli, Pindemonti, Poliziano, Pananti, Redi, Romagnosi, Sannazzaro, Soldani, Spolverini, Sgricci, Tasse, Tassoni, Verri.

LIVES

Of Boccaccio, Benvenuto Cellini, Leonardo da Vinci, Torquato Tasso, Metastasio, Alfieri, The Hundred first Popes.

FARES.

Albergati, Altanesi, Bandello, Boccaccio, Erizzo, Gozzi, Soave.

SACRED ORATORY.

Passavanti, Segneri, Ternielli, Trento, Turchi, Venini.

TRANSLATORS.

Bentivoglio, Cunco, Caro, Cesarotti, Davenzati, Foscolo, Leoni, Marchetti, Mezzanotte, Monti, Pindemonti, Rogati, Vismara.

DICTIONARIES.

Forcellini, Pasini, Graglia, Martinelli, Borroni, &c.

GRAMMARS.

Vergani, Goudar, Zotti, Corticelli, &c.

MEDICINE.

Alpinus, Astruc, Asdrubalus, Brera, Cirillo, Frank, G. Frank, J. Marabelli, Morgagni, Mascagni, Moscati, Pringle, Pasta, Planck, Rasori, Scarpa, Tinsot, Tomasini, Van Swieten.

AGRICULTURE.

Battoni, Barpo, Carcano, Davanzati, Gesnerus, Galle, Lapi, Termeyer, Theophrastus, Tavanti, Targioni, Verri.

*Imported and sold by Lorenzo da Ponte, No. 51, Hudson-street.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN PRESS.

The Travellers; or some. Extracts from Juvenile Journals. Designed for Young People. One vol. 18mo. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

The Northern Traveller; containing the routes to Niagara, Quebec, and the Springs. One vol. 18mo. *Wilder & Campbell.*

A new edition of Thomas's Practice from the eighth London edition. With notes by David Hosack, M. D. F. R. S. One vol. 8vo. *Collins & co. New-York.*

A new Novel by the author of the "Spy," "Pilot," "Lionel Lincoln," &c. &c. *Charles Wiley.*

John Bull in America; or the New Munchausen. Second edition. One vol. 12 mo. *Charles Wiley.*

Richerand's Physiology. From the last London edition. One vol. 8vo. *Collins & co. Collins & Hamway, &c. &c.*

The History of the United States, for the use of Schools. One vol. 18. mo. By the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich. *Fourth edition. Collins & co.*

The Journal of Madam Knight, from Boston to New-York. In the year 1704. *From the original manuscript. Wilder & Campbell.*

The Journal of the Reverend Mr. Buckingham, as Chaplain in the Army, in a Campaign against Canada, in 1709. One volume 12mo. *Printed from the original. Wilder & Campbell.*

Redfield, a Long-Island Tale. 1 vol. 12 mo. *Wilder & Campbell.*

"Biographia Americana;" or a Historical and Critical account of the Lives and Writings of the most distinguished persons in North America; from its first settlement to the present time, with numerous portraits. By a Gentleman of Philadelphia. *D. Mallory. New-York.*

Tales of the Genii. 2 vols. with engravings. *D. Mallory.*

Telemachus. 2 vols. Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by him-

self. With engravings. Goldsmith's Poems and Essays. Living Plays. 14th and 15th volumes. *D. Mallory.*

Proposals are issued for publishing a new Newspaper, entitled the "New-York Telegraph." To be published weekly, as a Sunday paper.

A Synopsis of the diseases of the Eye, and their treatment; to which is prefixed, a short anatomical description, and a sketch of the Physiology of that organ. By Benjamin Travers, F. R. S. Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital. From the third London edition, with notes and illustrations, by Edward Delafeld, M. D. Surgeon of the New-York Eye Infirmary, and Lecturer on Diseases of the Eye. One vol. 8vo. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

The first number of a New Paper entitled "The Athenaeum," will be issued on the first of May. Published in the quarto size.

The Lady of the Manor, a novel, by Mrs. Sherwood, author of "Stories on the Church Chatechism." *E. Bliss & E. White.*

English Life, or, Manners at Home, in 2 vols. 12mo. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

The Private Journal of Matlam Campan. 1 vol. 8vo. *A Small, Philadelphia.* [Published.]

The Works of Wm. Cowper. New edition. 3 vols. 18 mo. *S. King.*

Dr. John D. Godman, of Philadelphia, contemplates publishing a work with engravings, on American Natural History.

A New Digest of Massachusetts Reports, by Lewis Bigelow, Counsellor at Law. *Wells and Lath. Boston.*

Moore's Melodies, a New Selection. *W. B. Gilley.*

"Thoughts on the importance and universal obligation of prayer." Selected by Mrs. Hannah Moore

from various parts of her published volumes. In one volume octavo.

"The Crusaders," by the author of *Waverley*, &c. has been suspended for the present.

An Epitome of Paley's Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, containing the substance of the arguments comprised in that work, in the Catechetical form. By a member of the University of Cambridge, author of the "Epitome of the Evi-

dences of Christianity." One volume. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

Decision's Tale by Mrs. Holland. One volume, 18mo. *W. B. Gilley.*

C. Cornelii Taciti Historiarum Libri Quinque: cum libro de Germania, et vita Agricola. Ad Hicdem optimarum editionum expressum notis Barboi. *Solomon King. New-York.*

Lacon, or many things in few words. In two volumes, 18mo. *S. King.*

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Pierre and his Family; or a Story of the Waldenses. By the author of *Lilly Douglas*. 1 volume, 18mo. *Philadelphia.*

A Sermon delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. William Furness, as pastor of the first congregational Unitarian church in Philadelphia, January 12th, 1835. By Henry Ware, jun. minister of the second church in Boston. Together with the charge by Aaron Bancroft, D. D. of Worcester, Mass., and the right hand of Fellowship, by Ezra S. Garnett, of Boston. *Philadelphia.*

The Young Grammarian's Friend. By Jacob J. Bergen. 18mo. pamphlet.

Lincolns, or the Leaguer of Boston. In 2 volumes. "First let me talk with this philosopher."

By the author of the *Pioneers, Precaution, Pilot, Spy, &c.* *Charles Wiley. New-York.*

Seven Lectures on Female Education. Inscribed to Mrs. Garnett's Pupils at Elm-Wood, Essex county; by their very sincere friend, James M. Garnett. Second edition, with corrections and additions by the author. 1 vol. 12mo. *J. W. White. Richmond.*

A Physiological Essay on Digestion; by Nathan R. Smith, M. D. professor of anatomy and physiology in the University of Vermont. 1 vol. 8vo. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

An Oration delivered at Plymouth, December 22d, 1834. By

Edward Everett. *Cummings, Hilliard & Co. Boston.*

A Sermon preached in the Presbyterian church in Murray-st. by the Rev. Gardiner Spring, on the Female Character—the excellence and influence of it. *F. & R. Lockwood.*

A Critical History of the Projects formed within the last three hundred years for the Union of the Christian communions.

The Philadelphia Journal of Medical and Physical Sciences, supported by an association of Physicians, and edited by N. Chapman, M. D. professor of the institutes and practice of physic and clinical practice in the University of Pennsylvania. No. 18. *H. C. Carey & J. Lea. Philadelphia.*

Remarks on Washington College and on the "Considerations" suggested by its establishment. *Henry Huntington, Junr. Hartford.*

John Bull in America, or the New Munchausen. 1 volume, 12mo. *C. Wiley. New-York.*

The fifth volume of the Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence, containing sketches of the character of Thomas Lynch, Jun., Matthew Thornton, William Whipple, John Catherpoon, and Robert Morris, with plates.

A General Outline of the United States; her resources and prospects; showing at one view the advance she has made in National opti-

lence in 30 years, with other interesting facts; with plates, and a sheet map, showing the Navigable water courses and contemplated improvements. 1 vol. 8vo. *H. S. Tanner. Philadelphia.*

Museum of Foreign Literature and Science, No. 32. Feb. 1825. *E. Bliss, & E. White, New York, and E. Littell, Philadelphia.*

Retrospective Theology, or the opinions of the World of Spirits, by Ezra Stiles Ely, D. D. (?) *Philadelphia. A. Finley.*

Seven Letters to Elias Hicks, on be tendency of his doctrines and opinions; with an introductory address to the society of Friends, by a Demi-Quaker. *Philadelphia.*

The Refugee, a Romance, by captain Matthew Murgatroyd. In 2 vols. 12mo. *Wilder & Campbell. New-York.*

The Minstrel's Cabinet, a new collection of the most popular sentimental, comic, patriotic and moral songs, in 2 vols. 18 mo. *D. Mallo-ry.*

Lempriere's Universal Biography; containing a critical and historical account of the lives, characters, and labors of eminent persons in all ages and countries, together with selections of foreign biography, from Watkins's Dictionary, recently published, and about eight hundred original articles of American Biography. By Eleazar Lord, esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. *R. Lockwood.*

Medico Chirurgical Review and Journal of Medical Science, No. 16. *J. V. Seaman.*

The Monthly Chronicle of Medicine and Surgery. No. 3. *E. Bliss & E. White.*

Nature and Reason harmonized in the practice of Husbandry. By the late John Lorain. With an alphabetical index. One volume, 8vo. *H. C. Carey & I. Lea. Philadelphia.*

A Treatise on Dislocation, and on Fractures of the Joints. By Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. F. R. S. First American from the third London edition. With Notes and References, by John D. Godman, M. D.

One volume, 8vo. *H. C. Carey & I. Lea. Philadelphia.*

Extracts from the Minutes of the Synod and Ministerium of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, in the state of New-York, and adjacent parts, convened at Brunswick, Rensselaer county, New-York, October, 1824. Printed by E. Conrad. New-York.

Outlines of the principal events in the Life of General Lafayette. From the North American Review. *Cummings, Hiltiard & Co. Boston.*

Lays of Leisure. The Italian Husband, a Dramatic Poem. The Young Dreamer, and Fugitive Offerings, in verse. One volume, 18mo. *Philadelphia. J. Harding.*

Economia della vita umana; tradotta dall' Inglese da L. Guidelli; Resa alla sua vera Lesione da L. Da Ponte; con una traduzione del medesimo, in verso rimato, della settima parte, ch' ha per titolo La Religione; con varie lettere Italiane de' suoi Allievi. E con alcune Osservazioni sull' Articolo Quarto pubblicato nel North American Review, il mese d'Ottobre dell' anno, 1824. Ed altre Prose e Poesie. One volume 18mo. *New-York. Stampatori Gray & Bunce. 1825.*

[This little book is well worthy the attention of students of Italian. Guidelli's translation of Dodsley is here purified of all its errors, and in its new shape, is certainly the best version of the "Economy of Human Life" that has appeared. The *Osservazioni* were suggested by an article in the North American Review, No. LXV. In that article (evidently the production of an able and accomplished scholar) certain exceptions and qualifications were made, in speaking of Italian literature, which are deemed by Mr. Daponte, inaccurate if not unjust. The reply is certainly forcibly and elegantly written, and shows on the part of the author a commendable zeal in behalf of the literary reputation of his countrymen. We are inclined too, to think that his defence is successfully sustained, although we must confess we saw in the article alluded to, very

little to alarm the apprehension of the most jealous lover of Italian literature. At all events, we can assure the author of the *Osservazioni* that in this country, a discriminate and temperate dissertation, (even when the discriminations are not absolutely free from objections) will do infinitely more to promote the cultivation of a foreign language, than an unqualified eulogium, however well merited it may be.]

An Essay on the Study and Pronunciation of the Greek and Latin languages. By William White, A. M. *A. Finley. Philadelphia.*

Illustrations of the Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Esq. Engraved by Chas. Heath, from designs by R. Westall, Esq. *H. C. Carey & L. Lea. Philadelphia.*

Four Sermons on the Doctrine of the Atonement. By Nathan S. S. Beman, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Troy. One volume, 12mo. *W. S. Parker. Troy.*

Notes, Geographical and Historical, relating to the town of Brooklyn, in Kings county, on Long Island. By Gabriel Furman. One volume, 12mo. *A. Spooner. Brooklyn.*

Hadad, a Dramatic Poem. By James A. Hillhouse, author of Percy's Masque, and the Judgment. One volume octavo. *E. Bliss & E. White. New-York.*

Mengwe, a Tale of the Frontier. A Poem. One volume, 18mo. *Princeton Press. Printed by D. A. Borrenstein.*

Story of Jack Halyard, the Sailor Boy, or the Virtuous Family. Designed for American children in Families and Schools. By W. S. Cardell. Third edition corrected

and enlarged. One volume, 12mo. *E. Bliss & E. White. New-York.*

Goalington Shadow, a Romance of the Nineteenth Century. By Mungo Coultershoggie, Esq. Two volumes, 12mo. *Published by E. Bliss & E. White, W. B. Gilley, Collins & Hannay, and Collins & Co. New-York.*

Essay on Language, as connected with the Faculties of the Mind, and as applied to things in Nature and Art. By W. S. Cardell. One volume, 12mo. *Charles Wiley. New-York.*

Occasional Pieces of Poetry. By John G. C. Brainard. One volume, 12mo. *E. Bliss & E. White. New-York.*

Auxiliar Vocabulario de Bolaillo Espanol e Ingles, Par J. Jose L. Barry. One volume, 18mo. *J. Demoues. New-York.*

A Series of Extemporaneous Discourses delivered in the several meetings of the Society of Friends, in Philadelphia, Germantown, Trenton, and various places. By Elias Hicks, a minister in said Society. Taken in short hand by M. T. C. Gould. One volume, 8vo. *Philadelphia. J. & E. Parker.*

New-York Courier, Nos. I. II.

The Latin Reader. From the Fifth German edition. By Frederic Jacobs, editor of the Greek Anstology, the Greek Reader. By George Bancroft. One volume. 18mo. *Northampton. S. Butler.*

An interpretation of the Rev. Doctor Ezra Stiles Ely's Dream; or, A few cursory remarks upon his "Retrospective Theology, or the Opinions of the World of Spirits." "What is the chaff to the wheat?" *Philadelphia, published for the benefit of Dreamers.*

REPUBLICATIONS.

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ERRORS.

Page	line	23,	for	strongest read	strangest.
118,		last,		prevent	present.
144,		15,		grave	grove.
166,		22,		Geneva	Genoa.
167,		33,		law	Law.
"		29,		corporated	incorporated.
176,		9,		1821	1822.
179,		2,		therefore	" therefore.
330,	line,			We	We have.
339,	29,			vanity	inanity.
342,	9,			was	were.
374,	26,			lacks	laches.
400,	18,			Psammiticus	Psammisochus.

